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Richard Mansfield as Brutus

LIFE AND ART

OF

RICHARD MANSFIELD

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS LETTERS

BY

WILLIAM WINTER

Truth speak for me.
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

WEBSTER

VOLUME TWO

NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY
1910

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His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only Acting lends,
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

CAMPBELL.

I am a part of all that I have met:
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

TENNYSON.

THE ART OF RICHARD MANSFIELD.

I.

BARON CHEVRIAL.

THE types of character and the aspects of social life that are shown and suggested in the play called "A Parisian Romance," with which the conspicuous career of Mansfield on the American stage can rightly be said to have begun, are, with little exception, loathsome. The principal person in the play is a prematurely senile profligate. The chief female character in it is a flippant, knowing, wary dancing girl, whose artful diversion it is to trifle with the bad passions of a bad man, and to obtain pecuniary profit by that means,—asking his advice as to speculative investments, and generally acting directly at variance with it, because intuitively aware that the secret purpose of his counsel is the accomplishment of her financial ruin, as a prelude to her personal entanglement and dishonor. Another of the female characters is a shallow woman, who,

because she cannot dwell contented in reputable poverty and is beset by the dishonorable solicitations of the lascivious *Chevrial,* deserts her honorable and devoted husband and departs with the manager of an opera company. The associated persons are mostly social nonentities, and the representation of the play could not, under any circumstances, do more than exemplify the condition of dishonor and shame into which human nature can be degraded by its surrender and subservience to greed and lust. The ethical signification of the play is the well-known specious doctrine,—especially rife since the advent of that reprehensible French novelist Zola,—that the right way to exhibit, exalt, and inculcate virtue is to portray all that is foul and hideous in vice. A more sophistical and pernicious form of reasoning has not been attempted; for nothing is more certain than that a work of art which is absolutely moral in its precept can, at the same time, be distinctly and potentially immoral in its influence, by reason not of what it "teaches" but of what it displays. The method of teaching by means of "the frightful example" may serve the purpose of the lecturer on total abstinence, but it is incompatible with the conditions of dramatic art, it offends the instinct of

Courtesy of Evert Jansen Wenaeu, Esq.

MANSFIELD AS *BARON CHEVRIAL* IN "A PARISIAN ROMANCE"

(*Act II.*)

decency, and it is revolting to good taste. No benefit was ever yet derived from a spectacle of lewdness, and that is the spectacle presented in "A Parisian Romance."

The title of that play, when tested by the substance of it, might suggest inquiry whether "romance," in order to be "Parisian," must always relate to amorous intrigue, matrimonial disgrace, incontinence, depravity, and shame. The plays that commonly exude from Paris appear to prove an affirmative: yet every person who knows anything about the subject knows that French domestic life has a lovely side, and that French literature contains many beautiful works. It is true, as Tennyson says, that "the low sun makes the color," and it is true that some of the most effective theatrical creations extant, not only in French but in English, are the villains and monsters of art. But that is not a sufficient reason for making them public. English dramatic literature, from Shakespeare to Southerne, has rightly been censured for its excess of horrors; but it remained for modern French and other continental European dramatists to surpass the worst monstrosities of the old English stage, and to populate the realm of art with whining courtesans and mouldering lechers, and, by mere

fidelity to the foulness of fact, to substitute, in the mind of the spectator, the sickness of disgust for the health of delight. The theme of this particular specimen of Parisian stage-craft is a lascivious roué's endeavor to establish an intrigue with a ballet-girl and, concurrently, to undermine the chastity of a foolish young wife, whom his persecution drives to ruin. That roué, *Chevrial,* is a human reptile; a libertine; an incarnation of total depravity; selfish, licentious, crafty, and cruel; devoid of feeling and of conscience; operant only in the pursuit of sensual pleasure; material, and blasphemous in his materialism; a radically wicked man, but guided, in all his conduct, by a subtle, consummate, evil intelligence, and deftly clothed in the raiment of bland courtesy. He denotes no conflict between good and evil, for there is no radical good in him: all that saves him from complete abhorrence is the sincerity of his wickedness: he is not a hypocrite. He lives for carnal enjoyment, he makes no secret of his purpose, and his audacity is not for an instant dismayed. Adamantine valor and cynical humor are the saving attributes of his character. His body is enfeebled by excess; his life is threatened by insidious disease; but his evil propensities remain active, and his defiant spirit remains

unshaken. At the climax, when surrounded with a riff-raff of sycophants, assembled for a feast, paralysis smites him; but his life of depravity is rounded with a defiatory death,—a doom which, though hideous and awful, is met with indomitable courage. The dramatic expedient is powerful; the momentary effect of it is thrilling as well as shocking: but no heart was ever really touched by the spectacle of that catastrophe, nor was the impulse of pity ever awakened by it; only admiration for the skill with which it was presented.

Mansfield's impersonation of *Chevrial* was so truthful as to be horrible. The art was perfect; the result a rounded and complete study of turpitude; an excrescence; an example of something done perfectly that should never have been done at all. The figure was an imperial incarnation of sardonic, mocking materialism and exultant sensuality, blending vigilant intelligence, sinister perception, craft, self-command, repose, malignant humor, and exact and sinister knowledge of human nature and the ways of the world. The actor, obviously, had seen, studied, and thoroughly comprehended the order of man that he had undertaken to represent, and his performance was exact in every particular and adequate at every point, so that it thrilled his auditors

with a sense of strangely commingled bitter humor and ghastly horror. He embodied an elegant satyr, selecting the salient attributes of many profligate persons and artfully blending them into one representative type. The face was wonderfully expressive,—hard, crafty, wrinkled; the hair was thin, dark, and here and there slightly touched with copper-red; the jaws were partially relaxed, but were drawn together, at crucial moments, by a semi-conscious effort; the hands were a little tremulous; the eyes a little bleared and partially closed; the limbs a little frail: the condition and the demeanor in general expressive of physical lassitude but unabated appetite: the person was richly and elegantly attired, though in somewhat gaudy style, and the manners were invariably those of the successful man of the world. The ideal was absolutely true, in every particular, and it was made actual with horrible fidelity. The artistic detail was elaborate, correct, illuminative, natural in effect, and altogether admirable. The sudden, baleful quickening of the polluted creature's frame, the quick gleam of anticipatory triumph, the horrid clutch of lust, with which a climax was attained, with the words "I wonder how the little *wife* will bear poverty? —we shall see; we—shall—see!" was one of the

finest strokes of a dramatic art that never erred nor faltered throughout a long, painful, and exacting ordeal of performance. The arm-sweep with which the tempter seemed to encircle and secure his victim, in the moment of temptation, was yet another "close denotement" of his incessant art. The prelude touches to the final catastrophe were given in a wonderfully subtle manner, and there came an instant, toward the close of the banquet scene, when, by a seeming surge of inspiration and by intense personal power, the actor lifted the part quite to the level of that ruined old cynic in Tennyson's great poem of "The Vision of Sin":

> Fill the can and fill the cup!
> All the windy ways of men
> Are but dust that rises up,
> And is lightly laid again.

After Mansfield had acted *Chevrial* many times he conceived a strong liking for the character, partly because of the admiration extorted by his embodiment of it, but chiefly because of its tremendous audacity and invincible resolution; but he never raised it, nor could it ever be raised, into the realm of noble dramatic art. Among the villains of fiction there are some whose vile-

ness is extenuated, or even momentarily ennobled, by an admixture of something supernal,—a colossal power of malignity, an infernal splendor of evil. The archangel ruined gives, at least, a pathetic suggestion of the glory from which he fell: but no art can dignify a creature who trades on man's misfortune and traffics in woman's weakness, a miscreant who lives merely for carnal pleasure. There is no doubt that such men as *Chevrial* exist, and, indeed, are common, especially in the world's great emporiums of wealth and luxury; but the sewer also exists, and there is no more reason for presenting the one than there is for presenting the other, in a work of dramatic art. The laurel wreaths that are gained by the impersonation of sensual wretches, the monsters of depravity, are wreaths that quickly wither. The conquerors who reign in the hearts of humanity reign for love. The people may admire an object that they hate, but they will not long endure it. That great actor Edward L. Davenport once said to me: "I have taken up *Sir Giles Overreach,* and I will make as great a success with that part as Jefferson has made with *Rip Van Winkle*"; whereupon I counselled him to let it alone, saying: "The better your performance of *Sir Giles,* the more you will be disliked, for the character is hateful." He

tried the experiment, his personation was splendid,—and he failed. Many such experiments have been tried, but their fruits have ever been like those apples of the Dead Sea that turn to ashes on the lips. After seeing Mansfield in *Chevrial* the spectator remembered a wonderful piece of acting, but was disgusted and depressed by a sense of the possible depravity of human nature and of the dreadful wickedness that is in the world. It was a splendid manifestation of personal power and artistic skill, but it was nothing more. Not unless an actor succeeds in rallying the forces of human sympathy under the banner of his art can he hold his sceptre with a sure grasp.

In his treatment of the part of *Chevrial* Mansfield displayed an extraordinary and admirable technical felicity of dramatic art. The character was skilfully developed and the performance was marked by copious variety. *Chevrial* never lost his identity: he was the same man at the last as he had been at the first, but his physical condition had undergone various changes, each of which was clearly denoted. At his first appearance he manifested a decrepit buoyancy that was startling and shocking. Contact with society, at an evening party, had excited him and

stimulated in him a certain deceptive semblance of strength: he participated in a waltz, but though obliged, almost at once, to desist from the exertion, because on the brink of collapse, he quickly recovered, and, retiring from the ball-room, he signalized his exit by a jaunty bit of by-play, —impertinent, rakish gallantry,—with a female servant. In the next scene he was, physically, weaker. Reaction had supervened upon excitement; but the mind was clear and resolute, as the inveterate voluptuary "pulled himself together" and prepared for the practical business of the day. *Chevrial's* reception of *de Targy* was perfect, in its cold formality, self-command, and absolute poise. The young nobleman has called to restore a fortune, intended for the *Baroness Chevrial,* but wrongfully diverted from its destination by his father, the elder *de Targy,* now deceased, and the son states his sad and painful business in a few simple words. Before making a reply Mansfield caused *Chevrial* to finish the process of tying his cravat and then carefully to inspect the result,—by that means indicating the cool indifference of a man not to be surprised by anything, and incidentally obtaining time for a rapid survey of the situation. Polished brutality of conduct could not have been better shown than it was by Mans-

field, as *Chevrial,* in his treatment of the *Baroness,* in that scene,—a cold, formal, pretentiously polite manner, utterly selfish, ruthless, and cruel: "We were married under a *régime* of goods: *You* refuse this bequest; *I,*—as your husband,—*accept* it." The sneering look and the cynical tone with which, after ushering his wife from the room, he remarked "I got out of that easier than I expected" were in complete, felicitous harmony with a perfect ideal of ironical wickedness. His "business" with *de Targy,* before dismissing him, was in the same vein, and hatefully expressive. Holding the pocket-book toward him, the *Baron* icily and carelessly inquires, "And what part of your whole fortune is this three million francs?" The crafty, alert, observant glance, the incisive voice, the raised inflection, and a certain indescribable but distinct revelation of thought by means of bearing, attitude, and facial play, disclosed the whole sinister purpose of his mind: "If this young man has a large fortune, aside from this—which I do not need—it may be worth my while to let him keep it—to be magnanimous—he might be useful: if not, then the sooner he is ruined the easier will it be for me to seduce his wife." When *de Targy* replied "All of it," Mansfield instantly, and with a wide and rapid sweep, withdrew his

extended arm, thrusting the pocket-book into his breast-pocket, and, as he buttoned the coat over his prize, ejaculated, in a tone wonderfully expressive alike of callous indifference and gratified greed, "The Devil!" In making sudden transitions of that order he was brilliantly effective, as also he was in crisp vocal emissions of sardonic humor. Thus, when so seated that *Chevrial's* face, while visible to the audience, was concealed from the other persons in the scene, listening to *Rosa's* statement to the *Doctor,* about her investments, and hearing her say "when those stocks went up, I was never more surprised in all my life!" he tersely remarked, behind his newspaper, "Neither was I," the cynical drollery of his tone was irresistibly amusing,—and at the same time odiously malignant. *Rosa* is the ballet-girl whom *Chevrial* pursues, and the manner was simply devilish in which Mansfield spoke the villain's speculative comments on the dishonor he was planning for her: "When she follows my advice" (here he began to hum a bar or two of a gay tune), "she'll come to poverty"—and then, pausing to reflect a moment, while a horrid, sensual leer overspread his countenance, he added "and when she comes to poverty—she'll come to *me!*" In the third act of the play *Chevrial* is present during only a few

moments, but in those few moments Mansfield did some of the most expressive acting that ever was done by him,—the *Baron's* rebuke of two supercilious and offensive women, who have called on *Mme. de Targy* to exult over her in her poverty. *Chevrial* cares not at all for *Mme. de Targy's* feelings: his sole purpose is to make her his prey: but he delights in uttering sarcasm with apparently perfect courtesy, and he rebukes those women, for the mere pleasure of using his skill, while perhaps, momentarily, commending himself to the favor of his intended victim. In the final scene Mansfield's *Chevrial* was an awful image of the emaciated, worn-out voluptuary, manifestly almost moribund, yet, to the last, fearless and sustained by an unconquerable will. There were, in that scene, two moments of extraordinary effect, in which the actor greatly exulted: one, when, recovering from a sudden seizure of pain, he rose to his full height and spoke to his servant the words "show them in"; the other when, after he had left the room for a few moments, he returned and, thrusting his head forth from behind a pillar at the back of the scene, surveyed his sycophantic guests, all of whom, supposing him to be still absent, were speaking of him in opprobrious terms. The hard, determined, scornful, evil

visage that he then displayed was indeed terrible. Impersonation is the consummate result of Acting, and of impersonation Mansfield's embodiment of *Chevrial* was a signally brilliant, representative, memorable type,—a conspicuous, even a startling, example of the power of an impassioned, authoritative mind to palliate the flagitious character of even a portraiture of total depravity, and render consummate art, at least for the moment, a sufficient substitute for the most genial magnetism.

II.

PRINCE KARL.

THE play of "Prince Karl," as originally constructed by A. C. Gunter (deceased February 23, 1907), was a mixture of turbid melodrama and extravagant farce, and in that form it was produced, at the Museum in Boston, on April 5, 1886. The success which it obtained, slight at first but afterward abundant, was exclusively due to the personal charm and professional ability of Mansfield. In its original condition the play could not have lived. That fact became apparent as soon as it was acted, and Mansfield immediately began to improve it. Alteration of its character, structure, and purpose was casually suggested to him by a comic twist given to some of its words and "business" by that admirable actress of old women, Mrs. J. R. Vincent (deceased September 4, 1887), and that alteration he did not hesitate to make. The changes, however, were not accomplished at once. After a run of four weeks in Boston, the play was transferred, May 3, to the Madison Square Theatre, New York, Mansfield then acting *Prince Karl* for

the first time in the capital. On that occasion he had the coöperation of the Boston Museum Company, but at the end of two weeks the company returned to its home, and thereafter Mansfield continued to present the play with an entirely new cast. The work of revision, meanwhile, was steadily pursued. Melodramatic situations, incongruous and absurd, were excluded from the play, while the elements of romance and of agreeable farce were retained, augmented, and emphasized. In one scene Mansfield introduced a singularly felicitous burlesque of an operatic performance, impersonating the tenor, the bass, the soprano, etc., singing all the parts and also the chorus, giving a comic parody of the affectations and quarrels of singers, and piquantly satirizing the absurd results which so frequently ensue from the endeavor to commingle drama with an accompaniment of vocal music. Once completely changed, "Prince Karl" became a delightful farce, and as such it kept its place, permanently, in Mansfield's repertory, although, toward the last, he seldom acted in it.

In its transfigured form the play told a comic, however incredible, story. The hero is a German prince, young, handsome, agreeably eccentric, and impecunious. He has promised to marry an elderly woman who has taken a fancy for him, and whom

MANSFIELD AS *PRINCE KARL*

(*Act I.*)

he supposes to be rich. He rescues from peril a beautiful young widow, *Mrs. Florence Lowell* by name, and he falls in love with her. Then, in order to escape the matrimonial alliance to which he has pledged himself, he pretends first to be insane and then to commit suicide by drowning, and thereafter he reappears in the assumed character of his "foster brother," designated as a person of humble origin, between whom and the *Prince* the personal resemblance is, in all particulars, exact. In that disguise he obtains employment as "a courier" for the lovely young *Mrs. Lowell* who has charmed him, and who proves to be the daughter-in-law of the old lady whom he has promised to marry. The movement of the play involves a journey, which is diversified with comic incidents. The mischievous heroine has discovered the *Prince's* secret, but she pretends to be ignorant of his identity, treats him as "a courier" in her service, and merrily teases him, in his semi-menial situation. By and by it becomes known that the fortune possessed by young *Mrs. Lowell* is really the rightful inheritance of the *Prince,* in which emergency having, as the "foster-brother," first produced a "will" of *Prince Karl's,* leaving everything to that fictitious relative, he next, on learning that *Mrs. Lowell* would be left

destitute through its enforcement, produces a codicil to that "will," bequeathing his property to her. At last the disguise is discarded, the imposture is confessed, and the sportive lady, who all along has loved the *Prince,* rewards his devotion by promising to become his wife. The dramatic structure, obviously, is nonsensical, and yet, when animated by Mansfield's sincerity, abundant animal spirits, copious droll humor, and incessant action, it seemed credible, at least at the moment. The amusing incidents in it, numerous and often ingeniously contrived, are, almost without exception, abstracted from other plays, and strung together like beads upon a thread. One of the best of them, the production of the will of the supposed suicide, and then the almost instantaneous presentment of a codicil, on which the ink is still wet, comes from the old farce of "Used Up," a piece that Mansfield cordially liked, and to which he often resorted for "stage business": that farce, practically, suggested the part of *Captain Bluntschli,* which Mansfield acted so well, when he produced Mr. Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Among all the performances that Mansfield gave, no one diffused more of laughter than that of *Prince Karl.* The charm of it was elusive, but it was irresistible. The character blends, in

sweet confusion, and apparently in a tangle of contradiction, manly feeling, mental force, genuine passion, exquisite refinement, broad humor, recklessness and tenderness, and certainly it was accordant with Mansfield's peculiar temperament and complex organization, and at the same time was an excellent, because practical, vehicle for the exercise of his varied talents and accomplishments. He, nevertheless, was inclined to undervalue the part, for the reason that he thought it "entertained" more than it impressed. Such was his mistaken fancy, and toward the last he denuded it of some of its most delightful features—notably of the operatic burlesque. When he acted *Prince Karl,* however, he acted in a strain of exuberant, exhilarating vivacity, making the gay, buoyant youth continuously amusing and intensely sympathetic, by reason of his drollery, his sweet humor, his winning sentiment, and his passionate sincerity even in ludicrously impossible situations, as well as by the display of his extraordinary and admirable skill as a mimic and as a comic vocalist. No example of versatility in acting could be more decisive than the contrast of Mansfield as *Prince Karl* with Mansfield as *Ivan, the Terrible.*

Once Mansfield conveyed his company to Staten Island, and gave a performance of this farce, for

the benefit of "The Arthur Winter Memorial Library." My old friend George William Curtis was one of his auditors, and, speaking to me about the performance, after it had ended, he designated it in a felicitous sentence: "It is the perfection of fooling!" Such, indeed, it was, and perhaps that is why the actor did not highly value it. But Mansfield's "fooling" was artistic and refreshing, and therein better than the earnest of some of his contemporary players. Nothing could be more irresistibly funny than was the entrance he made, as *Prince Karl,* stalwart and handsome in his military uniform, driving before him the frightened waiters who had told him of the landlord's refusal to provide further potations unless paid for at once: "More vine! more *vine!*" he exclaimed, "zat I may not see straight, vhen I look at zat old vooman! Ah, dere is a meeserable vorldling vot tinks more of his vine dan of de honor of a von Ahrmien!" While pretending insanity, as a prelude to getting himself drowned, his by-play was singularly expert and comic, and the instant change, when brought face to face with his captivator, was delightfully felicitous. One of his most clever and laughable devices of "business" was his method of obeying the heroine's peremptory order that he should "carry all the baggage to

the boat." There was a prodigious tumult outside, after which appeared a long procession of porters, staggering under the burden of trunks and bags, and then came the *Prince,* attired as "a courier," walking slowly, and calmly and elegantly smoking a cigarette. Unspeakable disgust could never have been more completely and comically shown in a human visage than it was by Mansfield, when, reluctantly obeying the command of his imperious young mistress, he gingerly accepted the tiny lap-dog that she ordered him to carry, and walked away, holding the little beast at arm's length; nor could there be a more complete and comically demure pretence of ignorance and innocence than he ingenuously assumed, when returning, as from the river side, he came in dragging behind him an empty dog-collar attached to a leash. Much merriment also always ensued from his prompt and vigorous action and piquant tone when, as *Mrs. Lowell* pretended to faint, at the end of one of the acts, he caught her in his arms, repelling all assistance, and reiterated her command: "The courier carry *all* de baggage to de boat!" Very happy, likewise, was the stroke of humor with which he ended that blithe performance. The lady, being asked whether it is the *Courier* or the *Prince* whom she loves, replies

that both are equally dear to her. "Ach! Himmel! vat happiness!" he exclaimed; "I vos *two* men, und she lof me *both!*" It is not easy to signify the fine effect of such trifles, but sometimes in the deft use of trifles an actor can show the perfection of his art, and Mansfield often exemplified that truth. Little touches have been known to count for much. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he had finished his magnificent painting of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, wrote his name upon the hem of her mantle. Sir Walter Scott, being in company with John Philip Kemble, as that great actor was going upon the stage, in the character of *Macbeth,* removed the plume from the warrior's cap and put an eagle's feather in its place.

III.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S grisly story of "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was published in 1885. As a literary composition it is fragmentary and roughly jointed, but it is a work of originality and power, and one for which,—as for all works of originality and power, in days of excessive criticism,—every reader should be grateful. That such a story should have suggested a play is not surprising. Yet it is purely narrative in structure, and its dramatic elements are, as a chemist would say, in solution. Facts and incidents are merely stated. The culmination of the plot is reached in the middle of the narrative and is then supplemented by an explanation. Perhaps, also, the testimony and the description would have been more true to human nature, and thus more directly in the vein of the dramatist, had the author made a more thoroughly logical analysis of his conception. Perhaps the *Dr. Jekyll* whom he has described is a kind of man who would be but little likely to take the mystic, transcendental track and change into *Mr. Hyde,* and per-

haps no man, having once travelled that dark road, could afterward exist without giving more harrowing denotements of his experience,—even in the brief interval that precedes his ruin and extinction,—than are given by the *Dr. Jekyll* of the book. However that may be, a tragic drama, alert with incident, cumulative with action, various with character, fluent in style, and significant in picture and in meaning was made and successfully acted.

The thought upon which Stevenson built his story, and which is made to sustain the fabric of the play, is stated in the words of the novelist, in *Dr. Jekyll's* confession:

> I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both. . . . I learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved day-dream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each could be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable. . . . I began to perceive . . . the trembling immateriality, the mist-like transcience, of this seemingly solid body in which we walk attired. Certain agents I found to have the power to shake and to pluck back that fleshy vestment, even as a wind might toss the curtains of a pavilion. . . . I not only recognized my natural body for the mere aura and effulgence of certain of the powers that made up my spirit, but managed to compound a drug by which these powers should be dethroned from their supremacy, and a second form and

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS *DR. JEKYLL* AND *MR. HYDE*

countenance substituted, none the less natural to me because they were the expression and bore the stamp of lower elements in my soul.

In the allegorical sense there is a basis of significant truth in that fantastic reasoning. Human nature is composite. Human goodness would sink supine in sloth if there were not evil in the warp of things to compel action,—evil being the agent in creation that never rests and, seemingly, cannot rest. Many persons, perhaps, go through life without ever once lapsing into vicious conduct. But most persons, who, from the summit of age, look back upon the past are aware that they have sometimes had the consciousness of evil moods and impulses,—a tendency in themselves so wrong that, had it ripened into wicked acts, instead of ending in the conquest of good over bad, it would have alienated them from their better nature, and thus might almost be said to have changed their identity. When a good man consciously does wrong he has, for the time, ceased to be his actual self. The man who consciously continues to do wrong must eventually blunt his moral sense and weaken his power of resistance to evil, till at last he becomes incapable of reverting to his former state of virtue. The old theologians called that catastrophe the ultimate triumph of "original sin." The modern scientists declare it to

be the temporary predominance of that remnant of the brute in the human which evolution has not entirely eradicated.

In order to build a play upon the allegory of imagined, emblematic experience it was necessary, first, to reject the intention to reproduce the exact, literal substance of the book, and secondly, to devise a scheme of innovation upon the original. There is a narrow order of the critical mind which, in a case of this kind, seems to feel a savage delight at finding discrepancies betwixt a play and a novel upon which the play is founded. Of course there are discrepancies. They exist in every similar case; they are inevitable, and, furthermore, they are essential. A lecturer is not an actor, although each may treat a dramatic theme. A novel is not a play, although both may relate to the same subject. The novel describes. The play exhibits. The novel is character in picture, clothed with description. The play is character in action, clothed with scenery. Sometimes a novel is so dramatic that it can, with only a few touches, be converted into a play. More often the novel must be greatly altered before its dramatic aspects can be released. Portions of its material frequently must be rejected, to make way for material absolutely new. That was necessary in dealing with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The dramatist used

the central idea of the story, its ground plan and some of its incidents; but he modified its characters, he displayed them under changed conditions, and he environed the "The Strange Case" as well with an atmosphere of domestic life and love as with the otherwise unrelieved investiture of horror.

The movement begins in the home of *Sir Danvers Carew,* who is present, in company with his daughter and their guests. Among the latter are *Mr. Utterson,* a lawyer, and *Dr. Lanyon.* The time is evening and the scene is one of domestic tranquillity. The theme of the play is opened by a talk between *Dr. Lanyon* and *Mr. Utterson,* in which *Hyde* and his savage cruelty are described. *Dr. Jekyll* comes upon the scene,—a pale, sad man, forlorn and wistful, over whom it is observable that trouble has cast a subtle blight. *Dr. Jekyll* and *Agnes Carew,* the daughter of *Sir Danvers Carew,* are betrothed lovers, and it is intimated that they are soon to wed. The girl cheers her lover, and will not hear his self-reproachful words. Presently the scene is cleared of all but *Sir Danvers Carew* and *Agnes,* who linger a while, in affectionate talk of the past. When they have said good-night and parted, the sinister figure of *Hyde,* emerging from the moonlit garden, glides into the room, through a large window at the back of it,—a figure

shrunken, malevolent, repulsive, insolent in demeanor, horrible in facial expression, irritating in voice, a loathsome image of depravity and menace. That reptile creature coarsely commands the father to call back his daughter, and being repelled by the intrepid baronet, suddenly springs upon him and mauls and chokes him to death. The spectacle is hideous, but happily it is soon over.

Act Second consists of two scenes. *Hyde* is shown in his secret lodging, where, with bloodcurdling glee, he fills a glass with brandy, and as a door, previously locked by him, swings slowly open, admitting no one, pledges the ghost of *Sir Danvers Carew*. Mansfield wisely and widely deviated from the novel, by surrounding the miscreant, in that retreat, with profuse but disorderly luxury,—not that of taste, but that of exuberant sensuality. This scene shows the police in pursuit of *Hyde,* and it ends with his escape, through a secret door, artfully devised within a mirror. He is next encountered entering the mysterious postern of *Dr. Jekyll's* laboratory, and there he is accosted by the lawyer, *Mr. Utterson.*

Act Third is occupied with a startling scene in *Dr. Lanyon's* house, wherein *Hyde* mixes and swallows his potion, and is visibly transformed into *Jekyll.* In Act Fourth *Dr. Jekyll,* immured in his laboratory, and shuddering on the verge of involuntary trans-

formation into the brute that lurks within him, beseeches *Dr. Lanyon* to bring *Agnes* beneath his window, so that he can look upon her for the last time. *Jekyll* is doomed, and his better nature must take leave of all things that are good and lovely in the world. "Lanyon," he exclaims, in a paroxysm of agony, "I have destroyed the balance of my soul!" The wretched man's one pitying, understanding friend leaves him, in order to find and bring *Agnes* to a place where she can be seen. The surpassing tragedy is that the parting must be eternal—for the soul is lost. Left alone *Jekyll* caresses some flowers, and piteously takes leave of them. Then, convulsed by the agonizing pangs that warn him of his coming hopeless transformation—"this shudder of the grave"—he drags himself to his mirror and perceives that the horrible change, though at hand, has not yet come. *Agnes* is brought, at that moment, into the street below, and, crying out her name in agony, almost at the instant when she sees him, the transformation is accomplished for the last time, and the bestial *Hyde,* conscious of the impending peril of seizure by the police, who at length, with the aid of *Mr. Utterson,* have tracked him, swallows an instantaneous poison and sprawls horribly into death at the moment when *Agnes* enters the room.

In any field of art the portraiture of a monster is

comparatively easy, and, except for the purposes of contrast, and within clear and somewhat narrow limits, its portraiture is unprofitable. A good actor can fill the measure of *Caliban* more readily than he can fill the measure of *Prospero*. And the portraiture of a monster, on the stage, while comparatively easy, is generally fruitless. It doubtless enables an actor to make a startling display of his skill. The monster is usually powerful. But the crocodile or the cobra frightens, or sickens, or horrifies. A spectator derives no lasting benefit from a display of power and skill in that direction. Horror is barren, except of disgust. A being neither brilliant, fascinating, conscience-stricken and remorseful like *Richard the Third,* nor awful and pathetic, like the fiend-driven *Macbeth,* cannot be commended to sympathy by any felicity of artistic treatment. Henry Irving's great performance of *Dubosc,* who, however, is more a human savage than a monster, derived its greatness partly from the actor's humor, but far more from its association with that superb image of purity and heroism, the companion character of *Lesurques,* which was concurrently embodied by that man of genius. The two works, taken together, constituted a wonderful and thrilling example of the variety of attributes which can exist within the scope of one and the same mind. It was not simply a hideous aspect

of reptile vitality that awakened sympathy and won admiration; it was the potency of that manifold, impressive, touching significance which is expressed and conveyed in the correlation of beautiful and terrible attributes in one and the same human creature.

Mansfield depicted, with horrible animal vigor and with intense and reckless force of infernal malignity, the exultant wickedness of the bestial and frenzied *Hyde,*—displaying a carnal monster of unqualified evil. It was an assumption remarkable for loathsome, reptile-like ferocity. The actor possessed great volume of voice and great impetuosity of nervous force, and his acting of *Hyde,* viewed simply as execution, furnished conclusive evidence of his exceptional resources. But Mansfield rose to a nobler height than that, for he was able, in the concurrent, associate impersonation of *Dr. Jekyll,* to interblend the angel with the demon, and thus to command a lasting victory, such as his baleful image of the hellish *Hyde* could never have achieved. That was the reason of his success. He was distinctively individual in each of the characters. His dramatic art and his temperamental quality were as cogent in the one as in the other. But by concurrently embodying the two,—by at once contrasting his two studies and blending them into one,—

he displayed, under dramatic circumstances of unique and unflagging interest, a single image of human nature, the image of a man who is convulsed, lacerated, and ultimately destroyed by a terrific struggle, upon the theatre of his own soul and body, between inherent forces of good and evil. The two works, taken together, enthralled the imagination and touched the heart. The presentment was an awful, pathetic picture of a remorseful human soul overwhelmed by the sin to which it had yielded, while struggling to avert the terrible consequences of its self-murder. The actor's art diffused the unfailing charm of spontaneous dramatic action, and in its strong enforcement of the essential moral truth that the deadliest peril of the soul lies in continuous surrender to conscious iniquity it was freighted with an appalling message of truth. At certain points in the performance of *Jekyll* and *Hyde* Mansfield conspicuously manifested imagination, creative dramatic power, and sympathetic emotion. The sardonic malignity of *Hyde,* when he pledged the invisible ghost of *Sir Danvers Carew,* the inspired exultation with which *Hyde,* controlled by *Jekyll,* exhorts *Lanyon,* before drinking the magical mixture, the afflicting pathos of *Jekyll* when, as he took his eternal farewell of beauty, goodness, and life, he gathered into his hands a few flowers and tenderly

gave them a parting caress, the terror of apprehension in which *Jekyll* struggled to the mirror to learn if the final transformation had occurred, and his piteous desolation in the doomed creature's brief moment of respite from the inevitable, were in the most exalted mood of illuminative acting. The actor's transitions, also, were wonderfully fine. In Act Third *Hyde* changes to *Jekyll.* In Act Fourth *Jekyll* changes to *Hyde.* The transformations were wrought in physical bearing, in stature and demeanor, in facial expression, and above all, in the radiation of an interior spirit. As denotements at once of the man's soul and the artist's faculty the effect was wonderfully eloquent and impressive. But the essential superiority of Mansfield's impersonation was shown in his fine analysis of the nature of *Jekyll,* and his adjustment of that nature to its terrible, lamentable conditions. There were involved the retrospective quality; the quality in acting which discloses a whole lifetime in a single glimpse; the sympathy, the redeeming humanity, the poetry,—in one word the justification of the whole work. *Dr. Jekyll,* in the story, does not win sympathy, but he constantly won it in the play. Stevenson describes him as "a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, something of a sly cast, perhaps, but with every mark of capacity and kindness;" and Steven-

son makes him say: "It was rather the exacting nature of my own aspirations than any particular degradation in my faults that made me what I was and severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature,"—a statement irresistibly suggestive of Sheridan's standard of virtue, which he said was so high that he could not possibly live up to it. Mansfield rectified and exalted the ethics of the subject by a finer ideal of *Jekyll,* who, a poetic enthusiast for occult science, has conjured up a spectre that he cannot lay, and subjected himself to an impending doom that he cannot, by any self-sacrifice or expiation, avert. There are meritorious works of dramatic art that stop short at personal display of the actor. They are pyrotechnics, brilliant while burning, but gone forever as soon as they cease to burn. The supreme merit of Mansfield's impersonation of *Jekyll* and *Hyde* was that it transcended personal display; that it came home and had a meaning to every mind. There were technical defects. The love scenes lacked passion. It was not till the death scene that the face of *Jekyll* seemed wholly true to his nature. But the ethical signification of the subject was clarified and exalted by the actor's treatment of the dual character, and, had he done nothing else, the single performance would have made him eminent.

IV.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

SHAKESPEARE'S presentment of *Richard the Third* is dubious history, but, of the rougher kind, it is magnificent tragedy. Richard was guiltless of most if not all of the crimes which have been laid to his charge, but his reputation has been blackened by historians and by Shakespeare, and the world accepts him, not as he was in life, but as he stands in Shakespeare's play. He is therein drawn as a man of genius and a monster of wickedness; he wreaks himself upon life by the power of adamantine will: he moves through deadly crime and direful slaughter to the summit of earthly dominion: but his heart is corroded with remorse, his spirit is slowly broken by vague and awful shapes of haunting horror, and, though, in the delirium of desperation, he is audacious and tremendous to the last, he is subdued by retributive justice, and he dies, as he has lived, by treachery and violence. The central theme of the tragedy, accordingly, is human defiance of divine control.

The ideal of *Richard* that was expressed by Mans-

field did not materially differ from that which has been manifested by great tragic actors, from the time of David Garrick to that of Edwin Booth. He embodied a demoniac scoffer who, nevertheless, is a human being. The infernal wickedness of *Richard* was shown to be impelled by tremendous intellect but slowly enervated and ultimately thwarted and ruined by the cumulative operation of remorse, corroding at the heart and finally blasting the man with desolation and frenzy. But Mansfield's expression of that ideal somewhat differed from the expression to which the stage has generally been accustomed, and in that respect his impersonation was distinctive and original.

The old custom of playing *Richard* was to take the exaggerated statements of the opening soliloquy in a literal sense; to provide him with a prominent hump, a lame leg, and a fell of straight black hair, and to make him walk in, scowling, with his lower lip protruded, and declare, with snarling vehemence and guttural vociferation, his amiable purpose of specious duplicity and miscellaneous slaughter. The opening speech, which is in Shakespeare's juvenile, orotund manner,—a manner, which, perhaps, he had caught from Marlowe, and which he outgrew and abandoned,—was thus utilized for displaying the character in a massed aspect, as that of a hypo-

Photograph by Falch Bros.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS *GLO'STER* IN "RICHARD III."

"For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire therefor."
Act III., Sc. 1. (R. M.'s arrangement)

crite and a sanguinary villain; and, that being done, he was made to advance, through about two-thirds of the tragedy, airily yet ferociously slaying everybody who came in his way, until at some convenient point, definable at the option of the actor, he was suddenly smitten with a sufficient remorse to account for his trepidation before and during the tent-scene; and thereafter he was launched into combat like a meteoric butcher, all frenzy and gore, and was killed, amid general acclamation, when he had fenced himself out of breath.

That treatment of the character was, in part, a necessary consequence of Shakespeare's perfunctory adoption of the Tudor doctrine that *Richard* was a blood-boltered monster; but in a larger degree it was the result of Cibber's vulgar distortion of the original play. The actual character of the king,—who seems to have been one of the ablest monarchs that ever reigned in England,—has never recovered, and it never will recover, from the odium that was heaped upon it by the Tudor historians and accepted and ratified by Shakespeare. The stage character of the king has been almost as effectually damned by the theatrical claptrap with which Cibber misrepresented and vulgarized Shakespeare's conception, assisted by the efforts of a long line of blood-and-thunder performers, only

too well pleased to depict a gory, mugging miscreant, such as their limited intelligence enabled them to comprehend. The stage *Richard,* however, can, possibly, be redeemed. In Cibber he is everything that *Queen Margaret* calls him, and worse than a brute. In Shakespeare, although a villain, he is a man. Return to Shakespeare, accordingly, is a step in the right direction. That step was taken long ago (1821) by Macready; then by Samuel Phelps (1844), then by Edwin Booth (1877), and in the same year by Henry Irving, and that good example was followed by Mansfield. He used a five-act version of the tragedy, preserving the text of the original, much condensed, and introducing a few lines from Cibber. It began with a bright processional scene before the Tower of London, in which *Elizabeth,* Queen of Edward IV., was conspicuous, and against that background of "glorious summer" it placed the dangerous figure of *Glo'ster.* It comprised the murder of *Henry the Sixth,* the wooing of *Lady Anne,*—not in a London street, but in a rural place, on the road to Chertsey; the lamentation for *King Edward the Fourth;* the episode of the boy princes; the condemnation of *Hastings,*—a scene that brilliantly denotes the mingled artifice and cruelty of Shakespeare's *Glo'ster;* the *Buckingham*

plot; the priest and mayor scene; the temptation of *Tyrrel;* the fall of *Buckingham;* the march to battle; the episode of the spectres; and the fatal catastrophe on Bosworth Field. Later, however, Mansfield condensed and altered his version of the tragedy, until, finally, it became almost chaotic.

A notable peculiarity of Mansfield's performance of *Richard* was the certain tinge of variety growing out of the assumption that there are considerable lapses of time, at intervals, during the continuance of the story. The effort to reconcile poetry with history produced little if any appreciable practical result upon the stage. An incessant continuity of action, a ceaseless rush and whirl of events, is the essential life of the play. No auditor can feel that *Richard* has waited twelve years before making any movement or striking any blow, after his aspiration that heaven will take *King Edward* and leave the world for him "to bustle in." That word "bustle" is especially expressive, as used by *Richard.* And furthermore there is no development of his character in Shakespeare's play; there is simply the presentation of it, complete and rounded at the outset. The moods change; the man does not.

Mansfield, however, deduced from his consideration of the flight of time a contrast between *Richard*

at nineteen and *Richard* at thirty-three, a contrast indicative of the reactionary influence that an experience of evil deeds has produced upon a man who, at first, was only a man of evil thoughts and evil will. This imported into the performance a diversity of delineation, without, however, affecting the formidable weight of the figure of *Richard,* or its brilliancy, or its final significance. The embodiment was splendid with it, and would have been equally splendid without it. The presence of heart and conscience in that demoniac human creature is denoted by Shakespeare and must be shown by the actor. Precisely at what point his heaven-defying will should begin to waver is not defined. Edwin Booth, in his great performance of the part, allowed the first signs of incipient dread and of vacillation to appear after the queen-mother had spoken her curse upon her son. Mansfield chose to indicate the operation of remorse and terror in *Richard's* mind as early as the throne scene and before yet the king has heard that the royal boys have been murdered, and the effect of his action, equally with the method of it, was superb. The observer presently saw him possessed of the throne for which he had so terribly toiled and sinned, and alone upon it, bathed in blood-red light, the pitiable personification of gorgeous but haunted evil,

marked off from among mankind and henceforth desolate. Throughout that fine scene Mansfield's portrayal of the fearful struggle between wicked will and human weakness was in a noble vein of imagination, profound in its sincerity, affecting in its pathos, and pictorial in its treatment. In the earlier scenes his mood and his demeanor had been suffused with a cool, gay mockery of elegant cynicism. He killed *King Henry* with a smile, in a scene of gloomy mystery. He looked upon the mourning *Lady Anne* with cheerful irony and he wooed her with all the fervor that duplicity can simulate in the behavior of a hypocrite. His dissimulation with the princes and with the mayor and the nobles was, to the last degree, specious. One of his finest points was the temptation of *Buckingham* to murder the princes. There, and indeed at all points, was observed the absence of even the faintest reminiscence of the ranting, mouthing, flannel-jawed king of clubs who has so generally strutted and bellowed as Shakespeare's *Glo'ster*. While bold and telling, the manner was reticent and fine.

From the moment, in the lonely Throne Scene, when the mental conflict began to reveal itself onward to the end, no matter what outward show he might assume, the actual condition of *Richard*

was seen to be that of *Orestes* pursued by the furies. But Mansfield was right, and was consistent, in making the monarch faithful in his devotion to evil. *Richard's* presentiments, pangs, and tremors are intermittent. In the great, empty, darkening throne-room, with its shadowy nooks and dim corners, shapeless and nameless spectres may momentarily come upon him and shake his strong spirit with the sinister menace of hell. Along the dark plains, on the fateful night before the battle, the sad ghosts may drift and wander, moaning and wailing in the ghastly gloom; and in that hour of haunted desolation the doomed king may feel that, after all, he is but mortal man, and that his preordered destruction is close at hand and not to be averted; but *Richard* never deceives himself; never palters with the goodness that he has scorned. He dies as he has lived, defiant and terrible.

Mansfield's treatment of the ghost scenes at Bosworth was novel and poetic, and his death scene was not only a display of personal prowess but, originally, a reproduction of historical fact. With a detail like this the truth of history becomes useful, but in general the actor cannot safely go back of the Shakespearean scheme. To present *Richard* as probably he was would be to present a man of some virtue as well as great ability. Mansfield's

acting revealed an amiable desire to infuse as much humanity as possible into the Shakespearean conception, but he obtained his chief success by acting the part (despite his final mutilation of the text) substantially according to Shakespeare, and by setting and dressing the play with exceptional, if not always exact, fidelity to the time, the places, and the persons that are implicated in the story.

Shakespeare's *Richard* is a type of colossal will and of restless, inordinate, terrific activity. The objects of his desire and his effort are those objects which are incident to supreme power; but his chief object is that assertion of himself which is irresistibly incited and steadfastly compelled by the overwhelming, seething, acrid energy of a feverish soul, burning and raging in a fiery body. He can no more help projecting himself upon the affairs of the world than the malignant cobra can help darting upon its prey. He is a vital, elemental force, grisly, hectic, terrible, impelled by volcanic heat and electrified and made lurid and deadly by the infernal purpose of restless wickedness. No actor can impersonate *Richard* in an adequate manner who does not possess transcendent force of will, combined with ambitious, incessant, and restless mental activity. Mansfield in those respects was qualified for the character, and out of his profes-

sional resources he was able to supply other elements that are requisite to its constitution and fulfilment. He presented as *Richard* a sardonic, evil spirit, who nevertheless, somewhere in his complex nature, retains an element of humanity. He embodied a character that is tragic in its ultimate effect, but his method was largely that of the comedian. His portrayal of *Richard,* except at moments when it was veiled with craft and dissimulation, or at other, grander moments, infrequent but awful and agonizing, when it was convulsed with the frenzied anguish of remorse, stood forth boldly in the sunshine, a crystallized and deadly sarcasm, equally trenchant upon itself and all the world, equally scornful of things human and things divine. That lethal assumption of keen, mordant mockery, that cool, glittering malignant lightness of manner, was consistently sustained, while the texture of it was made continuously entertaining by diversity of color and inflection, sequent on changing moods; so that *Richard* was shown as a creature of the possible world of mankind and not as a mere fiction of the stage. In a word, the part was acted by him,—not declaimed. He made, indeed, a skilful use of his voice,—keeping its tones light and superficial during the earlier scenes (while yet, in accordance with

Photograph by Stereoscopic Company, London

MANSFIELD AS *KING RICHARD THE THIRD*

"Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?
Didst thou see them dead?"

(*Act III.*)

his theory of development, *Glo'ster* is the personification of evil purpose only beginning to ripen into evil deed), and then permitting them to become deeper and more significant and thrilling as the man grows old in crime and haggard and convulsed in self-conflict and desperation. But it was less with vocal excellence that the auditor was impressed than with the actor's identification with the part and his revelation of the soul of it. When first presented his *Glo'ster* was a mocking devil. It was not until years of scheming and of evil acts, engendering, promoting, and sustaining a condition of mental horror and torture, had ravaged his person and set their seal upon him, in sunken cheek and hollow eye, in shattered nerves and deep and thrilling voice, surcharged at once with inveterate purpose and with incessant agony, that the light manner vanished and the demeanor and action of the wicked monarch became entirely direct, ruthless, and terrible.

On the basis of a play so discursive, episodical, and indefinite as Shakespeare's "Richard III.," Mansfield's peculiar theory as to the development of the central character, while ingenious and interesting, is not logically tenable. In the poet's page the character is presented mature at the beginning, and thereafter, through a tangle of historical events,

is launched upon action. *Glo'ster* was only nineteen years old when, according to the historic authorities that Shakespeare followed, he killed *King Henry* in the Tower, and he was only thirty-three when he was slain on Bosworth battlefield. Mansfield assumed that, applying his theory, he could discriminate between several periods of *Glo'ster's* life, and show the various reactionary effects which his crimes produced upon his nature. The most that he did accomplish, however, in that direction, was a suggestive impartment that there was an increase of inveteracy of wickedness; that *Glo'ster* changed, as men do change in life, the integral character remaining the same in its original fibre, but the condition varying, in accordance with the reaction of conduct upon temperament and conscience.

The defects in Mansfield's acting of *Richard* were the defects apparent, more or less, in all his acting. He was, at times, phlegmatic and deficient of rapidity,—seeming to brood over his emotions and to linger unduly on his effective points. Delay is not repose. *Richard* is an electrical person, and there are but few times when he does not move like a meteor. Impetuosity of action is more essential than pictorial expressure. But those defects were slight in Mansfield's art. The preëminently

fine moments of his performance were those of *Glo'ster's* dissimulation, in the interview with the *Mayor of London;* the *King's* attempted incitement of *Buckingham* to murder the young princes; the denunciation of *Hastings;* the sinister menace to *Stanley;* the awakening from the ghost-haunted dream,—when for one horrifying instant, the affrighted *King* mistook *Catesby* for yet another "shadow,"—and the agonized, miserable death. Among the actor's various innovations, one, in particular, should be recorded: he caused a commotion and a horrified, smothered cry to be heard, immediately after *Tyrrel's* final exit,—"I humbly take my leave,"—to intimate that his emissary of murder had been set upon and killed, outside of the throne room, in order to dispose of the witness of the *King's* sanction of the slaughter of the *Princes.* The value of Mansfield's performance of *Richard,* however, did not consist in theories or innovations, but in a tremendous concentration of intellectual force and passionate feeling, expressed with many fine touches of dramatic art, resultant in a life-like image, terrific and piteous, of grisly wickedness and retributive misery.

It was thus not so much by startling effects as it was by subtle denotements, now of the tempest and now of the brooding horror in the *King's* mind, that

he gained his memorable victory. While his embodiment lacked incessant, fiery expedition, the meteoric quality that astounds and dazzles, it was rich in authentic, decisive beauties of imagination. The attitude of the monarch toward his throne,—the infernal triumph, and yet the remorseful agony and withering fear,—in the moment of ghastly loneliness, when he knows that the innocent princes have been murdered and that his imperial pathway is clear, was wonderfully illuminative. The treatment was theatrical, but in no derogatory sense theatrical,—for it comports with the great speech on conscience that Shakespeare has put into *Richard's* mouth; the speech that, more than anything else in the tragedy, informed and inspired Mansfield's impersonation,—the brilliant embodiment of an intellectual man, predisposed to evil, who yields to that inherent impulse, and thereafter, although intermittently convulsed with remorse, fights with tremendous energy against the goodness that he scorns and defies, till at last he dashes himself to pieces against the adamant of eternal law.

In the old days of the theatre, a pretence was occasionally made of giving the text of "Richard III." according to Shakespeare, but the regular usage was to adhere more or less closely to Cibber. Such a fiery cry as "Off with his head! So much for

Photograph by Stereoscopic Company, London

MANSFIELD AS *RICHARD THE THIRD*

(*Act IV.*)

Buckingham!" could not be spared, and great stress was laid on Cibber's "conscience" speech, with its platitudes about cold mutton and short-lived pleasure. The eloquent speeches of the original,—the opening soliloquy, *Clarence's* dream, *Edward's* farewell, and the terribly exacting compound of colloquy and delirium, after the awakening in the Tent Scene,—were, almost invariably, discarded; though sometimes the frenzied outburst of remorse and terror, after the Ghost Scene, was used, when one of the great actors wished to attempt a task of unusual difficulty. Edwin Booth, after his restoration of Shakespeare's text in this tragedy, always spoke that complex, agonizing speech on conscience, and his delivery of it was inexpressibly thrilling and pathetic in effect upon the feelings of his hearers. So full, indeed, was it of terror and of anguish that, equally in emotion and elocution, it reached the summit of excellence. Booth, however, laid the stress on the pathos, speaking as if *Richard's* awful visions had utterly broken his spirit. Mansfield emphasized the delirium, as though the phantoms had swept the wretched sleeper into a shattering frenzy of remorse and hysterical fear. Few spectacles so tremendous have been seen upon our stage, as that presented by him, when the *King* leaped from his haunted couch, whirling his naked sword around his head,

and, as the wild words burst from his lips, stumbled to his knees, attempting to guard himself as though beaten down on the battlefield and about to perish. The "Jesu have mercy" came forth in a shriek of agony, and the entire speech was delivered in one prolonged torrent of fluent frenzy, and with a glorious volume of voice the like of which has seldom been heard. There can be no greater triumph of stage art than, in such a test scene as that, to rise to the full height of physical, spiritual, and vocal expression, to put forth the extreme measure of effort, and yet to preserve such complete control of all the faculties as to impart conviction of power still held in reserve: that triumph was gained by Mansfield; for it seemed that he might have doubled his exertions, had he desired to do so. A more satisfying exhibition of the union of intellectual and physical powers has seldom if ever been seen upon the stage.

V.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

The poet Byron said of Beau Brummell, that the only thing remarkable about him was a certain exquisite propriety. The poet Crabbe, who met him at Belvoir, the home of the Duke of Rutland, was, it is recorded, particularly pleased and amused by his conversation. There was no extravagance in Brummell's dress. He insisted only on having clothes that were perfect, and he appears to have lived chiefly for the purpose of wearing them. His taste in dress was correct. He never used inharmonious colors in his apparel. He said that a gentleman never attracts observation by his appearance, and his test of character was bodily cleanliness. In appearance he was distinguished. He had a fine person and he moved with grace. His head was symmetrical, his face comely, his complexion fair, his voice pleasing. His eyes were gray, and he had finely shaped, delicate hands. The expression of his mouth, even in repose, was slightly sarcastic. He had a way of saying polite words as if he did not entirely mean them. He

possessed various accomplishments. He could draw moderately well. He had some knowledge of music. He occasionally wrote complimentary verses, of a commonplace kind. He was not a hard drinker. Mild sarcasm was his weapon, of both assault and defence, in social encounters, but his sarcasms, generally, were discreetly directed. "Civility," he said, "costs nothing, and, if it does not meet with a due return, it, at least, leaves you in the most creditable position." He was a profligate; he would not, otherwise, have been the intimate associate of the disreputable Prince of Wales, afterward George IV.: but his conduct was not, at any time, marked by either rancor, meanness, or malignity.

Beau Brummell, although in life a pictorial figure, could only be made a dramatic one by the invention of a fictitious story. He was not a hero. He did no deed that was, conspicuously, either good or evil. He took no part, except it was either ornamental or supine and lachrymose, in any scene of action. Aside from the authentic incident of his insane reception of phantom guests, when he had fallen into the half imbecile condition that preceded his death, there was no occurrence in his life that can be deemed, or that could be made, essentially dramatic. The theatrical vehicle

Photograph by Sarony, New York

MANSFIELD AS *BEAU BRUMMELL*

(*Act I.*)

for his presentation that Mansfield concocted, with the clerical coöperation of another hand, was not felicitous. That play is a fabric of trivialities, interwoven with fatuous colloquy, but it contains some piquant sarcasms and some clever "stage-business," together with effective pictorial situations at the beginning and at the end; but as a representation of English society in the time of the Regency it is a caricature. The Prince of Wales figures in it as a preposterous ass, and the brilliant Sheridan wanders through a part of it as a dangling booby.

The story of *Beau Brummell,* told in the play, represents him as socially popular and powerful, but painfully impecunious. He dwells in splendor, but he is besieged by creditors and annoyed by duns, and he has determined to effect his deliverance by the expedient of marriage with an heiress to great wealth. It chances, however, that his nephew, in whose welfare he feels an affectionate interest, has already become the accepted, though not paternally approved and recognized, lover of that same heiress. *Brummell's* first appearance is made in his dressing-room, where, while completing his toilet, he incidentally glances at his mail, receives a call from his nephew,—to whom he communicates his intention to marry,—is

bothered by a Hebrew creditor, whom he adroitly placates, and has a clever and amusing colloquy of equivoke with the father of his prospective bride, whom he mistakes for a tailor. Later he entertains the *Prince Regent,* the great dramatist and orator *Sheridan,* and various other guests, and, since he has resolved on marriage, he takes measures to terminate a sentimental association, with a certain *Mrs. Saint-Aubyn,* in which he has been for some time implicated. Soon afterward, at a ball, he offends the *Prince,* manfully befriends the father of the girl to whom he is paying his addresses, and thus advances his suit. In a subsequent scene he accidentally discovers the fact that his betrothed and his nephew are lovers, and thereupon he magnanimously renounces the girl, delicately contriving to keep secret the truth that he really loves her, and doing all in his power to promote their happiness. At this point an episode occurs in which, having been publicly "cut" by the *Regent,* he blandly asks a companion "Who's your fat friend?" and presently he is arrested, for debt, and escorted away by bailiffs. When next seen he is dwelling in lodgings in the French city of Calais, destitute and miserable, attended by his faithful valet, *Mortimer.* In the last act the play assumes a vital form, and becomes reasonably

credible and impressive. *Brummell* has heard that the *Prince* is passing through the town, and he sends a snuff-box to him, as a reminder of old friendship,—which token is returned, without a word of response. At the moment of its return, *Brummell* has received a call from the lovers, who have heard of his distressful condition, and have sought him for the purpose of bringing relief; but pride makes him unwilling to accept their assistance. They doubt his assurances of being prosperous and comfortable, but are convinced by his presenting them, as a wedding gift, the empty snuff-box, which he tells them—"has just been sent to me by—His Majesty"; and he effects their formal betrothal. In the last scene he is shown in the extremity of squalor and misery. He and his servant *Mortimer* are starving. Privation and anguish have broken the mind of *Brummell.* Then is enacted the ghastly, pathetic scene, drawn from actual life,—as recorded by *Brummell's* biographer,—in which the broken man receives phantom guests, at a phantom feast. Presently *Brummell* lapses into a stupor; momentarily revives, to find himself surrounded by old associates, including the *Prince,* now *King;* and, on being asked to dine with them on the morrow, gives promise to do so, conditional on the dinner taking place at

eight, and instructs *Mortimer* to answer any callers with the statement that "Mr. Brummell has a previous engagement with His Majesty,"—a phrase which, in his latter years on the stage, Mansfield spoke in such a way as, with contributory illumination of "business," to signify *Brummell's* death. The play would not bear analysis, most of its incidents being forced and incredible, and the conduct of its principal persons being incoherent and irrational. No pretence was made of historical accuracy. The fact that George IV. had been dead ten years, and Sheridan twenty-four years, at the time of the death of Beau Brummell is, for example, ignored. All plays on historic themes and persons, however, present discrepancies of that kind, and high example and long established custom sanction the discrepancy. When this play was first produced it ended with an anti-climax, *Brummell,* apparently, recovering, with prospect of comfortable circumstances; but that idle concession to the assumed necessity of making "a happy end" was subsequently nullified, and, in Mansfield's final revision of the text and scheme, various defects were lessened or remedied. The play owed its success wholly, absolutely, and unquestionably to the actor of its principal part. Without the vital, animating power and charm of Mansfield's genius,

Photograph by Sarony, New York

MANSFIELD AS *BEAU BRUMMELL*

(*Act II.*)

the fabric would have fallen to pieces like a bundle of straws.

It was always a luxury to hear Mansfield sing. Few effects of pathos have been caused upon the stage commensurate with that created when, in *Brummell's* last scene, the actor introduced,—as occasionally, in latter years, he did,—the old song beginning "She wore a wreath of roses." Whether as picture or action the device was perfect,—and, like all the other effective pieces of "business" in the play, it was all his own. The last scene shows a wretched garret in which *Brummell* is dwelling. The time was evening; and the place dimly lighted. The slow, heavy, uncertain steps of *Brummell* were heard, as he came toiling up the bare, hollow-sounding stairs, outside. Then came a momentary pause and silence, as though the broken man had stopped to recover himself. When he appeared he was an image of abject misery,—still, however, striving bravely to endure. His lips moved, as though whispering to himself, but no sound came from them. His strength was almost exhausted. He moved weakly a few steps into the room, and sank into the chair that was brought forward by *Mortimer*. After a moment he recovered a little and tried to straighten his body—then sat, crouched and still. His battered

old hat was pulled low on his forehead; his threadbare coat, buttoned close up to his chin, wrinkled over his shrunken body; his fingers aimlessly plucked at the frayed tips of his gloves; his eyes vacantly stared, as though he saw the light of other days around him; his mind was far away: presently, at first in a quavering whisper and then in a low, weak voice, thin and tremulous, but wonderfully sweet,—the voice of a broken, dying man,—he sang, without appearing to know that he was doing so, those plaintive words, so well expressive of love and happiness forever lost. Often Mansfield's acting was adorned with delicate beauties of that description, and in the spirit, thus displayed, which inspired them, observation could perceive the finer quality of the man's nature. He was, indeed, revealed at his best in the scene of *Brummell's* circumstantial penury and mental decrepitude. In the last act of the comedy of life man stands face to face with the consequences of his character, with the remote results of his sins and errors, with the decay of his faculties, and with the ordeal of his moral accountability. An actor who could appreciate that situation, and make it felt, as Mansfield did, possessed an indubitable claim upon thoughtful admiration. Mansfield showed power and

versatility in various walks of the drama, but he seldom, if ever, was more impressive than in that touching embodiment of human wretchedness and ruin.

In acting *Beau Brummell* Mansfield made it evident that he had carefully studied the character of the actual man, as it is drawn in Captain Jesse's copious and minute memoir (1844),—a book to which all students are indebted for particular information relative to that notable person. He embodied a highly artificial dandy, but, availing himself of the privilege of romance, he invested that artificial dandy with fine attributes of character, and, in particular, he endowed him with much sensibility and with a virtuous mind and an affectionate heart. Thus he revealed a gentle nature beneath the veneer of artifice. He conspicuously manifested the virtue, so precious in acting, of authoritative repose. He dexterously elaborated every pictorial passage, taking all the time that was required; he was particularly happy in his management of the colloquy of equivoke; and he struck a true note of pathos in the scene of want, squalor, and misery with which the play ends. At the beginning, and for some time after, the figure was elegant, the personality frigid and fastidious, the demeanor composed and formal, the

vocalism smooth, fluent, and characteristic of studied artifice and self-control, the raiment sumptuous. At the last the figure was broken, dejected, and forlorn, the countenance emaciated, the demeanor tremulous; but the characteristic of inherent formality was absolutely preserved. Mansfield lacked height, for a typical *Beau,* and also he lacked a grand, predominant manner,—such as the reader of history finds ascribed to the French King Louis XIV.; such as was superbly exemplified on the stage by the late Charles Coghlan,—and, being, in temperament, rather more German than English, he was more phlegmatic than nonchalant. His embodiment of *Brummell,* however, combined character, humor, pathos, and finely expressive art, and its charm never dwindled. The performance underwent many changes, in the course of the seventeen years during which, from time to time, he played the part, but at all times it remained, as it was at first, picturesque to the vision; pleasing, because exciting, to the fancy; and touching to the heart. It presented a high-minded, kindly gentleman, humorous and amusing in his fantastic foppery, but right and fine in his conduct at supreme moments, and, therefore, an object of sympathy and even of affectionate good will. In ideal it was original, romantic, and

charming. In presentation it was firm, symmetrical, deliberate, studied, fore-ordained, and beautifully finished; it afforded an instructive example of the scope and puissance of the art of acting; and for his success in it Mansfield was indebted to nobody but himself.

A SHORT LIFE OF BRUMMELL.

On a day about the middle of the eighteenth century, an English statesman, who chanced to be walking through Bury Street, London, saw a placard in a window announcing "Apartments." The handwriting was so neat and handsome that it especially attracted his attention, and, being in quest of a lodging, he entered the house and engaged the rooms. The name of that statesman was Charles Jenkinson, and he afterwards became the first Earl of Liverpool (1727-1808). The writer of the placard which had attracted his notice was a lad named William Brummell, son of the lodging-house keeper, and the bright mind and assiduous zeal of that boy soon commended him to the favor of his father's lodger. At first William Brummell was employed by Mr. Jenkinson as an amanuensis in the Treasury

department. There he was diligent and was found useful, and in 1767,—upon the recommendation of his patron,—Lord North employed him as private secretary. That post he continued to hold while Lord North was at the head of affairs in England,—from 1770 till 1782; and subsequently he was appointed to other offices, some of which he held till his death.

An office holder and a prudent man of business, William Brummell became wealthy. He married well, likewise, his wife being the handsome Miss Richardson, daughter of a descendant of W. Richardson, Chief Justice in the reign of James I. That lady died in 1793, and her husband, surviving her a year and a day, died on March 17, 1794: both were buried beneath the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in London. They left three children, the second of whom, George Bryan Brummell, became noted as a Beau. Their home had been at Donnington,—an estate called "The Grove,"—where they displayed a liberal hospitality. They left a fortune of £65,000, of which their son George, on attainment of his majority, inherited £30,000.

George Bryan Brummell was born in London, June 7, 1778, and was baptized July 2, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, that interesting church, near the Abbey, in which rest the remains of Sir Walter Raleigh, the poet Skelton, and other worthies of

English history. When twelve years old he was sent to Eton. Even as a lad George Brummell manifested a fastidious taste in dress, while his deportment was that of studied, formal courtesy. Dandies, in those days, were called "bucks," or "macaronis," and Brummell, speedily distinguishing himself among his school-fellows as a dandy, was called Buck Brummell. Captain Jesse, in his copious, careful, interesting memoir of Brummell, records an example, incident to his juvenile days, of that cool pleasantry and nonchalant demeanor for which, throughout his life, he was remarkable. Some boys were hazing a bargeman, and, as they were about to throw their victim into the Thames, Brummell chanced to come among them. "My good fellows," he said, "don't send him into the river; the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold."

The vein of cynicism here denoted marked the bearing and language of Beau Brummell throughout his career. He was addicted to the saying of civil words that covered, without concealing, a sarcastic meaning, and he derived much satisfaction from the pursuit of hoaxing and mystifying his auditors. In his boyhood, at "The Grove," in Donnington, he had observed the frolics of Sheridan and Fox, who were

among his father's frequent guests; and it may be supposed that the mischievous example of those wags was not lost upon him. The chief disaster, indeed, of his career,—the loss of the friendship of the Prince Regent,—is thought to have been caused by his freedom of satirical speech, about the ample charms of Mrs. Fitzherbert,—"fair, fat, and forty," the "sweet lass of Richmond Hill,"—with whom the Prince was infatuated for a time, and to whom some historical writers have alleged, probably with truth, that he was privately wedded.

At Eton Brummell was clever, but idle. His good nature never failed. He was animated in manner, and he impressed his companions as witty, amusing, and frank. He never quarrelled with anybody, and he was never flogged. It was while at Eton that he first met the Prince of Wales, having been presented to him on the terrace at Windsor, and he used to say that their subsequent intimacy sprung out of that incident. He left Eton in 1793, aged fifteen, went to Oxford, becoming a resident of Oriel, where he acquired many good stories and became a social favorite. He did not stay long at the University. The death of his father made a change in his plans, for, only three months after that event, on June 17, 1794, he was named in the "Gazette" as a Cornet in the 10th Hussars, com-

manded by the Prince of Wales. He was then sixteen years old, while the Prince was thirty-two; but he was precocious, and the Prince, who had taken a special liking to him, advanced him rapidly, so that soon he was moving in high social circles.

At the marriage of the Prince, with Caroline of Brunswick, Cornet Brummell was in attendance, and he followed his commander to Windsor and waited on him in the time of the honeymoon. He gave little or no attention to military duties, being nearly always in company with the Prince; nevertheless he was promoted. In June, 1796, he was made a captain, and there was reason for him to expect further promotion, but he grew tired of wearing powder in his hair, and before he was of age, in 1798, he sold his commission and left the service. It was no part of his purpose, however, to withdraw from society. A year later he inherited his fortune, and from that time, for about sixteen years, he led the life of a man of fashion, in London, and had a career of social distinction.

The English capital was then uncommonly gay. The passion for dress was a mania. Powder was the rage. Captain Jesse mentions that in the army alone 6,500 tons of flour were used, annually, for powdering the hair,—enough to make 3,590,353 loaves of bread, and thus to supply 50,000 persons with suf-

ficient bread for a year. This custom, however, began to decline toward the end of the eighteenth century, and it did not long survive. Ladies dressed themselves in muslin and lace, with silver trimmings, and with gold, silver, and diamond fastenings. White ostrich feathers were worn. Black muslin, over pink sarsnet, was full dress for ladies, in the summer of 1800. The walking dress was a silk pelisse, trimmed with broad black lace, a purple chip hat, with a bow behind, and white roses on the left side. The carriages then in use were small. Sir Peter Teazle speaks of a "pair of cats, to draw you to Kensington Gardens." A diminutive turnout was the pride of its owner. Prince George used a small coach of a dark red color. Clubs were numerous,—Watier's, White's, Brookes's, and Almack's being favorites, and all of them celebrated for gaming.

Among the associates of Brummell were the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Dukes of Argyle, Beaufort, Devonshire, Dorset, and Rutland. He was honored with the friendship of the Duchess of York, and often he was a guest at Oatlands. The dress of Brummell has been particularly described. It was he who introduced the starched white neckcloth. He is said to have invented the trouser which opened at the bottom of the leg, and was closed by buttons or loops. His linen was fine,

and he used no perfume. The poet Crabbe, who saw him when he was in his prime, mentioned "the manly, and even dignified, expression of his countenance." "The impression, I believe, was general in that neighborhood" (Belvoir), said that observer, "that Mr. Brummell was a sensible man and a finished gentleman." Brummell frequented the fine society of his day, and, during the period from 1800 to 1816, he was a welcome presence in great houses in London. His credential was his charming manner. When in the depth of destitution, to which ultimately he sank, although offers of money were made to him, for gossip and scandalous recollections and for relics of his fashionable days and acquaintances, he would not seek profit in that way: he would not sell his private papers.

The crash in Brummell's affairs came in 1816. On the night of May 16, that year, he was seen at the opera, but he left the house early, went to his lodging, No. 13 Chapel-st., Park Lane, stepped into the chaise of a friend, and was conveyed a little way out of London, where he met his carriage, and in that he travelled all night, to Dover. At that port he arrived at dawn of the 17th, hired a vessel, sent his carriage on board, set sail for France, and was landed at Calais. A little later his effects were sold at auction, in London, for the benefit of his creditors, to

whom they brought about £1,100. Among them was a snuff-box containing a scrap of paper, on which he had written: "This snuff-box was intended for the Prince Regent, if he had conducted himself with more propriety towards me." In Calais Brummell hired a lodging, and spent about £1000 in the furnishing and decoration of it: he had a passion for buhl and ormolu furniture: and there he dwelt, an exile, in shabby genteel poverty, but a man of fashion. In September, 1830, he was made a consul at Caen. His habits remained unchanged through the whole period of his decadence. Once at Calais, a noble acquaintance, passing through the town, invited him to dinner,—at three o'clock. "Really," said Brummell, "I cannot feed at such an early hour."

An interesting glimpse of the famous dandy is afforded in Lord Broughton's "Recollections of a Long Life": "Diary: March 19, 1815. Brummell, the son of an army tailor, and for a long time the top of the male 'ton,' the king of well-dressed dandies, is really an agreeable man and tolerably well read. . . . July 30, 1816. Arrived at Calais. . . . Supped with the banished Beau Brummell, who, after beginning on £15,000, lived for twenty years on about £8000 a year, and had to run away, owing about £50,000,—in its way as great a fall

as Napoleon's. He is as tranquil. . . . I could hardly believe my eyes, seeing Brummell in a great coat, drinking punch in a little room with us. He is learning French and Italian."

George IV. (for the Prince, who had been Regent from 1810, became King in 1820) visited Calais, in September, 1821, and he saw his old friend among the persons in the crowded street; but there was no meeting, and there is no evidence that any communication passed between them. The quarrel, whatever may have caused it, was a bitter one, and the two men cherished resentment toward each other to the last. At Caen Brummell's difficulties increased. A stroke of paralysis, in 1832, warned him of the approaching end. In April, 1834, he had another stroke, which came upon him while he was sitting at dinner; yet he had the presence of mind to rise, hide his face with a napkin, and retire gracefully from the room. Misfortunes never come singly. The consulate at Caen was abolished. Brummell was arrested for debt and thrown into prison, where he languished for nearly three months, when a friend paid his debt and obtained his release.

After that his mind began to fail. His memory grew confused. He soliloquized in public places. He became indifferent to dress and appearance. His fine manners, however, lasted, when everything else

went to pieces. One of his crazed fancies was that, on certain nights, he must entertain visitors, and, on those occasions, his attendant would set out a whist table, light a tallow candle, and presently announce her grace the Duchess of Devonshire; at the sound of which name the demented man would rise from his chair and elaborately greet and welcome this phantom of the past. Other ghosts came. The lips of the courtier teemed with compliments and fine speeches. He thought himself surrounded with the lords and ladies of the court of the Regent. Then his eyes would fill with the tears of dotage. At ten o'clock the carriages were announced and the guests were dismissed. Fortunately for him, his own dismissal was not long delayed. Penniless, helpless, friendless, imbecile, the wretched man was, at last, conveyed to a religious hospital, the Bon Sauveur, and there, on March 30, 1840, he passed away. His remains were buried in the Protestant Cemetery of Caen.

Many characteristic anecdotes of Brummell are told by Captain Jesse. In reply to a nobleman who had accused him of leading his son into disreputable courses at the gaming table, he said: "Really, I did my best for the young man. I once gave him my arm, all the way from White's to Watier's." To a lady at dinner who observed that he did not eat vegetables, and inquired whether he never ate any, he replied:

"Yes, madam, I once ate a pea." On being asked, in an unseasonable summer, whether he had ever seen such a one, he answered, "Yes, last winter." When some one inquired how he happened to catch a cold, his reply was: "I left my carriage yesterday evening, on my way to town from the Pavilion, and the infidel of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger." "Robinson," he said to his valet, wishing to snub a bore, who was bothering him about the English lakes, "which of the lakes do I admire?" "Windermere, sir," rejoined the valet. "Ah, yes," Brummell said, "Windermere—so it is—Windermere." "Come to Brighton," he cried; "we'll eat currant tart, and live in chintz and salt water." When the Prince of Wales cut his acquaintance at a ball at the Hanover Square Rooms, he turned to a nobleman standing near and said: "Alvarney, who's your fat friend?" And this was right, because Brummell was one of the givers of the ball, and the Prince had sought an invitation, and had acted in an ill-bred manner. Brummell always denied, earnestly and indignantly, having used the words attributed to him on another occasion: "Wales, ring the bell." That impertinent speech has been foisted upon him with assiduity, and seems to have taken a prominent place in biography. He was sometimes insolent, but that particular specimen of insolence is fictitious. Lady Hester

Stanhope, who knew him well, said of Brummell that he was an exceedingly clever man, always suiting his conversation to his hearers, and that he almost always paid her the compliment of talking in a sensible manner.

Brummell lived within the narrow circle of convention. He was not a man of strong feelings, of impulses, of fervid ideas and ambitions. His paramount desire was to excel in the art of social intercourse. He wished to wear perfect raiment and to maintain a perfect demeanor, by which he understood a demeanor of tranquillity, elegance, and grace. He did not seek distinction in political life, nor in the army, nor as a writer. His world was the social world, and within that realm he was supreme. The period of the Regency in England was the right period for such a man, for it was a period of excessive luxury. The character of the Regent has generally been painted in dark colors, and, making due allowance for what Lord Byron aptly called the "wrath and partiality of history," there seems no reason to doubt that he was luxurious and licentious. But he was epicurean in his tastes, he had fine manners, and he was splendid in his profusion. He kept a gay court. Men of conscience, and of virtuous and deep feelings, were not understood by him, and were not congenial to him. If

such men came within the scope of his influence and succumbed to it, they were injured by it.

Brummell fitted into the sphere of the Regent without suffering detriment, for the reason that his nature was shallow. He did not become depressed. His inclinations were toward refinement, but he had neither a deep heart nor acute moral sensibility. The plane on which he met the Regent was the plane of superficial things. Various stories of him that are told by Captain Jesse denote that he could accurately estimate most of the persons with whom he was brought in contact, and that he dominated many of them as well by a certain sub-acid tone of latent sarcasm in his speech as by his sternly fastidious taste in the matters of dress and deportment. His communion with the Prince of Wales, evidently, was a sort of fashion plate communion. He lived in a licentious court and was the companion of rakes. Leigh Hunt says that his death was the result of incontinence. He wished to be the most picturesque personality in a scene of elaborate and profuse splendor, and he achieved the fulfilment of his wish. He had, however, to pay for that gratification. He spent his inheritance; he spent his gains at the gaming table; he spent his mental and personal energies; he got deeply in debt; he was obliged to fly from his country and take refuge in a foreign land; and there-

after, for twenty-four years, he languished in a miserable struggle with poverty, gradually losing the independence of character which had been his chief virtue, living mostly upon the bounty of others, and bearing the burden of "hope deferred," till at last, sickening in want and squalor, he became an imbecile pauper and died in a hospital.

The dramatic attributes of this character and this life, when viewed by the imagination, consist in the element of contrast. The personality of Brummell was exceptionally pictorial. The scene in which he figured was one of remarkable brilliance. His career began in diamond light and rosy promise. His meridian was all sunshine. His later years were full of trouble and grief, and the end of his days was alike lamentable with destitution and pathetic with mental decrepitude and decay. This spectacle of vicissitude is impressive when thoughtfully considered, but it could not be impressive, in a dramatic sense, unless it were associated with the fabric of a story. The chief fact to be gleaned from the true story of Beau Brummell is the fact that a man may lead the life of a butterfly and yet be, by nature, a man of some individual character. Brummell never accomplished anything, and there is no exceptional felicity in anything he is reported to have said. He was not a man of commanding talents. Yet he had charm

BEAU BRUMMELL IN HIS OLD AGE, AT CAEN

From an Old Print

of temperament and, by virtue of what he was, he made a remarkable impression on the polite society of his day. To make that personality cogent upon the stage, to elicit from the subject the pictorial, humorous, romantic and pathetic qualities that are latent in it, was the purpose that Richard Mansfield desired to accomplish, and did accomplish, in his remarkable impersonation. The ingenuous grace with which he revealed a generous nature beneath the veneer of artificial manners,—thus preparing the way for the pathetic climax of his impersonation,—and the deep feeling and exquisite poise of self-control with which he maintained the dignity of native manhood, in circumstances of destitution, were significant, from the first, of his fine intuition and his sure command of ample resources of dramatic art. No observer acquainted with the history of the Prince Regent and his friends could accept as truthful the picture of them that was set forth in the play, but, on the other hand, competent observation recognized in Mansfield, as *Brummell,* a picturesque figure, accurately and effectively representative of the manners of the Regency. It must, socially, have been a remarkably brilliant period, when life in the Clubs was far more buoyant than it is now; when fashionable beaus and belles frequented the Mall;

when St. James's Park was a sort of drawing-room rather than a mere thoroughfare; when color was allowed in costumes, and when some degree of leisure permitted courtliness of deportment. So, at least, Mansfield fancied it; and ever after he had adopted the design of acting *Brummell* he strove not only to surround himself, in private life, with the elegancies of that old-time custom of pleasing adornment, but to stimulate a general taste for the refinements of tasteful luxury. His mansion in New York (316 Riverside Drive), and his villa called "The Grange," at New London, were profusely embellished with such objects of art as served to diffuse an atmosphere of romance and fill the mind with suggestion of stately custom and opulent repose; and in speaking to me of his long-continued presentment of the once celebrated Dandy he expressed the wish,—which, however, he knew to be idle,—that it might have exerted a practical influence, tending to the improvement of manners. Such an influence is, in the highest degree, desirable, and if Mansfield's presentment of this character had caused that effect, society, at the distance of nearly a century since he was in his prime, would owe a blessing, for which it might well be grateful, to the example of Beau Brummell.

VI.

DON JUAN.

MANSFIELD'S romantic, tragical play of "Don Juan," produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, May 18, 1891, and published in the following autumn, is one of distinct dramatic value, judiciously planned, cumulative in interest, rapid in movement, delicate in treatment of a somewhat perilous subject, and written in a terse, crisp, pungent style, at times epigrammatic, at times poetical, never impoverished, and continuously interesting. It was set upon the stage in scenery that possessed the satisfying merits of illustrative fidelity and a rich, mellow tone, and Mansfield's embodiment of its central character gained admiration not less by sympathetic humanity than by originality of ideal and brilliancy of execution.

All the world knows the story of Don Juan. It is very old. It exists in several forms and in several languages. Many plays have been built upon it, and many distinguished names,—including those of Corneille, Molière, Mozart, Shadwell, and Byron,

—are associated with its employment in literature. Mansfield signified indebtedness to previous writers, but, in fact, he borrowed only a few names and incidents. At the opening of his play there is a reminiscence of Byron, and in the Third Act of it one situation, which imparts tragic force to the fabric, is built upon an incident in the life of the Duchess of Guise,—the same incident that was used by Dumas, in a less complex and less effective manner, in his "Henry III."

The theme of man's redemption through woman's self-sacrificing love, and the plan of confusion and cross-purposes at a masquerade (for, as in human life, so in that play, great and little things are commingled and contrasted), have long been common property. Mansfield's tragedy displays fresh treatment of old material, telling, in four acts and by means of sixteen characters, the story of a youth who lived for love, and died for it. The theme is almost trite, but the exposition of it is beautiful in simplicity. No thoughtful observer who has considered the operation of the passion of love can have failed to remark that it often ennobles character, and sometimes invests the common acts, objects, and occurrences of life with an atmosphere of romance. True love is not mere licentious propensity which, as the poet

Photograph by Sarony, New York

MANSFIELD AS *DON JUAN*

Burns so happily said, "hardens all within and takes away the feeling," but the noble passion that glorifies itself in adoring its object. Mansfield, in writing his "Don Juan," may not have had the distinct purpose to define that emotion, but certainly he had the intuitive sense of its nobility and beauty.

The design was to depict youth, in the heyday of its blood, impulsive, heedless, thoughtless, bounding into the arena of a lovely, joyful world, intent on pleasure, and, presently, beating its life out, against the iron bars of convention. Reared almost in a cloister, the ingenuous boy loves, without at first realizing it, the equally ingenuous but more prudent *Lucia,* who has been reared in companionship with him, and by whom he is idolized. That love, ultimately, proves to be the spiritual salvation of them both. In the mean time *Juan* cannot restrain his avowals and promises. He is the incarnation of amorous mischief, and, once let loose, he dashes after every pretty face that his boyish gaze beholds. There are five females in the play, beside *Don Juan's* mother, and he is smitten with all of them. To *Donna Julia, Duchess de Navarro,* his attentions have been marked, and, because of her regard for him, the formidable *Duke de*

Navarro has become his deadly enemy and will hunt him to death. To *Donna Elvira,* sister of the *Duke,* he has promised marriage,—that dame being a ridiculous old maid. To *Zerlina, Geralda,* and *Anna,* whom he meets in the course of his travels, his readily inflammable heart is simultaneously pledged, with easy vows. He can be demure, satirical, combative; he is a merry, careless, fascinating rogue, who takes life as a frolic, proceeds with heedless audacity, and soon is the centre of comic entanglements which, while laughable, have yet a serious and even a dangerous side. The scene is, first at Sevilla, afterward at Saragossa, and finally in a dungeon of the Inquisition. Three acts are devoted to the hero's sentimental vagaries; two exhibit his peril, capture, and death.

In considering the story the observer might, perhaps, be justified in assuming, on the part of *Don Juan,* a measure of guilt. It is not imperative. Retribution pursues folly not less than sin. But the sense of justice is better satisfied, when beholding a direful punishment, to feel that it is the result of a direful fault. Mansfield's *Don Juan* is not a wicked man, although, undeniably, willing to be a sinner. The author glossed that element with discretion, so as to deduce from the subject all its dramatic values, without

obtruding its improprieties. As *Don Juan* Mansfield was gay, gallant, heroic, impetuous, a creature all sunshine, and his hero, by a pathetic death, in prison, dignified the character, dispelling the remembrance of its volatility and endearing it to the heart. The actor reached a noble height, in the death scene. *Don Juan* has been hurt, in a fray which he might have avoided, but which he would not shun, because he must rescue *Lucia,* who had imperilled her life for his sake; and at last he is shown, upon a couch of straw, in a dungeon, with the faithful *Lucia* beside him. That familiar situation was diversified by excellent dramatic action, incident, and "business,"—by the advent of the cruel, relentless *Duke de Navarro,* intent to gloat over the anguish of his victims and to sign their death warrant, and by the tremendous effort, and temporary success, of the dying *Don Juan* to hold his enemy at bay with the sword, and compel him to sign, instead, an order of release. The dramatic note was delirium. As the poor lad is thus miserably sinking out of a life which might have been happy his finer nature speaks, in the wandering words of a breaking mind, sometimes with images of the beauty that was his religion, sometimes with snatches of song, sometimes with

the bright humor of happier days, always with gentle impulse and deep tenderness. The character of *Don Juan,* as it was drawn and acted by Mansfield, is not altogether unlike that of *Sir Harry Wildair,* and these lines, that *Sir Harry* speaks, would serve the *Don* for a motto:

> No spleen, no trouble shall my time destroy:
> Life's but a span, I'll every inch enjoy!

The most telling scene of the drama, when acted, is that of *Don Juan's* capture, in the cloister of the White Ladies. The colloquy between *Don Juan* and *Leperello,* when they have assumed to change places and when each describes the other,—after the manner of *Prince Henry* and *Falstaff,*—and the satirical remarks on actors and plays which, incidentally, are, at various points, wrought into the dialogue, exemplify, for readers, an exuberant faculty of satirical wit. The comedy scene, between *Lucia* and *Julia,* each striving to deceive the other, and both to deceive themselves, is remarkably clever. But the most exalted conception of the subject and the highest achievement of constructive literary art in the drama appear in the closing scenes. There is pathos at the last, and yet the tide of humor flows through the play, almost to its end.

Now and then the text seems to slip capriciously from one theme to another; but that desultory manner, when encountered in Molière, has been adjudged free, light, and charming, and a peculiarity which is deemed admirable in an old writer can, surely, be allowed in a modern. Music was deftly used, in the embellishment of the drama, when it was acted,—the tender melody of Mozart filling the pauses and lulling the hearer into dreamland. Frolicsome dance music and exquisite airs, composed by Mansfield, were likewise introduced. As *Don Juan* Mansfield gave a performance characterized by incessant vitality, ranging from frolic to pathos, and comprising the extremes and contrasts of raillery, enthusiasm, intrepidity, and tragic power; and he gave that performance in a mood of exhilarating freedom and in a strain of sustained and superb vigor.

On the occasion of a revival of this drama its author resorted to the experimental expedient of "a happy ending," whereby the wounded *Don* and his *Lucia* were enabled to escape from the dungeon of the Inquisition; but that amiable device only marred the play without attracting the public. An instinct exists as to the suitability of actors to the parts that they represent. Mansfield,—like *Bottom,*—was wishful to play the lover: "If *I*

do it, let the audience look to their eyes": and he knew how to play it: but, although he sustained exceedingly well the tone of airy gallantry that pervades *Beaucaire,* and simulated effectively the rueful sentiment that suffuses *Courvoisier,* and denoted blithely and touchingly the ardor and melancholy that are commingled in *Henry of Karlsburg,* his personality was more consonant with sovereignty than with vassalage, and more fitted to command than to sue. Stalwart characters and scenes of passion and power were essential for the elicitation of his supremely characteristic quality in acting,—meaning thereby the complete affluence of his genius. He shone in frolic, in eccentric comedy, in high comedy, in tragedy, and in the pathetic portions of domestic drama: but he was not a *Romeo,* although, of course, like every other trained actor, he could have sustained that part in a proficient manner.

VII.

ARTHUR DIMMESDALE.

It was the opinion of Nathaniel Hawthorne, written by him in a note that I once possessed, that his story of "The Scarlet Letter" is not well suited for dramatic interpretation, and experience has proved that his judgment was correct. The reason is obvious. The essence of a play is action: the burden of "The Scarlet Letter" is endurance. Every important person in it is miserable, and nobody in it *does* anything. *Hester Prynne* is a sweet, lovely, noble woman whom passion and sin have brought to degradation and shame. *Arthur Dimmesdale,* her lover,—a clergyman, in a Puritan community,—is a good but weak man, whom moral cowardice constrains to keep a harrowing secret, and who suffers and dies from remorse. *Roger Chillingworth, Hester's* husband,—a scholar, deformed, crafty, and malignant,—is, perhaps, the greatest sufferer of all, because not only bereft of peace, but dishonored, embittered, and presently self-ordained to an infernal scheme of revenge, aiming at the destruction of a human soul. Those persons observe each other, and,

in a spiritual sense, they affect each other; but there is little or no movement among them. *Hester* and *Dimmesdale* are resolute to keep their secret. *Chillingworth* is resolute to discover it. The minister ruminates, sighs, endures,—and occasionally laments. The disguised husband stealthily observes him; cautiously probes his wound; furtively scrutinizes his mind; steadfastly pursues the heart of his mystery. The unhappy *Hester* patiently bears the stigma of public disgrace and the heavy burden of private grief and ever growing dread. No expertness could so animate that posture of circumstances as to invest it with much dramatic vitality. A synopsis of the novel, in a series of episodical pictures, was, however, possible, and that was made by the English dramatist Joseph Hatton, whose play on that subject Mansfield accepted, edited, altered, and produced. It is a practical compendium of the principal ingredients of Hawthorne's story. The structural incidents of the original are included in it. The chief characters are reproduced. The catastrophe that occurs in the book occurs also in the play. The penance of *Hester* upon the pillory, *Chillingworth's* discovery of *Dimmesdale's* secret, the discomfiture of the plan of escape, and, at last, the confession and death of the minister are wrought into the fabric of the play; and, without discredit to its gloomy austerity, a momentary

humor is imparted to it, by an adroit use of the captain of the Bristol ship, and also of those iron-visaged dames whom Hawthorne assembles, in the savage scene of *Hester's* exposure to the bigoted multitude. The something that could not be imparted is the elusive, indescribable atmosphere. The subtle, spiritual attribute, the delicate, ethereal, evanescent qualities of Hawthorne's dark, brooding, introspective genius, cannot be reproduced in a dramatic form. *Hester's* first conscious perception of the presence of *Chillingworth* when, standing on the pillory, she looks upon the solemn multitude, the effect of *Dimmesdale's* voice, when he adjures *Hester* to name her guilty paramour and when the infant looks at him and stretches forth its little arms, the horror of *Chillingworth's* coldly cruel vivisection of the poor minister's heart, when that secret enemy speaks to him of the rank grasses that have grown out of a grave, and the pathos of *Hester's* bleak loneliness, when she sits in the pillory, listening to the voice of *Dimmesdale,* who is preaching his last sermon in the church, and hearing his tones but not his words,—those are some among the many vital beauties of Hawthorne's wonderful romance which powerfully appeal to the imagination, but which altogether elude the reach of dramatic art.

A play, in order that it may be effective, must

move. The legitimate substance of a play derived from the story of "The Scarlet Letter" is the conduct of the two lovers and their foe, not the phases of mental perturbation through which each of those persons works a tortuous passage. Those lovers are the handsome, intellectual, eloquent young clergyman and the beautiful wife of the elderly scholar, who had been believed to be dead. Those lovers, under irresistible temptation, have fallen into sin, and for that error they have dreadfully suffered. The woman has been disgraced, and the man has languished beneath the puissant malice of the revengeful husband, who has lived with him as a friend and has insidiously striven to torture him to madness. At length the lovers resolve to fly from their doom of torment and dwell together in peace, but their purpose is discovered and baffled. Then the minister publicly confesses his guilt, and expires, in anguish, while the wife and husband, irrevocably parted, remain, to suffer. That is the gist of the play. Sympathy, of course, goes with the unhappy woman. She had been wrongly wedded. She had been long parted from her obnoxious husband. She had lost her heart, and she had naturally, though sinfully, followed where it went. She was branded with ignominy and devoted to a life of laborious expiation. Furthermore her environment

MANSFIELD AS *ARTHUR DIMMESDALE*

was that of colonial New England, in a time of merciless bigotry.

Every wrong act is succeeded, sooner or later, by its commensurate punishment. Penalty follows crime. If the offense be committed against the laws of society, those laws will punish the offender,—if they reach him. If the sin be committed against the soul, it is registered in the memory, and it becomes a perpetual torture. Truths of that order make the ethical basis of "The Scarlet Letter" and they are inculcated by it. A portrayal of spiritual struggles and sufferings, under weird and darkly picturesque conditions, was the author's object, when he told that story and declared those truths. That portrayal, in the narrative, is vitalized by grim, ghastly speculation, and by numberless acute touches of detail, and also it is enhanced by a fantastic play of fancy,—as when the rank weeds that are seen growing upon a grave are denoted as symbols of unacknowledged sins of the "poor inhabitant" mouldering beneath them. The reader of the romance, perceiving that tone and drift, supplies the necessary action,—supposing him to be interested in the subject. That portrayal, in drama, on the contrary, becomes only pictorial reflection. Endurance is silent. Suffering is not action. It may, indeed, talk,—as it does in the immortal blank verse of "Hamlet"; but, even so, it will be dull

and heavy, unless its accents fall from lips that genius has inspired to utter the universal language of the heart. To predominate by deed, to sway by means of action, to reveal character projecting itself into conduct under the stress of impulse and circumstance,—that is impossible to the inertia of selfish grief. *Dimmesdale* passed seven wretched years in pretending to be holy before the world, while, in secret, he was writhing under the agony of remorse. To think of a miserable man, thus weak and thus burdened, dying silently, by inches, beneath the cold, stealthy, cruel eye of a secret, malignant, fatal enemy is to form an ideal of dreadful suffering and of deadly peril, and also it is to shudder at a grisly image of depravity. But to look upon the spectacle of it is simply to see two men seated in two chairs. The concrete image dissipates emotion by substituting bald fact for terrible imagining.

For the purpose of acting, the best character in "The Scarlet Letter" is *Chillingworth*. In that man's nature resentment against the cruelty of fate has engendered the malignity of a fiend. His aspect is calm, but the fires of hell are burning in his bosom. He is prudent, vigilant, self-contained, but he is restless beneath his mask, and his inveterate purpose shows itself in a continuous torture of his victim. He is forever weaving his web; closing the avenues of

escape; preparing to strike the final blow,—whereof the consequences are to reach beyond the grave. He is specious, subtle, and deadly. He aims at revenge, not by killing the body, but, if that is possible, by killing the soul. The belief that eternal damnation awaits the soul of a sinner who is sent to his account with the burden upon him of unconfessed and unexpiated sin is at the basis of his conduct, and that belief is essential to the infernal fabric of his design. The moment when, on the scaffold, at night, that fatal man uncovers the breast of the sleeping sufferer and beholds the scarlet letter that has been placed there is a moment of tragedy as terrible as it is true. But the character of *Chillingworth* is unsympathetic. No audience could be fascinated by the image of a man who is striving to augment and prolong the torments of a sinner in this world and to procure the damnation of his soul in the world to come; yet it is not difficult to perceive that, if there were an adequate scheme of action for *Chillingworth* to vitalize, an actor of genius might invest the personality with attributes that would make it both piteous and awful.

The personality and the temperament of *Hester Prynne* might be deduced from her conduct, even if they had not been clearly denoted by the novelist. She is tall, sumptuous, elegant. She has abundant dark and glossy hair, strongly marked brows, and

dark eyes. Her features are regular; her complexion is pure and rich; her voice is deep and gentle; her deportment is stately; she moves with dignity. Her feelings are intense and she is remarkably self-contained. Only on a few occasions,—as when legal authorities propose to assume the custody of her child, and when she warns *Dimmesdale* of the presence of the enemy at his hearthstone,—does she yield to her emotions. She is all woman and one of the highest types of her sex. The part, however, is made to depend on presence, not action, and therefore it is not effective on the stage. The procession of thought that passes through *Hester's* mind when she is exposed on the pillory would deeply impress a spectator, if he could see it, but, in the process of acting, all that a player can do, under such circumstances, is to stand still and think and very slightly to suggest.

A man who loves, if he is to be sympathetic and interesting in a work of art, must have the courage of his love. If there is a penalty to be met he must meet it; he must not leave the woman to bear it, and, above all, he must not leave the woman to bear it alone. There is a supine quality in the character of *Dimmesdale* that almost inspires aversion. Yet in his acting of the part Mansfield redeemed it, presenting a pathetic image of forlorn, hopeless grief. The

figure was that of a heart-broken man, pallid, haggard, emaciated, wasting with corrosive sorrow, never, for even a single instant, at rest. The finest points of the performance were the spasmodic repulse of *Chillingworth's* officious intrusion, the delivery of the impassioned apostrophe, at midnight, on the pillory, the thrilling expression, in demeanor and countenance, of agony and horror, when listening to *Hester's* disclosure of the truth about *Chillingworth,* —with the resultant collapse and fall,—and the delirious utterance of the confession. At each of those points the potent personality of the actor asserted itself, while his copious voice was used with superb effect. The actor, however, was at all times greater than the part.

Mansfield's natural affinities were accordant with bold, brave, brilliant, free, and large views and feelings, and with the explicit, puissant expression of them. He was robust, vital, impetuous, prone to enterprise and fond of it; he possessed extraordinary executive faculty; his interest in practical affairs was strong; he was both combative and imperious, and his frequent mood was that of satirical humor. His nature, indeed, comprised elements of pensive sweetness, tenderness, and poetic melancholy, but those elements were subsidiary, and he could not readily project himself into the char-

acter of *Dimmesdale,*—an irresolute, morbid man, a moral coward, a narrow religionist, concentrated on himself, and self-consumed by brooding over a spiritual sin. The actor held himself well in restraint, however, when acting the part, and he made as much as could be made of the piteous sufferer,—displaying intense passion, deep tenderness, and a surge of mental agony beneath a grave exterior often tremulous on the verge of frenzy. His portrayal of *Dimmesdale's* self-conflict, toward the last, in particular, was touchingly pathetic because replete with suggestion of something infinitely pitiable in human infirmity and sorrow, and his delivery of the confessional speech had a wild, despairing eloquence that deeply touched the heart. The paradox of acting was especially illustrated, at that climax, in the sudden, tremendous strength of the dying man. This impersonation underwent many changes between the times of its first and last presentment. It did not, at any time, become widely popular. At the last it was remarkable for impressive sincerity and extraordinary emotional power,—so much better, indeed, had it become, than it had been, when first presented, that it seemed to have been completely renovated.

VIII.

SHYLOCK.

MANSFIELD adopted the part of *Shylock* into his repertory in 1893, and although he did not often act it he never discarded it. Like some of the many commentators who have analyzed that character, and like some of the many other actors who have assumed it, he vacillated in opinion as to its concrement and as to the manner in which it ought to be represented. Before he first appeared as *Shylock* he had,—so he told me,—never seen a performance of it; so that he was able to approach the subject with a fresh mind, and, as he maintained, to act the part according to his perception of it, and not in imitation, either conscious or unconscious, of any existent model. His instinct, however, finally, led him right. From the first, and until the last, notwithstanding his fluctuations of theory, the occasional absurdities of "stage business" that he introduced into his performance, and the vagaries of commentary that he supplied upon it, he represented *Shylock* as an ignoble, malignant Jew, typical of hatred and revenge, and not

typical, in even the slightest degree, whatever may have been his feeling on the subject, of either the austerity of Jewish religion or the merciless justice of Mosaic law: and in that respect, whether he knew it or not, he followed the tradition of Macklin and Cooke, exhibiting *Shylock* as a cruel, vindictive usurer, and showing, in bold relief, the malignity of his spirit, the wickedness of his purpose, the craft of his stratagem, and the deadly determination of his revengeful purpose. Sometimes he diversified his performance by kissing *Jessica* upon the forehead, when leaving her, "to feed upon the prodigal Christian,"—a proceeding radically uncharacteristic of *Shylock:* but neither then nor at any other time did he really show the Jew as either the loving father or the tenderly reminiscent widower, or the majestic representative of the "sacred nation." His ideal interblended bitter hatred and murderous malice, at first speciously veiled beneath affected humility and laborious jocularity, but liberated, at last, with the reckless impetuosity of murderous passion. The embodiment moved steadily toward that result: the occasional interjection of "business," designed to indicate racial majesty and religious consecration, caused only an effect of insincerity,—as when, at the end of the terrible street scene, he planted himself in the centre of the stage, raised his right

MANSFIELD AS *SHYLOCK*

(*Act I.*)

(*Original Make-up, October 23, 1893*)

hand toward the roof, and rumbled "at our Synagogue!" There were frequent touches of sardonic humor. *Shylock* is very far from being a humorist: indeed, that attribute is seldom found in Jewish character: but certain grimly sapient speeches and keen, dart-like rejoinders, made by the Jew, produce a startling effect of humor, of a mordant kind. Mansfield's speech and action were felicitous at such points, and likewise he was effective in those quick transitions with which the part of *Shylock* is well supplied.

Shylock is not imaginative. No phantoms haunt that revengeful Jew. No spiritual misgivings distress the soul of that crafty usurer. Massive, austere, inflexible, terrible, he is a man of scheming, incessant, diligent wickedness that bides its time to break into destructive action; an incarnation of ruthless rapacity; a representative type of hatred, cruelty, and vengeance. There has long been a stage theory, and more or less a stage custom, that would present *Shylock* as a creature of religious grandeur; a personification of Hebrew faith and Hebrew law; a sort of Moses on Mount Sinai; a vicegerent of divine justice, avenging upon the Gentile the accumulated injuries of the whole tribe of Israel. That is a poetical view, and therefore it is alluring to a poetical taste: nor can it be denied that the character implicates

religious fanaticism as well as racial antipathy: but, as drawn by Shakespeare, *Shylock* is neither noble nor sympathetic. The part is simple and obvious. The Jew explicitly declares that he hates *Antonio,* first because he is a Christian, but *"more"* because he is a practical foe to usury; and then, having obtained his murderous "merry bond" by a clever, deceitful stratagem, in which he exults, he declares that he will cut the heart out of the Christian if he can obtain the opportunity of doing so. He has endured gross personal insult from *Antonio,* and he savagely avows "a lodg'd hate" and "a certain loathing" for that "smug" Christian. *Shylock* never feels the curse upon his "sacred nation" until he has lost his money and his gems. "The curse never fell upon our nation till now! *I* never felt it till *now!*" The reference to *Antonio's* hatred of the Jews is instantly followed by mention of the greater offence,—namely, that *Antonio* has railed upon *Shylock* and upon his bargains and his thrift, and has done that in a peculiarly public place, upon the Rialto, "where merchants most do congregate": "Curséd be my tribe if I forgive him!"

The motives of *Shylock,* thus stated, however bloody and savage they may be considered, are natural and are comprehensible. His daughter, *Jessica,* a particularly offensive young woman, but

entirely credible, says that she has often heard her father say, to his friends, *Chus* and *Tubal,* in the privacy of home, that he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh than twenty times the value of the money that *Antonio* has borrowed. Bearing in mind, however, his "oath in heaven"; his lofty reference to "our sacred nation"; his fervid asseveration that he will neither pray nor eat nor drink with Christians (which does not, later, prevent him from going to supper with *Bassanio*), and his lament for the turquoise ring that he "had of Leah" when he was a bachelor, it has pleased more than one actor of *Shylock* to attempt to display him as a bereaved husband, an afflicted father, and a grandly religious incarnation of Hebraic majesty. In that way the character can be made somewhat more sympathetic. The elder Wallack, a great actor, made the Jew an injured, persecuted man, and was the first that ever dressed the Jew's head with gray hair. Mansfield, to some extent, occasionally took the same benevolent course, making emphatic the austere piety of *Shylock,* and also striving to indicate, on the part of the Jew, a tender affection for his daughter,—that daughter who, nevertheless, testifies that "our house is hell!" Yet the concrete embodiment always remained unchanged,—a massive, potential portrayal of a

crafty usurer, malignant and dangerous, teeming and seething with hatred and dedicated to revenge.

Shylock, to be correctly represented, should possess an almost feverish physical vitality; an emaciated person; a countenance seared by the ravages of evil passion; a mind that exists and exults in ferocious hatred and in the inveterate purpose of revengeful, profitable murder; and therewithal he should possess a specious demeanor of humility which presently bursts into a frenzy, and finally subsides into an intense, resolute, implacable deadly composure of malignant purpose. Mansfield's expression of that ideal, while it was not consistent, and while it lacked celerity of movement in the Street Scene and, physically and vocally, was overwrought in the Trial Scene, was remarkable for eloquence, fiery energy, and a tumult of tremendous passion. His utterance of *Shylock's* caustic irony and sarcasm was precisely in the right vein. His delivery of the reply to *Antonio,* "Why, look you, how you storm," etc., a passage brilliantly illuminative of the Jew's nature, was especially fine,—the associate manner allowing the Jew's dark purpose for one moment to glimmer through his silken assumption of obsequious deference, and then veiling it beneath a sudden affectation of humor. His treat-

ment of the exacting Street Scene was, in some ways, potential, the unmitigated wrath, the cruelty, the hideous exultation, the fluctuations of emotion,—now triumphant, joyous hatred, and now hysterical agony, all involved in a torrent of fluent vocalism, —being harmonious with the situation. In the Trial Scene Mansfield made *Shylock's* demeanor indicate a cool conviction of imminent success, essentially horrible. His "business" with the knife, on the other hand (business that was introduced at a late period of his career), designed to intimate that *Shylock* commits suicide by fatally wounding himself, and, with stoical composure, allows himself to bleed to death, in order to avoid signing the deed and becoming an apostate, while intended to be indicative of an exalted ideal of the Jew's nature, was fantastic, incorrect, and contrary to the authority of the text. *Nerissa,* in the last act, producing a legal document, says to *Lorenzo* and *Jessica:*

> There do I give to you and Jessica,
> From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
> *After his death,* of all he *dies* possessed of.

That is, they are to inherit, after the Jew's death. *Shylock* had already signed that bond. He is not dead, nor is he in immediate danger of death; for he still retains half his fortune, and he is in busi-

ness to obtain more; fettered only by the condition that he shall make his son-in-law and daughter his heirs. Perhaps such a man would take scrupulous care to leave nothing at his death, but to give away his riches, while yet alive. Much interesting speculation on the ultimate fate of the Jew has been provided by commentators,—particularly by that once famous actress Helen Faucit. That field is one in which fancy can ramble at pleasure, but the flowers gathered there soon fade. *Shylock* cannot be made a kindly person.

When a distinguished actor adopts a new Shakespearean part into his repertory he commonly intimates that he has taken a fresh view of the character and that he will present it in a novel light. His natural desire is to escape from the trammels of tradition, and to reanimate an old theme with a piquant spirit of originality. That purpose is commendable, but it is one that cannot easily nor often be accomplished. Almost all the important parts in Shakespeare have been acted over and over again, for many generations and by many able players, and almost everything has been done that genius can originate, or ingenuity contrive, or energy, emulation, ambition, and munificence achieve, to refresh Shakespearean representations with an air of attractive novelty and with the com-

MANSFIELD AS *SHYLOCK*

(*First Alteration in Make-up, Late in 1893*)

manding distinction of exceptional charm. Edwin Booth's production of "The Merchant of Venice," at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, January 28, 1867, was sumptuous and beautiful, and Henry Irving's presentment of it, November 1, 1879, at the London Lyceum Theatre (where it had the longest consecutive "run"—250 performances—ever achieved anywhere by any Shakespearean play), was, in every respect, magnificent.

Mansfield's first presentment of "The Merchant of Venice," was precipitate and injudicious, and it proved a disappointment. He had no special predilection for the part, and he had not formed, and I think that he never did form, a definite, positive, complete, and consistent ideal of the character of *Shylock*. He chose it from mingled motives, partly because he hoped that his performance of it might win the practical favor of the large Jewish public, and partly because he wished to assert himself as the professional antagonist of Henry Irving, who was then (1893) acting in America, and who, deservedly, had gained great renown as the Jew. His jealousy of Irving, at all times active, was, at that time, acute, and, unfortunately, it fretted his temper and disordered his judgment. The moment seemed to him propitious for a trial of strength. That illustrious actor Edwin Booth, dying June 7, 1893,

had only recently passed away. The throne was thought to be empty, and Mansfield believed that the time had come of his triumph over all rivals for the sceptre of that departed monarch of the American Stage. For a little while, indeed, he hesitated, but at last, and suddenly, he reached a decision, and, though poorly equipped for the encounter, he came into the capital, proclaiming a novel and splendid revival of "The Merchant of Venice," and announcing himself as *Shylock*,—one of the most difficult and exacting of the great characters of Shakespeare, a test part, and one that he had never before attempted to act.

The circumstances of that adventure were, in almost every particular, unpropitious, and it is one shining proof of Mansfield's genius, force of character, steadfast authority, and personal distinction that, in the face of so many obstacles, he was able to maintain himself in high professional repute, and to pass through that painful ordeal, if not with entire success, at least with eminent credit. The theatre was a band-box, in the second story of a building,—afterward, happily, demolished,—situated at the south-west corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, New York. The stage was so small that it would neither contain the full sets of scenery that had been provided, nor even allow the suit-

able display and free use of the tableau curtains. The production, though handsome, was not remarkable. The scenes lacked mellowness of color, the costumes were ordinary, and the acting was conventional and often weak,—though occasionally, brightened by gleams of talent. In later presentments of "The Merchant of Venice," a play which, eventually, he cut and altered very freely, Mansfield gradually modified, measurably unified, and thus improved his performance, but his first presentation of the comedy, notwithstanding high purpose and strenuous endeavor, was, in effect, comparatively crude. His embodiment of *Shylock,* however, even then, and notwithstanding his incertitude of ideal, was, in the spirit of it, fundamentally correct, though exhibiting defects of aspect and of execution. The face of the Jew was almost concealed beneath a huge grayish beard and moustache, the beard being variegated, in the centre, beneath the mouth, with an eccentric tuft of black. The figure, clothed with profuse raiment, hanging loosely, seemed to be almost as wide as it was long. The head was crowned with a queer cap, provided with ears like those of a bat. The body was somewhat bent, as if by the feebleness of age, yet, alike in action and speech, the actor invested the part with a rugged physical strength, absolutely

incompatible with the idea of frailty. Some of the illustrative "stage business" was painfully literal. When, for example, Mansfield's *Shylock* spoke the words of recognition to *Antonio,* "Your worship was the last man in our mouths," he turned away, making a "hawking" sound, and, literally and obviously, spat upon the stage. When he vociferated "to bait fish withal," he pointed toward the canal. But those and other blemishes and crudities were, in time, pruned away, and the impersonation, —which, even from the first, had fine and grand moments,—while it never equalled that of Edwin Booth or that of Henry Irving, eventually took a high rank among the memorable *Shylocks* of the American stage.

Various actors have pursued various courses in their acting of *Shylock.* Burbage (15. . -1629), according to a tradition, based on an old elegiac poem about him, wore a red wig: the red wig, indeed, was always worn by *Shylock,* till the time of Edmund Kean, who wore a black one. From 1701 until 1741 Lord Lansdowne's paltry "alteration" of "The Merchant of Venice" held the English stage, and in that fabric the character of *Shylock* is reduced almost to the level of travesty. Lansdowne's play begins with a scene in which the ghosts of *Shakespeare* and *Dryden* rise, crowned with laurel, and

it shows a musical masque called "Peleus and Thetis." One scene of it depicts a banquet, the Jew being placed at a table by himself, where he drinks a health to Money as being his only Mistress. Doggett, who, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was accounted a fine *Shylock,* wore the customary red wig and embodied the Jew as a comic person. Macklin restored Shakespeare's comedy to the stage, in 1741, and impersonated *Shylock* as a serious person, winning a prodigious victory and establishing his lasting renown. He seems to have been, by nature, peculiarly well fitted to represent *Shylock* as Shakespeare has drawn him,—having a large, powerful, commanding person, a strong, harsh voice, singularly forbidding features, and great tragic force. "He has," said Quin, "cordage, not lines, upon his face," and "if God Almighty writes a good hand, that man's a scoundrel." Edmund Kean preserved the Macklin tradition, in some respects, but he modified it by placing strong emphasis on all such situations and words as can be wrested to the excitation of pity and sympathy; and from Edmund Kean's day to the present the character has been manifested in a serious or tragic vein. The elder Booth, Macready, Brooke, Forrest, the elder Wallack, Edwin Booth, Henry Irving,—in fact, all the important actors who have

assumed the part,—have walked in that well-trodden path. The student of *Shylock* can take whatever view of the character he pleases, and, it seems, by exerting ingenuity, he can frame a more or less specious defence for any view that he has elected to adopt. It is easy to find "authorities" for almost any view of any character in Shakespeare. The only view of *Shylock,* meantime, that Shakespeare's text will sustain is that which apprehends him as an austere Jew, a fanatical, crafty, shrewd, avaricious, unscrupulous, revengeful, formidable, terrible man; implacably bent upon revenge and profit.

The acting of *Shylock* admits of that vital repose which is tremulous concentration of all the faculties and feelings at the summit of intense excitement. The part is replete with eloquence and with fiery action, and the performance of it requires, at some points, passionate vociferation. Mansfield possessed exceptional strength and his vocal power was extraordinary. His expression of *Shylock's* irony, in the speech about usury, was remarkable for copious vocalism and bitter sarcasm. At that point the Jew is, for one moment, overwhelmed by the infernal spirit of vengeance, and his soul shines through his eyes; but, by a secretive impulse of craft, the mood is quickly and warily changed to

that of semi-genial humor. Mansfield made that transition with admirable skill. His action and passion in the Street Scene, with *Tubal,* helped to deepen the general effect of ferocity. The crowning trait of the impersonation was visible then,—the absolute delirium of exultant hatred, in a brain half-crazed with mingled affliction and evil passion. That is the supreme moment of *Shylock,* a moment at which most actors of him have failed, and will continue to fail. Brooke, the elder Wallack, and Edwin Booth were great, at that juncture, and Mansfield verged to the standard of those chieftains, in his tremendous rage and volubility, his hideous exultation, and his instantaneous changes from triumphant wrath to hysterical, self-pitying anguish. In the Trial Scene he somewhat lacked the supreme authority of great and terrible intrinsic force of character. *Shylock,* assured of his triumph, has become, outwardly, icily calm; his demeanor, like his purpose, is inexorable; his malignity is curbed and held in leash; his day has come; nothing can save *Antonio* from his vengeance; there is to be no undue haste, no excitement, no flurry; the railings and the insults are to be avenged; the Jew has come to plague his once insolent, now broken, humbled debtor, to "torture him," to "have the heart of him," to do a hideous murder upon a

defenceless man, in the presence of that man's friends; to slay a Christian rival, in a Christian Court of Justice, without danger to himself, and with the consent and assistance of that Court; because he stands squarely and invincibly upon "the Law." From the moment of his entrance to the moment of his sudden utterly unexpected defeat, *Shylock* never ceases to be awful. Nothing, incidentally, more clearly indicates the intellectual supremacy of *Portia* than her courage and coolness in confronting the savage Jew, at that fateful moment. Mansfield was superb in his expression of reptile malice and of concentrated, implacable resolve, based on a settled passionate conviction of success.

In making his stage version of "The Merchant of Venice" Mansfield, at the outset, followed, substantially, the plan that had been made public in Henry Irving's revival of that comedy,—a superb presentment which, for the first time in many years, included the Fifth Act, beside retaining all the Casket Scenes. Mansfield, however, entertained the opinion that this play is "a fairy story," and, by way of illustrating that singular view of the subject, he, at first, caused the last act to begin with a dance, in which several brawny young women, arrayed in tights and furbelows, gyrated as fairies. That

device was almost immediately discarded. Later the text was ruthlessly condensed, and only one of the Casket Scenes was given. The Garden Scene, at the close, was retained.

The elder Booth, in acting *Shylock,* sometimes spoke in a kind of dialect, thus denoting the Jew as a foreigner in Venice. That custom has long prevailed in Germany. The distinguished German actor Bogumil Davison, who visited America in 1866, exemplified it. Mansfield used a cadence productive of the same effect of dialect. Christian, for example, he pronounced "Chreestian"; principle, "preenciple"; pleaseth, "pleeseth," etc. From time to time, also, he modified his costume, in the direction of simplicity, and eventually, he showed himself mindful that the figure should be emaciated, and the face haggard,—since evil passions, at the roots of the mind, corrode the whole being, and it is natural that their effect should become visible in the person.

The general desire of actors to appear as *Shylock* is significant of the existence of attributes of that character which are exceptionally attractive to persons of the histrionical temperament. The play of "The Merchant of Venice," the best, technically, of Shakespeare's comedies, is, indeed, so beautiful that actors may well be allured by

it, and impelled to bring it forward as often as possible: but the part of *Shylock* possesses no intrinsic allurement of substance. Its fascination for the actor, doubtless, consists in the fact that it provides extraordinary opportunity for acting, that is to say, for *impersonation.* In the whole wide range of high comedy there is not a more *effective* part. *Shylock* is the greatest short part and the shortest great part ever written. The Jew is tremendously authoritative, and, therefore, he compels attention. His vindictive conduct prompts and sustains continuous action. On the scene he dominates everything, while off the scene he is not for a moment forgotten, so that he exemplifies the merit, so much and naturally valued by actors, of being "talked about" almost continuously while absent. When prosperous he is hateful and he is hated, but he is never contemned. When defeated, at the last, in the very moment of his apparently assured triumph, he becomes a pathetic object, because old, robbed, beaten, deserted, sick, and alone, with every hand against him; but he is pathetic only as an image of power in ruin. His intrinsic wickedness cannot be palliated. His purpose of murder, under form of law, cannot be justified. But he is a colossal character, and, as an acting part, magnificent.

MANSFIELD AS *SHYLOCK*

(Final Make-up, Adopted in 1904)

From a Painting by Edgar Cameron

NOTE.

In presenting "The Merchant of Venice" an absurd custom has long prevailed of introducing a song into the elopement scene. Mansfield, although I advised him not to follow that bad precedent, wished to have a song, for *Jessica,* and, not liking the old words, asked me to provide new ones.

"There is," he wrote, "a little song in 'The Merchant of Venice' (introduced), for *Jessica.* I have the music, and I want *Jessica* to sing the song (she has a sweet voice, the girl who plays the part), but the words are very bad—very wretched. Will you write a couple of stanzas for me? But they must have the same number of feet as in the accompanying—to which the music is set, and I fear it will have to close, in each stanza, with

Come, come, come, come!

or something equally appealing."

I wrote the song, September 29, 1893, as follows, and it was introduced into his stage-version of the comedy, but, after a time, discarded.

Night is falling, soft and still,
  Light and darkness meet and kiss;
Hither come and have your will,—
  Night was made for love and bliss!
Come, come, come, come!
  Never time so sweet as this.

Drooping flower and sighing leaf
Warn a lover what to rue!
Leave her not alone with grief
Who would be alone with you!
Come, come, come, come,—
Ever tender, fond, and true!

On October 1, R. M. responded:

". . . I forgot to say that the stanza I sent you is found in the usual acting version of 'The Merchant,'—probably written by Cibber. Your lines are charming, and I think *Jessica* will sing them sweetly. Yours ever, Richardus."

IX.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

In Edmund Rostand's flamboyant romantic military drama of "Cyrano de Bergerac" the old theme of a man's possible infatuation for an enchanting though shallow woman is exploited, and the tribute of admiration is evoked, for fidelity wasted and devotion given in vain. That type of romantic hero has customarily been presented on the stage as gloomy and peculiar. In this case he is presented as brilliant and expeditious. His prowess is tremendous and his valor knows no bounds. He does not prosper as a lover, but in every other vocation of his choice he is colossal and predominant. He stops a dramatic performance, in order to drive from the stage an actor who has become obnoxious to him, and thereby he defies and overwhelms a whole theatrical congregation. He fights an impromptu duel, typical of his daily custom, and, —composing and reciting poetry while he fences,— he adroitly punctures his adversary's body precisely as he utters his last poetic line. He goes gayly forth to meet, single-handed, an hundred armed men, slaying a dozen of them at a stroke, and driving the rest

in panic-stricken flight. In battle he is ubiquitous and invincible. No peril can daunt him and no enemy withstand. Like *Falstaff* he dilates upon his exploits; like *Acres* he would appear to keep a private graveyard; and yet, like *Sidney Carton,* he is capable of magnanimous passion and holy self-sacrifice. In the vindication of his huge snout he is fierce for combat, and whosoever jeers at the portentous excrescence is promptly slain. No such hero has emerged in fiction since the days of *Phil Fogarty,* who, as the reader of Thackeray will remember, rode his horse at Napoleon Bonaparte on the famous white Arab, leaped over both steed and Emperor, scarcely grazing the imperial cockade, and dashed merrily away, with the whole astonished French Army of 173,800 men, in hot pursuit of him.

Cyrano is desperately in love, and, as experience has often shown and as biography repeatedly testifies, a man in love is sometimes capable of great endurance and rare achievement. Astute statesmen have taken account of this fact, and some of the most daring deeds recorded in history have been done by lovers. It could be wished that *Cyrano's* ecstatic passion might so have operated, or might so have been controlled, as to lift him above weakness and to make him capable of the sublimity of self-repression and exile as well as silence; that the generous virtue of self-

Photograph by Celebrity Photo and Art Company

MANSFIELD AS *CYRANO DE BERGERAC*

(Act I.)

sacrifice had been exemplified in a less drastic manner. The image of the *Pathfinder* turning from his idolized *Mabel* and vanishing into the forest, or that of *Ham Peggotty* confronting the terrible tempest and the fatal sea to save a human life, or that of clumsy *Dobbin* fondling *Amelia's* shawl, will always be sweeter in the memory, as types of unselfish devotion, than any such belligerent, detonative person as *Cyrano de Bergerac*. But, allowing for extravagance of embellishment,—and it is upon extravagance of embellishment that the drama chiefly depends for piquancy of effect,—that afflicted lover, grotesque in person but fine in spirit, cruelly deformed by nature, torn from all moorings and tossed about, by the wild impulses of genius, in a mad conflict between reason and passion, has his natural claim upon respect and pity. The dramatist fashioned for him a theatrical dilemma which involves at once exasperation and agony,—causing him, in the vicarious wooing of a capricious, frivolous, lovely dunce of a woman, by whose beauty he is enthralled and whose yoke he cannot break, to provide her favored lover with brains, feeling, eloquence, art, song, and indeed everything that is alluring to that female nervous system commonly called the female mind. The scheme is completely artificial,—for it rests upon the false assumption that, under any circumstances, a woman

can remain in ignorance, as to any man who comes into her presence, of the love with which she has inspired him. The instinct of woman, upon that point, is instantaneous, inerrant, and inevitable. But Rostand handled his scheme so as to make it interesting and effective, and in a drama the element of effect is the one puissant, supreme, final means of victory.

The character of *Cyrano de Bergerac,* although, according to his explicit affirmation, he acted it for no other reason than because he could get money by acting it, is one to which Mansfield, as an actor, was peculiarly well fitted. His humorous eccentricity accorded with its obvious extravagance, and his splenetic temperament accorded with its mordant bitterness. Its delirium stimulated in him a profound, pleasing, and inspiring agitation. Its wildness, its irony, its flashes of scorn, its quick transitions, and its vehement tirades harmonized with the characteristic attributes of his mind, and imparted unusual freedom and fluency to his faculties of expression. He lacked height for the part, even more than the French comedian, Coquelin, did, and his impersonation lacked buoyancy of movement and breadth of graceful gesticulation,—the large, illuminative manner of such old actors as Murdoch, and the elder Wallack, in their prime, but he was fitly grandiloquent and formidable; he supplied the requisite ferocity; he

was, by turns, placable, sardonic, reckless, and grotesque; he deftly discriminated between the delirium which is actual and that which is fictitious; he charmed with nonchalant levity and volatile humor; and his action, if not always adequately impetuous, was usually energetic and sometimes spirited. Throughout his impersonation the grotesque, ironical, combative, satiric, mental, and practical attributes of the character were brilliantly portrayed, while the passion was more intellectual than ardent. The author's ideal,—a magnanimous, poetic, wayward soul, prisoned in an ugly body,—was intended for many effects, but, centrally and supremely, apart from Gascon fanfaronade, it was intended to be an image of passionate tenderness, chivalric fidelity, and acute sorrow,—all of them touched with self-scorn and bitterness,—surging beneath an assumed demeanor of braggart defiance and careless indifference. Such an image, if perfectly presented, would produce that overwhelming effect of pathos,—the pathos of inevitable, remediless, hopeless grief masked with a smile,—which fulfils a high purpose of dramatic art by touching the heart of the spectator and lifting him to nobleness.

The romantic idolater of woman has long been a familiar figure in dramatic literature, wearing many diversified garments and bearing many names. But

he is always the same person, he always appeals to the same emotions, and he always elicits the same two-fold recognition,—on the one hand sentimental homage, on the other hand playful ridicule; the former from those who have preserved their illusions, the latter from those who have lost them. In the case of *Cyrano,* he seems, at first sight, to be a new species of lover, for he is "compounded of many simples,"—the bully and the poet, the reveller and the soldier, the swashbuckler and the gentleman, the lunatic and the fool, *Pistol* and *Romeo,* an Admirable Crichton and a *Don Cæsar de Bazan,*—and, contrary to usage, he is ugly; since, while his mind is magnificent and his soul seraphic, he possesses a bulbous nose. Neither complex attributes, however, nor an uncouth proboscis, can obscure his identity. He is the same old hero of romance,—only he is oddly fashioned and equipped, and ingeniously involved and managed, and he bears a novel name. Mansfield acted him with versatility, vigor, and dash.

Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac was an actual person. His dates are 1620-'55. His period is that of the French King, Louis XIII. He wrote stories, plays, and poems. He is recorded as a notorious duelist,—in the epoch of Cardinal Richelieu's edict against duelling. He lived and died in Paris. The action of Rostand's drama begins in that city, in 1640, but

presently shifts to Arras, in the Netherlands, then embattled and besieged. In 1640 Cyrano was only twenty years old. In the play he must be an older man, to justify his character and conduct. The drama is not built, to any considerable extent, upon a foundation of fact. *Cyrano's* forcible interruption of a dramatic performance is ruffianism, but, no doubt, it is representative,—for ruffianism of that kind was common, equally in the theatres of England, France, and America, down to a much later time than the period of Rostand's play. In the conduct of the plot there is considerable dexterity, and also there is some reminiscence, notably of scenes by Shakespeare and Goethe. The device by which the heroine's wedding is precipitated recalls *Sir Giles Overreach's* famous injunction: "Marry my daughter to this gentleman," in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." It was a good device to make the unfortunate *Cyrano,* in a masquerade, by star-light, woo and win the lady for the handsome youth whom she preferred, but it suits better with the stage than with nature,—the incident of the kiss, in particular, being preposterous. It was a good device, also, to bring the heroine to the starving camp at Arras, and to provide the tragic situation which ensues when her husband is slain in battle, and when *Cyrano,* still guarding his secret, strives to comfort the dying man,

even at a sacrifice of truth. The hazardous circumstances under which *Cyrano* discomfits the obnoxious *de Guiche* are adroitly contrived, and the first and last interviews between *Cyrano* and *Christian* contain uncommonly fine dramatic opportunities.

The original is written mostly in verse, and some of the verse is felicitous. One of the most significant passages,—a passage which was finely delivered by Mansfield,—is a speech in which *Cyrano* enumerates the various insolent sarcasms with reference to his nose, which might be uttered by any impudent satirist clever enough to think of them. Like many French plays, the piece is loquacious and prolix. Some of its parts are mere feeders and make-weights. The mouldy satire upon authors reappears in it,—that they are impecunious and hungry vagabonds, that they haunt cook-shops, and that printed copies of their poems are well employed when used as wrappers for cakes and pies. Feeble stuff of that kind was common in Pope's time, and again in Byron's: "The perusal of which, as I told you at Maestri, I owe in great part to my passion for pastry." The piece is variegated in texture, but, as a whole, it is melodrama, aiming almost exclusively at situation, and making every element of character and nature,—particularly in the heroine, *Roxane,* who is nondescript and well-nigh impossible, —tributary to that design. It is artificial and to a

considerable extent it is insincere; but it abounds with pictures, incidents, and the tumult of physical life; it is animated with movement and saturated with color; it portrays an ingenious fable, and, except for a sombre and dreary close, which only an actor of sympathetic genius could vitalize, it is airy and brisk.

Much in it is made consequent on the huge Nose. That is the prominent Feature,—but it is not a pleasant one, and no art of an actor could, or ever did, make it pleasant. A high shoulder would have been vastly more agreeable than a huge nose, and possibly, if *Glo'ster* and *Lanciotto* had not been hump-backed, *Cyrano* would have had a hump. Defects of personal appearance,—as any observer can see, who will gaze upon the married world,—have little or nothing to do with affairs of love. Disfiguring disease, pre-natal or acquired, does not necessarily preclude the distemper. Handsome men, in abundance, have heard the clear, mellifluous "No," and homely men have been transported by the whispered "Yes." John Wilkes, the "agitator," who was a phenomenon of ugliness, said that, in wooing, he asked only fifteen minutes' start of the handsomest man in England; and John Wilkes was a favorite with women. That acute observer Wilkie Collins,—who, as a novelist, is not as popular among women as he would be if he

had understood them less,—causes one of his characters to say: "Women can resist a man's love, a man's fame, a man's personal appearance, and a man's money; but they cannot resist a man's tongue, when he knows how to talk to them." While, however, personal appearance, in its bearing upon amatory affinities, seems to make no difference in nature, it makes an essential difference in art,—which should not be a mere copy of nature, but a transfiguration of it. The hero of a romantic love poem may be deformed. The hero of a romantic love story, especially when that story is told in action upon the stage, must not be physically repulsive or loathsome: the sensibilities and susceptibilities of the auditory, as well as of the characters shown to be attracted, must be considered. *Cyrano* might have been made to worship, to languish, and to suffer,—to succumb to love without being able to inspire it,—quite as well with a shapely nose as with an ugly one; and he would have been a much more attractive and authoritative part, equally for the actor and the audience. But, Nose and all, he was the fad of a moment, and the lavish, copious pictorial accessories of his exhibition and the blare and din of theatrical transit made him the comet of a season. To-day he is as dead to our stage as *Pericles* or *Alexander the Great.*

Courtesy of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

MANSFIELD AS *CYRANO DE BERGERAC*

(Last Act)

X.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

THE plays of Shakespeare abound with representative images. *Hamlet* is the man of thought. *King Henry the Fifth* is the man of action. *Hamlet* represents failure and sorrow. *Henry* represents success and happiness. For *Hamlet* the pall and the sepulchre, the heavy night and the moaning of the unknown sea: for *Henry of Monmouth* the throne and the sceptre, the blaze of noon, and all the glories and pleasures of the world. Those two figures stand at the furthest opposite extremes of life, and nothing could be more instructive, whether as a study of human nature or an illuminative disclosure of Shakespeare's mind, than the contrast that they present. In *Hamlet* the poet has portrayed baffled thought and nerveless will, culminant in misery; in *Henry of Monmouth,* artfully building on a stanch historic basis of fact and poetically magnifying an actual character, he has portrayed his consummate ideal of the perfect man of action,—the man who knows exactly what he wants, and, having no "craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event," will take the instant way to

grasp it, and will hold it against all the world. His love, with all that this word means, undoubtedly went with *Hamlet:* his sane approval and calm admiration go with *Henry.* He has drawn, in this character, a man without weakness, and he has invested him with almost every virtue;—sincerity, simplicity, stability, dignity, piety, truth, valor, and wisdom, the graces of gallantry, and the charms of kindness and humor. That type of man is readily comprehensible, and since the permanence and welfare of society depend upon exactly such persons, it would hardly be possible to say too much in his praise. But it will not pass unobserved that this type of man moves wholly in the region of fact. *Henry of Monmouth* has neither imagination nor strong affections. The man who could break the heart of *Falstaff* may be approved for his impartial justice and respected for his righteous behavior; but he cannot be loved. Nevertheless he carries the liking of the busy world, he is worthy of study, and his presence on the stage would always be a public benefit. Mansfield did well and wisely, not for himself alone, but for the community, in the splendid production that he made of "Henry V."

To the Shakespeare student the poet's fine amplification of truth, in his delineation of *Henry's* character, is especially delightful. The actual man seems

to have been a reformed rake. He entered while yet in boyhood upon the active business of life, leaving Oxford University when about twelve years old, and following King Richard II. in his expedition of warfare into Ireland. By King Richard he was knighted when in that country. A little later, when only fifteen, he led one of the armies of his usurpatory father, Henry IV., in Wales, and he participated in the decisive battle of Shrewsbury, where he fought bravely and was severely wounded. His precocious talents, his efficiency, and his popularity, however, at first displeased his father,—engendering in the mind of that wily and treacherous politician the furtive distrust and jealous suspicion that insincere and crafty persons, judging others by themselves, are always quick to entertain and slow to relinquish,—and the restraints consequently put upon his youthful ardor thereupon drove him into some excesses of profligate behavior, "covering discretion with a coat of folly." Such a result is not uncommon in human experience, and Shakespeare has happily remarked that "the strawberry grows underneath the nettle." When the hour of royal responsibility arrived the Prince cast away his lightness and became a man in earnest,—ruling himself, as the first and most essential preparation for ruling others. At twenty-four he became

King of England; at twenty-six he gained his dazzling victory over the French, at Agincourt, defeating and subduing a force largely superior to his own; and at thirty-four, after other wars and vicissitudes, he died, —so young a man, to be so astute in statesmanship and so potent in arms, that his career seemed only to have just begun. Henry of Monmouth undoubtedly was a great executive spirit: only a great executive spirit could thus have predominated, in an age when a most common crime was the cutting off of tongues and the putting out of eyes; but there is nothing in history or tradition showing him to have been such a man as might have merited the almost ecstatic encomium of *Canterbury,* in Shakespeare's play, or such a man as might have uttered the wonderfully fine farewell speech to *Scroop,* or the wide-reaching philosophic, noble soliloquy on the vanity of mortal greatness. Shakespeare has transfigured him, adding poetic glamour to historic truth, and making a great fact still greater with the augmentative glory of an immortal ideal. According to the old chronicles the Prince changed, as if by a miraculous conversion, from a profligate brawler and reveller to a virtuous monarch. According to Shakespeare,—and herein the poet is a wiser authority than the historian,—he did not change but was developed, casting aside the loosely worn garment of assumed wantonness,

Richard Mansfield

MANSFIELD AS *HENRY OF MONMOUTH*

and discarding by natural process the vices and follies which he had only tolerated but which never had been an integral part of his character. No wonder, surely, that the memory of Henry V. is revered by the English people, and that every relic and memento of him is cherished. The traveller in Wales still sees Monmouth Castle, in which that Prince was born, preserved as a shrine of pilgrimage. In a little church in Southampton a tablet marks the grave of Scroop and his accomplices, who conspired to murder him, as he was embarking for the memorable campaign in France, and who suffered death for their treason. Queen's College at Oxford has its memorial of his lodgement and his brief days of discipline and study; and over his tomb in Westminster Abbey are still displayed, with one of his helmets (not of the kind that was worn in battle), the saddle and the shield that he is said to have used at Agincourt.

The great speeches with which the play of "Henry V." is adorned are the *King's* adjuration to *Lord Scroop;* his appeal to the soldiers, before Harfleur; his soliloquy on the contrasted fortunes of the monarch and the peasant; *Canterbury's* description of the *King,* and that same eloquent primate's verbal portrayal of a well-ordered kingdom, as symbolized by the commonwealth of the bees; *Exeter's* pathetic ac-

count of the deaths of *York* and *Suffolk,* who were slain at Agincourt; and the superb word-picture, by the *Chorus,* of the night before the battle. Some of those passages were retained in Calvert's stage version of the drama, but Mansfield somewhat exceeded Calvert (who followed Charles Kean's plan, in all essentials), in the liberality of his retentions of the original text, so that the piece, though necessarily pruned and shortened, was presented with large fidelity to the author. The original play is more epic than dramatic, a narrative of episodes, illustrated with pictorial tableaus and with lyrical commentary, more than a fabric of continuous action; and, for that reason, when given on the stage, it must be treated more or less as a spectacle. The central fact to be exhibited is that *King Henry the Fifth,* on coming to the throne of England and being advised by his counsellors that he possessed a valid claim to that of France, led an army into that country, then distracted by internal feuds, met and defeated, with great slaughter, the forces of the French King, *Charles the Sixth,* at Agincourt, and finally, in triumph, was affianced to the French King's daughter, the *Princess Katharine,* and became a supreme image of regal authority and martial renown. It must have been very difficult to frame this sequence of events in a practical play; but Shakespeare, with admirable ingenuity, the dra-

matic instinct and faculty with which he was born and the apt stagecraft that he had acquired, dexterously resorted to the old Greek expedient of a *Chorus,* and by the introduction of various humorous characters, of common life, and by the invention of various effective situations and striking and amusing incidents, overcame the intrinsic obstacles of the theme, and thus made an historical piece, commingling drama and spectacle, which expresses, more fully and better than any other single work in existence, the national spirit of England and the universal idea of practical achievement.

There is not nearly as much character in "Henry V." as there is in "Henry IV."; yet in some passages of it, notably the description of the death of *Falstaff* and the scene representative of the night before Agincourt, the light of Shakespeare's genius, alike in humor and pathos, shines with all the lustre of his brightest day. In this play the lover of quaint character and of the serio-comic contrasts of gravity and mirth meets with the delightful *Fluellen;* and in this play, having long rejoiced over the frolics of *Falstaff* and his associates, he is made to think of the old knight when smiling on his fingers' ends and babbling of green fields and so lapsing into the silence and the cold; and he follows *Bardolph* and *Nym* to their haven of the gallows-

tree, and poor old *Quickly,*—having become *Mrs. Pistol,*—to her death in the hospital, and *Ancient Pistol,* grandiloquent, flamboyant, pusillanimous, who has swallowed his leek, to the scene of new adventures, that can have but one close, as a cut-purse on the highways of England. "For honors do abound," in this history, and solemn thoughts are prompted by it, and "when time serves there shall be smiles."

There is no subtlety in the character of *Henry of Monmouth.* The words that he says of himself, in the piquant wooing scene with the *Princess Katharine,* describe him clearly. He is "a fellow that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there"; he has "a good heart that never changes"; and he is "the best King of good fellows." In that way Mansfield comprehended the poet's conception, and that ideal he embodied. There was, in the actor's nature, either elemental or acquired, a propensity to mordant sarcasm, an attribute which, while it gave brilliant piquancy to each of his impersonations of incarnate wickedness, such as *Chevrial, Hyde, Richard,* and *Ivan,* was radically inharmonious with the temperament of *Henry of Monmouth;* and that subtle emanation of character would, at moments, declare itself, in a glance, a tone, a pose, or a verbal inflection, in every part that he played. There was, also, at times,

a certain sluggishness in his movements,—possibly sequent on the *vis inertia* of German origin,—which somewhat dimmed his brilliancy; nor was he scrupulously heedful, as, in the speaking of blank-verse, every actor ought to be, of the niceties of elocution. On the other hand he possessed, and in acting *King Henry* he conspicuously manifested, abundant genial humor, a bold, bluff, resolute demeanor, copious and resonant vocalism, the repose of self-control at the height of intense excitement (a faculty which, in earlier times, he had lacked), and remarkable capability of illuminative, diversified action. His performance of *Henry* was noble, authoritative, eloquent, and sympathetic. The spirit of it was manly and the method of it was simple. Indeed the element of simplicity was its pervasive, predominant virtue: a crowning excellence,—because, in all his action, *Henry* is direct, and in all his speeches he uses the plainest words and comes quickly to his meaning: in fact, he is impatient of loquacity and holds it in contempt. The frank bearing and blunt speech of the actor, therefore, were exactly harmonious with the character. In the wooing scene,—which, though *Henry* is not a lover, requires sincerity, veiled but not hidden by a sweet, airy playfulness and bantering levity,—Mansfield's acting was delightful. In the colloquy of mystification with the soldiers his temperative modulation of the princely

manner with that of the comrade was skilful and happy. In the sadly pensive soliloquy upon the empty ceremony that environs a king he gave a very solemn expression to the sense of responsibility which sequesters and saddens a conscientious ruler, and he became a pathetic image of the sombre isolation of a great mind in a great station. In the exhortations to martial valor he was splendidly vehement. But his highest achievement was his delivery of *Henry's* withering arraignment and piteous rebuke of the hideous treachery of his bosom friend *Lord Scroop.* There are few speeches comparable with that one, for feeling, imagery, and verbal beauty, even in Shakespeare: and Mansfield, in his utterance of it, rose to a noble height of dignity and pathos. His grasp of the character was shown to be complete, at that point. There is no other situation in the play which implicates so many and such varied and deep emotions. The rest of the part, indeed, is evenly heroic in spirit and bright in texture. A man so completely self-centred as *Henry of Monmouth,* a man whose view of himself is that of almost unqualified approbation, and who obtains everything that he desires,—and this with the concurrent approbation and adulation of all the world,—should be characterized by a cheerful buoyancy: there should not only seem to be in him a kind of joy,—he should be joy

Photograph by Sands and Brady, Providence

HENRY OF MONMOUTH

(Act IV.)

incarnate. That condition Mansfield abundantly expressed. His acting in the scene representative of *Henry's* wooing of *Katharine* was entirely delightful and something never to be forgotten by those persons who were so fortunate as to see and appreciate it. His easy command of the French language here, of course, helped him to augment the effect of the colloquy, since he could speak it well or ill, as he pleased, exactly fitting, with facial expression, by-play, and "business," as well as with speech, the English or the broken French responses to the coy French remarks. His manner was felicitous, commingling bluff humor with gallantry and with a winning boyish frankness and sunshine eagerness. The scene, as all readers know, is adroitly devised and happily written, suffused with frolic and yet underlaid with fine feeling, and Mansfield's treatment of it made the effect exceedingly blithe and sweet. Associating and contrasting his buoyant mood, in that wooing scene, with his fine assumption of stern yet mournful dignity, in the pathetic delivery of the condemnatory speech to *Scroop,* and with the heroic determination and stirring valor of his delivery of the address to the soldiers before Harfleur, the observer could not fail to perceive his complete grasp of all the opportunities comprised within the part. Among his Shakespearean imper-

sonations, of which there were four, that of *King Henry the Fifth* was next in rank to that of *King Richard the Third,* yet when it is considered that *Henry* is good, while *Richard* is evil; that the representation of virtue is more difficult than the representation of wickedness; that *Henry,* as an acting part, is far less effective than *Richard,* in startling transitions and striking points; and that *Henry* is much more exacting than *Richard,* in the matter of elocution, judgment of Mansfield's Shakespearean accomplishments might incline to give *Henry* the precedence. The other parts in Shakespeare that he played are *Shylock* and *Brutus. Richard* was his favorite.

XI.

BEAUCAIRE.

MANSFIELD'S delicate impersonation of *Beaucaire* served to direct attention to a peculiar phase of his dramatic genius, and to the peculiar charm of light-comedy acting. His *Beaucaire* was an incarnation of chivalry and grace. Other elements interblended in the personality,—repose, distinction, intrepidity, sagacity, romance, and humor,—but chivalry and grace were its essential constituents, and in the expression of those attributes he acted with a sweetness of tremulous feeling that was peculiarly sympathetic; with breadth of gesture, nobility of manner, and exquisite lightness of style. Depth of emotion he had often revealed; as in *Jekyll, Dimmesdale,* and *Cyrano de Bergerac;* and he had often employed, with rare effect, as in *Glo'ster, Chevrial,* and *Dick Dudgeon,* a manner of ironical humor and mordant pleasantry: grim and caustic sarcasm, indeed, was always one of his readiest weapons, and he was always expert in its use: but the light manner appropriate to high comedy he had not previously

displayed in such fluency, amplitude, and vigor as illumined his performance of *Beaucaire.*

That light manner has descended, on the English stage, through a long line of ancestry. Robert Greene seems to have possessed it, in Elizabethan days; Robert Wilks certainly possessed it, in the days of Queen Anne; Garrick and Barry were famous for it, in the days of George III.; and later it was brilliantly exemplified by Lewis, Elliston, and Charles Kemble. In the early days of the American stage it appears to have had pre-eminently bright exponents in John Hodgkinson and Joseph Jefferson—the grandfather of the illustrious Jefferson of a period not long past. Old votaries of the theatre saw it, with delight, in some of the performances of the elder Wallack and of the versatile Finn, and playgoers of a later date still remember it as vividly manifested in the acting of Charles Mathews, William Wheatley, James E. Murdoch, and Lester Wallack. Excellent examples of it were afforded by Wheatley, as *Doricourt,* and by Wallack, as *Don Felix* and as *Young Dornton,*—performances characterized by exuberant affluence of animal spirits, unbridled joyous exaltation, superb demeanor, alert, flexible movement, beauty of person, grace of carriage, melodious, piquant vocalism, and a certain victorious splendor and joyful predominance. No

MANSFIELD AS *MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE*

From a Drawing by John Cecil Clay

doubt those old actors were careful about form, but they concealed their mechanism and never seemed to be careful about anything. To see Mathews as *Wilding* or to see Wallack as *Rover* was to look on a spectacle of happy and merry life, as free and radiant as the breezy sparkle of the waves beneath the morning sun. The word that old writers sometimes used by which to indicate that peculiar manner was the actor's word "gig"; but no single word fully designates it. Appreciable, but not quite definable, the auditor knows its effect; and its effect was signally created and diffused by Mansfield's impersonation of *Beaucaire,*—an artistic achievement, remarkable for its formidable force, pictorial style, elaborate, polished demeanor, and refinement and finish of execution.

The story of "Beaucaire," written by the novelist Booth Tarkington, was fashioned into a play by its author and Mrs. Anne Greenleaf Sutherland, and Mansfield produced it in the autumn of 1901. The play is not so truthful and pleasing as the story, but since a play must possess action, and, first of all, must satisfy the eye, some felicity of suggestion and some refinement of literary art necessarily disappear when a narrative is transmuted into pictorial movement and embellished with the expedients of stage effect. In the narrative the lover finds a flaw in his idol, and becoming disillu-

sionized,—upon finding that her vanity is stronger than her love,—turns from her, at the last, with the stately courtesy of cold indifference. In the play he discovers no fault in his charmer, requires no unusual magnanimity of soul on the part of that heroine, but is just a man in love, blind to all defects, and thankful to win, on any terms, as men in general always have been and always will be, the woman whose beauty has intoxicated his senses and enthralled his heart. The lofty self-control of a sobered lover (and most lovers, whether male or female, eventually become sober) is a fine thing to read about, but it would be a gelid thing to see, and upon any theatrical audience such a spectacle would fall like a wet blanket. That and other changes, accordingly, were made, in adapting the subject to the stage, and the result is a practical comedy of old English life, in which a French gentleman, of royal lineage, who has whimsically shrouded himself under an ignoble disguise, discomfits his enemies and wins his bride. The chief incidents are the expulsion of *Beaucaire* from the assembly rooms, at Bath, by *Beau Nash,* who was its social king; the subsequent introduction of *Beaucaire* by *Lord Winterset; Beaucaire's* defence of himself against assailants whom *Lord Winterset* has treacherously set upon him; *Lord Winterset's* public stigmatization of *Beaucaire* as a

barber masquerading as a gentleman, with *Beaucaire's* placid acceptance of this disgrace in the presence of *Lady Mary Carlisle* and for the purpose of testing her affections; and, finally, the revelation of *Beaucaire's* identity as *Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans* and nephew to the King of France. Historically, the work is, of course, baseless, nor has the author troubled himself about harmony of time and circumstance. Beau Nash died in 1761, at the age of eighty-seven,—and if, as seems apparent, "Égalité" is the person intended, that prince of the house of Bourbon, who died, by the guillotine, in 1793, at the age of forty-six, was a boy in the period of Nash's reign at Bath; and, moreover, whatever he may have been in youth, his mature life was one of exceptional infamy. Drama, however, has never much respected history.

Mansfield, as *Beaucaire,* fully possessed himself of a character in which he could and did display, to brilliant advantage and with fine effect, an elaborate elegance of manner for which, as an actor, he was remarkable, and a strangely commingled authority of demeanor, sweetness of sentiment, and incisive irony of speech which were among his pleasing attributes. In all the social passages his bearing was impressive with dignity, winning with the reticence of good taste, and admirable for repose. In the climacteric

moments of action,—such as the insult and the defence,—he exhibited unwonted celerity. In *Beaucaire's* attitude toward his heroine he sustained, with invariable ease and natural continuity, a sweet humbleness of chivalric feeling that was beautiful. And, what with attire, conduct, style, personality, broad, free gesture, a fluent diversity of finely cadenced Gallic speech, and a firmly controlled artistic method, he made the impersonation a glittering image of earnest sentiment and romantic grace. Intellectual men on the stage have seldom carried conviction as lovers. More or less moonshine in the temperament seems to be essential for the really dominant and convincing simulation of love. Edwin Booth as *Romeo* never struck fire till he came to the killing of *Tybalt.* Mansfield attained to his greatest heights in characters of mind and imagination. There were, however, in the part of *Beaucaire,* as built and embodied by him, many qualities besides the impassioned fervor of sexual intoxication; and, while his management even of that attribute was expert, his interblending of personal distinction, sarcastic humor, intrepid promptitude, nimble raillery, repose under trial, and dash amid peril, was potential and noble: and so he added a bright and welcome figure to the stage.

XII.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

SHAKESPEARE'S great tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," —vibrant with action, intense with feeling, various with character, splendid with rhetoric, magnificent with picture, rich with poetry, and amply freighted with knowledge of human nature and with wisdom as to the conduct of human affairs,—was presented by Mansfield, for the first time, at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on October 14, 1902, and for the first time in New York on December 1, 1902, at the Herald Square Theatre; and it was so presented as to thrill the imagination, satisfy the intellect, and touch the heart. The method customarily pursued in the treatment of that play has been that of statuary and declamation; not invariably pursued, for Edwin Booth invested *Brutus* with melancholy dignity and diffused over the interpretation an atmosphere of mournful beauty, while Lawrence Barrett, as *Cassius,* was incarnate passion touched with pathos; but, as a custom, the representation of "Julius Cæsar" has been artificial and frigid. In Mansfield's pre-

sentment of it, and largely because of the method and quality of his acting of *Brutus,* the supreme, pervasive note was that of feeling. An effort was made to be flexible more than stately, and thus to lighten an august theme with human sympathy. In that respect the representation evinced a marked peculiarity of right purpose. Natural acting, the acting that produces the effect of nature through the perfection of art, was not then and is not now a novelty: the drift in that direction has been especially strong during the last thirty years: but the method of natural acting, applied to the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" has been somewhat unusual. Mansfield gave to the play a magnificent investiture, and his impersonation of *Brutus* showed an ideal of that character in some respects novel. It was the imaginative ideal of a fatalist, and it was expressed in an image of intense vitality,—the vitality of fanaticism.

In "Julius Cæsar" pageants of Roman history, chosen and arranged by the poet's inerrant skill, and enshrined in noble, eloquent verse, pass before the vision in one long, symmetrical array of royal pomp, spirited action, and dramatic significance, moving onward to a mournful, splendid close,—the temptation of *Brutus;* the midnight conspiracy; the assassination of *Cæsar;* the respective efforts for the

Photograph by Lutz, New York

MANSFIELD AS *MARCUS BRUTUS*

"Cæsar, now be still:
I killed not thee with half so good a will."

(*Act V.*)

pacification and the incitement of the Roman mob; the quarrel and reconciliation of the insurgent chiefs; the apparition of *Cæsar's* Ghost in the lonely tent at Sardis; the vicissitudes of the final battle; the suicide of *Cassius* and of *Brutus,* and thus the triumph of inexorable justice over every power that would aim to serve a good cause by bad means. The most expeditious character in the tragedy is that of *Cassius,*—an ideal of active, exalted intellect. In *Cassius* intellectual pride is so colossal that it condemns, in *Brutus,* the least show of subserviency to another, even though that other be himself. *Cassius* does not disparage his friend for being drawn into the conspiracy, but only makes one passing comment on the weakness of a mind that will take advice from anybody. For *Cassius* believes in the justice of his cause and the righteousness of his purpose; and, in the effort that he makes to incite *Brutus* against *Cæsar,* he conceives himself to be using right means to a good end, and embarking his friend upon a glorious enterprise. He is not an *Iago.* He feels, indeed, a personal scorn for *Cæsar.* Incapable of weakness, he despises weakness in others; and it has been his fortune to behold the mighty *Julius* exhausted and ill. He is resentful of the predominance of a man whom he deems not abler than himself. He is grim, austere, splenetic. But his larger

motive is hatred of tyranny; and, when at last "the storm is up and all is on the hazard," no man could show a braver mind, a more ardent spirit, a more heroic front to the foe, a cooler indifference to death. The gentler, calmer, broader, more self-contained, and more majestic nature of *Brutus* attracts a more tender admiration; but it is *Cassius* who, under the conditions described in the play, and in spite of his crime, which, to him, is a virtue, attracts kindness, compassion, almost love, to the last. That the play is discordant with authentic history scholarship has disclosed and declared. Julius Cæsar, in fact, seems to have been vastly superior to the men who slew him, but the reader and spectator of the tragedy is content to accept it as it stands.

Shakespeare throws side-lights upon his characters, revealing them not only by their words and acts, but by the words and acts of their associates. *Brutus* speaks of the figures and fantasies that busy care draws in the brains of men. From the first, and notwithstanding his composure of temperament, he is a man of imagination, and his imagination is haunted. *Portia,* whom he deeply loves, and by whom he is deeply loved, describes his impatience, his vague preoccupation, his ungentle behavior, and she plainly tells him that if his humor could as much affect his shape as it has affected his condition she would not

be able to recognize him. "Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar, I have not slept." The mind of *Brutus* is a scene of tempest. He needed not the promptings of *Cassius*. He was already ripe to do the murder that he thought a sacrifice. The conflict in his soul has almost crazed him, and from the moment when he yields to the surging tide of fanaticism and strikes at the heart of his friend, he never again will taste of peace. The sequel is all misery. *Brutus* and *Cassius* ride like madmen through the gates of Rome. The final appeal is to the arbitrament of battle. "Clouds, dews, and dangers come." In the deep of night three words are spoken, the knell of all earthly hope and comfort—"Portia is dead." More and more, on the remorseful soul of the fanatic, descends the desolation of predestinate ruin. "No man bears sorrow better,"—but sorrow now is all that remains. The chiefs of faction clasp hands for the last time, and speak that farewell which, in all the poetry of Shakespeare, is the most hopeless and forlorn: "And whether we shall meet again I know not"; but both of them know that the parting is forever. There is a presage of disaster. The eagles are fled away and in their stead are kites and ravens. "The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me, two several times, by night: my hour is come." All around *Brutus,* from

first to last, there is an atmosphere of omen, that betokens peril, anguish, and death.

In that spirit Mansfield apprehended the character, and because of his diffusion and sustainment of that poetic ideal,—making *Brutus* almost spectral, in spiritual conflict, fanatical self-absorption, and silent, patient, majestic misery,—the embodiment took its place among the most thoughtful achievements of the modern stage. In the expression of his ideal Mansfield aimed to impersonate and not to declaim; yet he gave force and significance to the eminently rational but completely inadequate speech of *Brutus* to the Roman mob, and at every essential point the opulence and variety of his vocal powers made themselves manifest, with splendid effect. It was not as the oratorical *Brutus,* however, that Mansfield diffused a characteristic allurement of genius; for his articulation was not invariably accurate, and his oratory,—and indeed, his general delivery, in oratorical speech,—lacked systematic modulation, and therefore often became merely reverberant, where it should have agitated or convulsed the auditor. The potent charm of the impersonation was in its atmosphere, in its tremor of conflicting emotions, and in its sad isolation,—the awful loneliness of a great soul fated to disaster. In the scene of the quarrel with *Cassius* Mansfield

wisely followed the good precedent long ago established by Barton Booth (1681-1733), probably the most original performer of *Brutus* ever seen upon the stage, and so he made the embodiment impressive by innate authority, restrained demeanor, intense feeling, and penetrating tones. It was in the Garden Scene, the moment after the assassination of *Cæsar,* the Ghost Scene, and the Death Scene, that he wrought his best effects; the spectral, haggard, ravaged figure of *Brutus,* in those imaginative passages,—and more especially in presence of the phantom,—being the consummate image of a haunted mind, predestined to error, misery, and ruin.

Mansfield's embodiment of *Brutus* differed from previous presentments of the character that are still vividly remembered, in its strong accentuation, at first of fanatical monomania, and afterward of the self-contained agony of remorse. His aspect, upon his first appearance, was that of a man intensely preoccupied, almost dazed, with the conflict of distracting, harrowing thoughts. The face was pale, the eyes were sunken and hollow. In the Garden Scene the voice was peculiarly tremulous and distressful, till at the close of that trying ordeal, and again in the Senate Scene, it became stern and solemn, as if with a terrible resolution, the access of fanaticism. When striking at *Cæsar* he delivered a

perfunctory stroke, and momentarily seemed to recoil from the deed,—in that particular following the precedent of Edwin Booth. His aspect, immediately after the assassination, became that of a man absolutely insane. His delivery of the vindicatory speech to the people was colloquial and it was cleverly contrived: loud shouts were made to follow the words "Hear me for my cause," and the next words were spoken as a check to the shouting: "And be silent that you may hear." In appearance, after discarding an extremely bad wig that he had used at first, he looked, indeed, the noble Roman, closely resembling certain paintings of Roman worthies that imaginative skill has framed. In the Ghost Scene the "business" was new and good,—for, while the voice of *Cæsar* was heard, the spectre remained invisible, except to *Brutus*. Through the closing scenes the personality was exceedingly pathetic.

The part of *Brutus,* on the stage in England, is, historically and prominently, associated with the names of Charles Hart, Thomas Betterton, Barton Booth, James Quin, Thomas Sheridan, Thomas Walker, John Palmer, John Philip Kemble, Charles Young, James William Wallack, and William Charles Macready. On the stage of America it has been conspicuously represented by Lewis Hallam, Augustus Conway, Thomas Sowerby Hamblin,

Frederick B. Conway, William Charles Macready, Edward Loomis Davenport, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Louis James, and Robert Bruce Mantell. Records exist, as to performances of *Brutus* by some of the actors of the remote past, and memories have not yet faded of performances of *Brutus* by actors of recent times. Barton Booth's fine method and complete identification with the character can be conjectured from the mention, made by Thomas Davies, of the great effect that he caused by his penetrating look at *Cassius,* when speaking the line "For your life you durst not!"—which he spoke in a tone that was scarcely more than a whisper. Quin's felicity of method is indicated by the same instructive writer, when adverting to that great actor's pathetic delivery of "Portia is dead." Kemble's performance of *Brutus* seems to have been the incarnation of concentrated intellect and stately deportment. Macready's estimate of the character is extant in his own words: "the gentle, loving, self-subdued mind of *Brutus* . . . the tenderness, the reluctance to do deeds of violence, the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny, the open simplicity of heart, the natural grandeur of soul . . .": and there is emphatic testimony that he amply expressed his ideal. Davenport's presentment of *Brutus,* although it was formal and declamatory, was remarkable for

its dignity, gentleness, and melancholy grace. McCullough, while more poetic and gentle, followed the precedent of Davenport, emphasizing the attributes of manliness and magnanimity, and pathetically denoting the anguish of a self-tortured mind. It is acutely remarked, by Leigh Hunt, that those persons who mean well think that others mean well, and often come to grief by trusting to that conviction. *Brutus,* as drawn by Shakespeare, is one of those mistaken persons. Robert Mantell's impersonation, laying particular stress upon the conflict between doubt and the sense of duty, is very beautiful in spirit.

XIII.

PRINCE HENRY OF KARLSBURG.

In the dramatic season of 1903-'04 Mansfield effected two productions of exceptional importance and displayed versatility by remarkably fine performances of two characters that stand to each other in the sharpest possible contrast: he produced an English version of the German play of "Alt Heidelberg," in which he acted *Prince Henry,* and he produced an English version of a Russian tragedy in which he acted *Ivan, the Terrible.* "Old Heidelberg" tells a simple, sweet, and touching story, depicts student life in one of the most delightful cities of Europe, and, by an emblematical picture, at once romantic, tender, humorous, and pathetic, shows the golden glory of youth, the precious value of opportunity, and the fatal antagonism of greatness and peace. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." That is the serious drift of the play. The predominant charm of it, meanwhile, is its expositure of "Bohemia." For all generous minds, that have been young, there is a radiance of loveliness, that nothing can obscure, over the Bohemian days of long ago.

Remembrance hallows them; all their hardships are forgotten; through the mists of time they glimmer, in unsullied beauty, coming back, with their lost loves, their vanished comrades, their hopes that since have withered, their dreams that are dead and gone; and the heart thrills to remember, and for a moment the glory of morning streams over all the world. In the delicious words of Moore—

> O, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
> When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
> And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
> Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

That ecstasy of recollection denotes the whole significance of the play of "Old Heidelberg"; and it is because Mansfield knew the subject, and could impart an authentic voice to the emotion, that his ideal of *Prince Henry of Karlsburg* was the loveliest that his acting ever exhibited. Impersonations of stormier force he often gave, but, as the old fable aptly teaches, the sun is stronger than the wind; the highest power is marked, not by violence, but by serenity. In his assumption of *Prince Henry* there was a background of experience, a depth of meaning, a mellow warmth of color, a maturity, that not only won the heart, but irresistibly commanded the judgment. The spirit of the performance was not so much that of "Wilhelm Meister,"—

MANSFIELD AS *PRINCE HENRY* IN "OLD HEIDELBERG"

From a Drawing by E. A. Drotts

which, indeed, it recalled,—as it was that of Longfellow's "Hyperion"; but it was the genuine German spirit—the peculiar blending of seemingly incompatible elements,—expeditious promptitude and bluff humor with wistful, tender sentiment and drifting, dreamlike, poetic sensibility,—that marks the German character, in its most attractive phase.

Achievements of such a kind maintain the dignity of the dramatic art and prove its value; not simply because they reveal the actor but because they benefit the auditor. The fulfilment that should attend civilization, as its last result, is a society characterized by purity of life and gentleness of manners,—a fruition possible only when virtue becomes elemental and justice supreme. Meanwhile, as things are constituted, a great need of the world is relief from the incessant pressure of care and solace from the bitterness of grief, and that requirement is, in some measure, satisfied by such poetic ideals as Mansfield, in this instance, made a living force. Diversified embellishments ornamented the play,—scenes of splendid revelry and scenes of royal state; there was a pageant of frolic, and the enchantment of music was invoked, to cast around a simple story of love and loss, of sorrow and of noble submission, the soothing glamour of delicious sound. But, aside from all embellishments and accessories, the puissance of the representation

was the spirit of the actor, making it beautiful, and, with sprightly, delicate, buoyant art and spontaneous tenderness, instilling the strong incentive, always, and at any sacrifice, to do that which is right, and patiently to endure the ordainment of inexorable fate.

There is scarcely any story in the play of "Old Heidelberg." First love, with all its intoxicating sweetness and unspeakable rapture, is the theme. The *Prince* is only a student, and the girl whom he loves is only a peasant. It is *Florizel* and *Perdita*—with a difference. The boy thinks himself free to love, and he is in deadly earnest. The man, crowned and reigning, can only remember. The incidents count for little or nothing. The condition is everything. Mansfield, alone, in the room of State, managed to convey, merely by his demeanor, a sense of deeper tenderness of feeling and greater nobility of mind than he evinced in any other representation that he ever gave. His performance was the perfection of sincerity and simplicity.

XIV.

IVAN VASILIVITCH.

MANSFIELD'S impersonation of the Russian despot Ivan, called The Terrible, was first given on March 1, 1904, and it made a profound impression. The play, written by Count Alexis Tolstoi, and translated by Mme. S. R. de Meissner, discovers, in several pictures, an historical episode, comprehends a political intrigue, and presents a massive image of puissant character, emblematic of a frightful, piteous struggle between the forces of good and evil in the human heart. As a dramatic fabric it lacks sustained continuity of story, rapidity of movement, and symmetry of form: historic drama seems to compel the selection of illuminative epochs arranged successively along the stream of many years: but its several parts are made to cohere by the subtle nexus of suggestion, and its central character, revealed in various phases, is fully and boldly exhibited as a prodigy of wicked power, awful misery, latent human weakness, and the adamantine resolution and fiery vitality of malignant will.

The theme is a statesman's plot against a Czar.

Boris Godunoff,—ambitious, able, and wily,—hates his sovereign, whom he pretends to serve, and is industrious to accomplish his ruin. A slowly developed antagonism between monarch and minister inspires the movement. On the one side there is duplicity; on the other side there is confidence at first, but, ultimately, confirmation of distrust, and then dismay. At the last the traitor triumphs and the emperor miserably dies. For a spectator the impartment is knowledge of actual life in Russia's imperial court and household, long ago, together with perception of a tremendous personality, a type of colossal wickedness, an emblem of criminal humanity consumed with the hellish fire of immitigable remorse. The play is tragedy, and it causes the effect of tragedy,—which is to arouse the auditor's deeper emotions; to terrify; to melt; to compel thought; and thus to chasten, subdue, and ennoble. The character of *Ivan*, derived from what is known of his life, has been powerfully drawn, and by Mansfield it was magnificently impersonated.

Ivan Vasilivitch reigned over Russia (at first as a ward), from 1533 till his death, at the age of fifty-five, in 1584. The play masses and interblends various actual incidents of his career, but mainly it relates to conditions and occurrences in the last year of his dominion. A monster of

MANSFIELD AS *IVAN THE TERRIBLE*

depravity, he is, nevertheless, religious: in that he resembles the French despot, King Louis XI.: but he is the tiger, not the fox. His self-poise is not simply inordinate, it is prodigious. He is centred, like a mountain, in his conviction of his divine right of sovereignty,—prizing power above all things, and being continually vigilant to smite and crush the head of any treason toward his sacred majesty and God-given crown. He does not lack craft, but he is not a schemer. His way is to strike and to kill. Contempt of opposition, rooted in an absolute insanity of vainglorious egotism, makes him disdainful of all concealment. The testimony of history seems to affirm that when a man of formidable character and commanding mind has succeeded in practical affairs; when boundless wealth is at his disposal; when he dominates communities; when his will is supreme and his word is law, he generally chooses the pathway of evil. Ivan did. Malignant, ferocious, cruel, sanguinary, he lived a savage, and he wrote his record in the baleful tints of crime and slaughter; and yet he was the agonized victim of superstition and remorse. So the dramatist has drawn him, and so the actor embodied him,—a man seared by evil passions, haunted by poignant memories of guilt, stricken in conscience and yet alert and quivering with the reptile vitality of wicked purpose, at war with him-

self, assailed by open enemies, encompassed by secret foes, alone, and standing at bay like a hunted lion.

Next to *Richard the Third,*—in which Mansfield by his magnificent utterance of the "conscience" frenzy, struck his topmost note of tragic expression, —impartial judgment would, in ranking his tragic achievements, place his performance of *Ivan.* At one grandly dramatic moment, when the despot, being apprized of the defeat of his army, commands a pæan to celebrate a victory, he towered to splendor, —wonderfully conveying the sense of something unconquerable, immutable, and sublime. There was more in it than audacity. There was something in it of the indomitable, august, colossal supremacy of Milton's *Satan,*—that awful, altogether matchless, image of defiant, inextinguishable will. His supplication for pardon from his courtiers and his abject abasement before Heaven,—with the piteous, pathetic appeal to Almighty God,—were among the thrilling and altogether splendid moments of dramatic expression that have been known. The part, however, was not acted for points. The terrible Czar was impersonated; was shown in many moods; was made a living man; and was potentially impressed on the imagination as a vital image of royal grandeur, heart-rending self-conflict, and pitiable

misery. The emaciated body, the seared, pallid countenance, the hollow tones, the tremulous movements, combined with a frequent access of fiery vitality,—as of the flame flashing out of the embers,—imparted an affecting sense of the reality of pain, while, at the same time, they exemplified, with an inspiring cheer of inspiration, the strength of human endurance and the power of human will. Like Eugene Sue's *Rodin,* this being is ravaged by a corrosive spirit that never rests, and like Alfieri's *King Saul,* he begins at a painful tension of feverish excitement and continually ascends in the scale of stormy passion. The death scene of *Ivan* is one of intense spiritual as well as physical agony,—for the despot must not only endure the pangs of dissolution, but must expire beneath the exultant gaze of his triumphant foe. There had been no precedent to Mansfield's treatment of that piteous and awful situation, except the death scene of Ristori's *Queen Elizabeth* and that of Henry Irving's *King Louis,* and nothing comparable with it is to be seen now (1910) on our tragic stage, except Robert Mantell's treatment of the death scene of Shakespeare's *King John.*

In the artistic presentment of great representative emblems of everlasting strife between good and evil in human nature the object sought has always been

penetration of the heart by pity, and, obviously that is a good object, because the human being thus aroused is made to feel and to think, and is ennobled. Therein consists the practical value of tragedy, and therein consists whatever potentiality is possessed by Tolstoi's play, which contains scarcely more of the element of continuous story than Shakespeare's "Richard II.,"—ranging with such fabrics of tragical melodrama as Lee's "Nero," and Sardou's "Patrie,"—but is strong in situations and in the dramatic expositure of character. *Ivan,* in some respects, resembles Shakespeare's *Glo'ster;* since he is of insatiable appetite for power, actively suspicious, jealously vigilant, insanely egotistical, recklessly criminal, astute and yet transparent by reason of contemptuous candor, and, at some fleeting moments, abject in superstition; but, unlike *Glo'ster,* he never includes himself among the objects of his sardonic scorn of humanity.

Mansfield chose wisely in choosing *Ivan,* and his performance of the part was, unmistakably, a great achievement. The abrupt transitions from abject humility to fiery, vociferous self-assertion were made with thrilling impetuosity and splendid effect. The regnant aspect of imperial dominion was perfectly maintained. The state of stealthy vigilance, furtive suspicion, and sinister purpose,—sometimes

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Sketch from Life, by T. Dart Walker

subtly implied, sometimes openly expressed,—was, at all times, clearly imparted as the atmosphere of the character. The essential condition of obdurate, permanent, remediless misery was expressed in every lineament of the countenance; in the wasted frame and in the hollow voice; and, against that pall of anguish, the struggles of the fiery spirit and the indomitable will, reanimating a ravaged body and reinforcing infernal instincts of cruelty and revenge, were set in bold relief of lurid light,—so distinctly were they shown and with such reality of pain were they invested. The audacity of egotism and the conviction of predestined prevalence, beneath which there is an insane, defiant rage, were conveyed with a felicitous authority grimly humorous in its bland assurance, and yet terrible in its wild unreason. Both the play and the part are strongly marked with paradox of that description. Evil omens overshadow the whole fabric, and much that is shown of *Ivan's* life is only slow preparation for the awful scene of his death. There Mansfield put forth all his powers. Astrologers have prophesied that the sovereign must die on St. Cyril's day. That day has come, and the sovereign is conscious of renewed health,—a transient vigor, summoned by the force of his will. He dooms the prophets to death and he commands his secret enemy, *Godunoff*, to see that

they are slain. A game of chess is begun, to distract his apprehensive thoughts. He begins to sink. His enemy confronts him, calmly revealing, by facial expression, the clear design of triumphant hostility. The pangs of death seize upon the terrible Czar. His rage is vain. Beneath the basilisk gaze of the traitor who has ruined and vanquished him he totters and falls; and, in that dreadful moment, instead of priestly ministrants, bringing the consolations of religion, ribald jesters dance around him, and he dies in infamy and horror. Mansfield's acting, throughout that ordeal of agony, was marked by great power and pathos. He made the part of *Ivan* his own, and it perished with him.

XV.

ALCESTE.

It has, of late years, been denied that the Comedy of England in the seventeenth century was, to any considerable extent, indebted to the earlier or the contemporary Comedy of France, but the student of the principal dramatists of the period of the Restoration, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Congreve, can scarcely fail to discern in some of their plays a distinct trace of the influence of Molière. That influence, transmitted by Congreve, is also perceptible in the comedies of Sheridan, an author less profound than Molière, in his discernment of human nature, but more brilliant in dramatic expression. Molière, however, has been a spring of impulse for the makers of plays, and it seems singular that, aside from Charles Reade, who was wildly enthusiastic about him (strongly urging Joseph Jefferson to produce a series of his comedies, and offering to make English stage versions of them for that comedian's use), no modern dramatic authority has practically espoused his cause. Molière set an important example of the clear and bold exemplifi-

cation of character, motive, conduct, and manners in comedy, yet on the English stage no effective endeavor has been made to exploit him in a manner worthy of his genius. In America the only one of his plays that has been made known to any considerable theatrical public is "La Malade Imaginaire," which, in old times, was often acted by Charles M. Barras, under the name of "The Hypochondriac." Mansfield, an accomplished linguist, familiar with French literature, had studied Molière with deep interest, and his practical recurrence to that classic author was, perhaps, not the least of his services to the stage: at any rate, it was a service.

Molière's fine comedy of "The Misanthrope" was first performed, June 4, 1666, at the Palais Royale Theatre, Paris, the author impersonating *Alceste.* The method of construction pursued in it is simple, but, of all the implements of art, simplicity is the one most difficult of employment with decisive effect. The use of it, in this instance, results in sparkling picture and lucid meaning. The purpose was to portray general aspects of human nature in a representative epitome of social manners; to show characters acting and re-acting on each other, and to fulfil that design by means of natural colloquy. The play contains only a slender thread of story and, comparatively, only a few incidents. The time is

the twenty-third year of Louis XIV., King of France. The place is Paris. The action passes in one house and within a few hours. Only eight persons prominently participate in it, and, aside from exposition of contrasted characters, the total impartment of it is that a sincere, honorable, passionate, jealous lover, who has suspected his beautiful mistress of being vain, shallow, selfish, and deceitful, ascertains, at last, that his suspicion is warranted, and thereupon becomes an inveterate misanthrope. Incidentally, *Alceste* is involved in a law-suit,—against a crafty, unscrupulous, hypocritical antagonist, but, resting his case on justice, he will make no effort to convince the judges,—choosing to lose rather than to win, in order that he may have still more reason to think ill of mankind and to abhor the human race. He has one friend, *Philinte*,—an honest man, though somewhat colorless,—who speaks to him with candor, imparts discreet counsel, tries to mitigate his rancor, and would persuade him to view the faults of society with tolerance, and to act prudently in the management of his affairs. "Good sense," says that apostle of expediency, "avoids extremes, and it is supreme folly to make ourselves busy in correcting the world." *Philinte's* admonition is wasted. *Alceste* will neither use precaution in business, nor judgment in court-

ship, nor suavity in social intercourse. *Célimène,* with whom he is in love, is a handsome young woman, but shallow, selfish, shrewd, censorious, heartless, accomplished in coquetry, proficient in the arts of feminine fascination, and not a suitable mate for *Alceste. Philinte* warns him against her, but the warning, notwithstanding his own fears and scruples, is in vain. *Orante,* a pert, frivolous, effusive, consequential prig, a rival aspirant for the favor of *Célimène,* has written some silly verses about that charmer, and he insists on reading them to *Alceste,* and demanding a critical opinion of them. *Philinte,* who is present at the reading, would, in his urbane, playful way, utter the conventional words of empty compliment that are usually spoken on such occasions. *Alceste* not only speaks the plain, harsh truth, but makes it offensive, and a quarrel ensues. That fact comes to the knowledge of the Marshals of France, a tribunal authorized to inquire into "affairs of honor" among gentlemen, and *Alceste* is arrested, at the crisis of an animated controversial interview with *Célimène* and a group of her butterfly-admirers. Compromise averts a duel. The flirtations of the deceitful *Célimène* continue. *Arsinoè,* an elderly female acquaintance of *Célimène's,* after those two women have emerged, with ruffled plumes, from a particularly spiteful verbal encounter, lures

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Alceste to her abode, and provides him with written evidence of *Célimène's* duplicity; for that mischievous siren has the indiscreet habit of writing satirical letters about her suitors and acquaintances, and one of those letters has fallen into *Arsinoè's* possession. *Alceste* repairs to the home of *Célimène* and confronts her with this proof of her treachery, but at the height of a stormy colloquy between them he is called away to meet the emergency of arrest, consequent on the loss of his law-suit. He now becomes almost frenzied, in the anguish of a wounded spirit. The final catastrophe is precipitated when, in a deftly devised assemblage of the essential interlocutory characters, disingenuous and malicious letters written by *Célimène* to *Acaste* and *Clitande,* two of her dangling suitors, are read aloud by those resentful dupes, and the artful coquette stands self-revealed as an image of contemptible vanity and turpitude. Even then the tortured, suffering *Alceste* declares that he will wed her, if only she will discard society, forsake the world, and dwell with him alone, in rural solitude. That sacrifice she declines to make, and the misanthrope finally vows his loathing for such a nature, and his repudiation of all human ties. "Deceived on every side," he exclaims, "and overwhelmed with injustice, I will fly from this vortex of vice, and in some secret nook on earth, if

such there be, enjoy the freedom of being an honest man!"

The misanthropy of *Alceste,* in the first place, is temperamental. No predisposing cause for it is shown in his circumstances. He has not conferred benefits on others, and lived to find them forgotten. He has not felt the sting of ingratitude. He has not been disappointed in ambition. He has not been broken by repeated bereavement. He is an honest man, who speaks the truth and who purposes to exact the truth, in all things and at all times, from those around him; but he is fastidious in taste, splenetic in temper, intolerant in disposition, inflexible in morals, bitter in wit, and he lacks both discretion and humor. Looking abroad upon society he finds it iniquitous, hypocritical, blasted with artifice, and not only deficient of high ideals but incapable of comprehending them. He considers himself to be always right, and in the main he is so. Such a man must, inevitably, build a wall around himself and become a cynic. There is no other way open to him, since social life is dependable on compromise and concession. The same state of things, mental and moral, is existent now that was existent in the time of Molière. Liars, hypocrites, slanderers, traitors, knaves, and fools are as numerous now as they were then. Lies are as abundant and as mis-

chievous. Duplicity and meanness flourish in as much luxuriance as ever. Dullards abound. Donkeys sit in high places and bray and waggle their ears with undiminished complacency, as of old. And, if any intellectual, sensitive, gentle man or woman would have peace in the world, there is as much necessity for discreet silence, tolerance, philosophical indifference, and reticence of contempt. Every human being is alone, and happiness, if it comes at all, must come from within. Molière, probably, drew *Alceste* from one phase of his own mind and one segment of his own bitter, humiliating, heart-breaking experience; for he was cajoled, stung, and overborne by the gad-fly courtiers of a corrupt royal court, and he was married to a treacherous young woman, an inveterate coquette, who tormented him and broke his spirit. The character of *Célimène* is not fiction. But *Alceste,* obviously, was not drawn by the dramatist as either an avowed image of himself or a model for imitation, but as a representative type of human nature and experience, an essential component of the reflex of human society.

Mansfield's impersonation of *Alceste* was remarkable for the actor's firm grasp of the author's design, complete identification with the character, and exquisite precision and finish of artistic method. He "looked the part" to perfection. His costume was

correct and significant, in every detail. He wore rich, black raiment, with but little ornament, and he seemed a figure directly emergent from the formal court of the Grand Monarch. He made *Alceste* a pale, proud, reserved, fastidious aristocrat,—in facial aspect suggestive of the portraits of Molière. He indicated a temperament of exceedingly tremulous sensibility, conjoined with exquisite grace. There was, in his voice, the incisive note of refined, caustic sarcasm,—a bitterness never better expressed by any other voice than his. A spirit at war with itself and discontented with the world was shown in every lineament, attitude, motion, and tone. The darts, whether of explicit truth, or latent satire, or cold irony, or scorching ridicule, were launched in a swift verbal volley of pungent wit, which, while piercing his victim, clearly revealed the torture in the speaker's heart. The utterance of *Alceste's* love for *Célimène,* while deeply impassioned, was pathetic with an undertone of sorrowful doubt and wretched apprehnesion. The final appeal to whatever is good in that heartless woman's nature was magnificent with the eloquence of liberated feeling; and the tracery of the performance, if so it can be designated,—showing the unhappy lover's gradual change from reluctant, carking doubt to positive, blighting conviction, from the bitterness of despair to the

abandonment of frenzied, contemptuous wrath,—was alike admirably true in design and beautiful in execution. A particularly fine incident of the performance was the recitation of the poem that is quoted by *Alceste,* by way of telling the pertinacious *Orante* what a poem ought to be, about *Célimène,* and how it ought to be read. The effect was electrical. Mansfield played many greater parts than *Alceste* is, but he never displayed a more rounded, finished, well-nigh perfect work of art. As an elocutionary exploit, his reading of the poem was never surpassed by himself, and it is memorable now, among achievements of its kind, as having seldom been equalled by anybody. The essential nobility of *Alceste's* character and the ardor of his spirit were crystallized in it. The situation requires that the poem shall be read twice. The first recital was illustrative, eagerly impulsive, yet more admonitory than entirely fervent; the second was wonderfully freighted with passionate emotion, the speaker seeming to be suddenly swept away by the surge of uncontrollable feeling, the abandonment of inspiration. All the while, nevertheless,—and this was the exquisite part of the recital,—the actor maintained perfect self-command, took precisely the right time for the accomplishment of his intended effect, and preserved, with faultless exactitude, the sem-

blance of a man wildly excited who curbs his agitation by strenuous force of will. Another special beauty of that remarkable performance was the continuous accession of feeling in it, the steady increase of a passionate mental strife which had seemed, in the beginning, to be at its height. A suggestion of ample resources—of power held in reserve—was, in the years of his maturity, one of the felicities of Mansfield's acting, and that merit, a concomitant of authority, felt rather than consciously perceived, is always gratifying to the auditor.

XVI.

DON CARLOS.

In the tragedy of "Don Carlos" the glowing and prophetic genius of the German poet Schiller uttered a fervent protest against tyranny, whether political or ecclesiastic, and in German literature that play has long been ranked and valued as a classic. It was first acted in 1787, at Hamburg; and at that time, in the infancy of American independence and on the eve of the French Revolution, its antagonism to kings and priests must have appeared more intrepid and far more essential and significant than it can possibly appear now,—when so many yokes have been broken and so many fetters cast aside. Force, as a document in social affairs, it no longer possesses, but as the vehicle of a romantic story it is still potential and effective. Several translations of it were published in London, in the period from 1795 to 1801,—probably as a consequence of the romantic Kotzebue wave, which had broken and was just then subsiding,—but they obtained no foothold on the English stage. The first version of it ever presented in America was the one

made by the veteran manager and dramatist William Dunlap, who seems to have been almost daft about German plays, but that was acted only once and was accounted a failure. Dunlap produced it, for his benefit, May 6, 1799, at the old Park Theatre, New York, with a cast that included Fennell, Cooper, the younger Hallam, Miss E. Westray, and Mrs. Barrett, —all brilliant players,—and then withdrew it. Mansfield had somewhat better fortune. He produced his new version for the first time on October 27, 1905, at the Valentine Opera House, Toledo, and he subsequently prospered with it, though only to a slight extent.

The period illustrated in "Don Carlos" is that of King Philip II., of Spain. That prince,—of such a strange, dark, and sinister character that his figure, in the pages of history, seems absolutely diabolic,—was born in 1527; ascended the Spanish throne in 1555; and died, aged seventy-one, in 1598. His son, Carlos, is said, by some historians, to have been of a deformed person and of an impetuous, irascible, violent temper. It is certain that he antagonized his royal father and thus precipitated his own ruin. The story is that he loved and wooed Elizabeth of France (of the house of Valois), gained her affections, and was betrothed to her, but that his father, then a widower, intervened, broke the plight, and married the lady

himself. The narrative of consequences is wrapt in mystery. Carlos and his stepmother seem to have incurred the suspicion of illicit intimacy (though that is not the subject of the play, for, in the play, their relations are innocent), and it has been declared, as an historical fact, that both of them were privily put to death, by order of the King. Carlos died, in one of his father's prisons, July 24, 1568. One account intimates that he was poisoned; another that he was strangled; another that his veins were opened, in a bath. A more recent tale states that examination of the remains in his coffin has disclosed that his head was severed from his body. Schiller's tragedy is not, and does not pretend to be, an authentic history, or, indeed, a history at all. It is a fabric of conjecture, fancy, imagination, and art, reared upon a more or less vague historical basis.

The version of "Don Carlos" used by Mansfield was the one adapted from the blank-verse translation made by R. D. Boylan, approved by Sir Theodore Martin, and published in Bohn's Standard Library. That translation fills more than two hundred closely printed pages, and if acted without a cut it would be intolerable. Mansfield omitted some of the scenes and transposed and modified others; but nothing of dramatic value was sacrificed. The defects of the acting copy are the defects of the original,—the principal

blemish being a lack of explicit clarity, for the spectator, as to the stratagem by which the *Marquis de Posa* contrives to shield and exonerate *Carlos,* when that ardent patriot and agonized, unlucky lover has incurred the dangerous *King's* resentment. The auxiliar blurs are sombre color, heaviness of theme, and sentimentality of feeling and style. Mansfield excised all the politics; all the revolutionary oratory (so stimulative in Schiller's day, so needless here and now); and most of the religion. In the original there are aspersions of the Roman Catholic Church: in this version they did not occur. The number of speaking parts was reduced from twenty to seventeen; and the long speeches were, mercifully, condensed.

The action of the tragedy begins at a considerable time subsequent to the marriage of *King Philip* and the *Princess Elizabeth.* The *King* is holding court at Aranjuez. *Carlos,* bereft of his promised bride, but still enamored of her, eagerly seeks an opportunity of speaking with the *Queen* in private. That quest is, for a while, impeded by the operation of rigid Spanish court etiquette. The *Marquis de Posa,* intimate and dear friend to *Carlos,* has arrived at Aranjuez, from the Netherlands and from France, bearing letters to the *Queen.* To that friend *Carlos* makes known his feelings and his desire, and the *Marquis,* in the course of a formal interview with the *Queen,* adroitly con-

Photograph by Sarony, New York

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trives to provide for a private colloquy between the imperial lady and the infatuated *Prince.* The meeting occurs; and *Carlos,*—making no secret of his delirious emotions,—reproaches the *Queen;* is reminded of his duty; and is prompted to remain faithful to the cause of the oppressed Netherlands. In that episode the dialogue signifies that, secretly, the *Queen* loves the *Prince,*—although denying it; but that, by nature as well as by principle, she is dedicated to a life of duty. Throughout the play this character is blameless and noble; her marriage with *Philip* has been compulsory, a matter of state policy, and by that she abides. The *Marquis* gives warning of the approach of *King Philip.* The *Prince* rapidly retires. The *King* arrives, attended by priest and courtiers, and he is incensed to find the *Queen* alone. Suspicion and jealousy are indicated, on the part of the monarch. *Carlos* re-enters, and presently the royal command is given that the court shall remove to Madrid.

From that point the movement, while episodical and deficient of unity, is measurably rapid and of cumulative interest and effect. *Carlos* entreats the *King* to send him to the Netherlands, in command of the Spanish army, but that request is denied, and the command is allotted to the cruel *Duke of Alva. Carlos,* misled by the *Princess Eboli,* who secretly loves him, keeps an unexpected tryst with that lady,—thinking

that he has been summoned by the *Queen;* and, in the course of a perplexed interview, he possesses himself of a disgraceful letter that the *Princess* has received from *King Philip.* The *Princess* is repulsed and mortified, but she has the solace of having discovered the secret of the *Prince's* love for the *Queen,* and, in her furious resentment,—assuming that the *Queen* is disloyal to her husband,—she contrives to betray some part of that dangerous knowledge to the *King.* In the original this *Princess Eboli* seems, at first, to be a sincere woman, only culpable in vanity, weakness, folly, and the blind ardor of an unfortunate passion; but, subsequently, in her rage, she becomes a wanton to the *King,* a traitor to her mistress, and a deadly foe to *Carlos,* conspiring with the *King's* confessor, *Domingo,* and the *King's* general, the *Duke of Alva,* to accomplish the *Prince's* ruin. This, in the stage version, is but imperfectly indicated; and in both the original and the acting copy the *Princess* is made to communicate her lovelorn condition to a *Page,* who is her messenger,—an expedient equally needless, senseless, and absurd. The suspicion and jealousy of the *King,* however, are shown to have been fomented by her, and by the priest and *Alva,* and peril rapidly darkens around the *Prince* and the *Queen;* but a fortunate chance causes *Philip* to test the integrity of the *Marquis de Posa* and to raise that nobleman to

the rank of Prime Minister. In that station the *Marquis* protects *Carlos,*—but without first explaining his plan to the *Prince,*—by presently causing him to be arrested and imprisoned, in order to keep him out of danger: and, after that, the *King* having become persuaded of the *Prince's* guilt, the *Marquis* contrives, through the prearranged miscarriage of a self-incriminating letter, to shield *Carlos,* by assuming the whole burden of his friend's offence.

The climax is soon reached. *King Philip,* convinced by the guileful letter that it is the *Marquis* who loves the *Queen,* and that the *Marquis* is a traitor, causes him to be shot, from an ambush, in the prison, just after he has explained his friendly plot to *Carlos,* and made known the measures that have been devised for the salvation of the good cause in the Netherlands. Here, dominant over a scene of complex emotion, genuine tragic import, and superb eloquence, *Carlos* turns upon the *King* and overwhelms him with a torrent of passionate invective, wild lamentation, and bitter rebuke. *Carlos* is now free; but his foes have surprised the secret of his intended flight to Flanders, —there to oppose his royal father's power; and they provide for his capture. A midnight meeting between *Carlos* and the *Queen* occurs, in the garden of the Escurial. Their mood is one of almost celestial exaltation. The *Prince* would dedicate himself to the

liberation of the oppressed Netherlands. The *Queen* would cheer and strengthen him in devotion to that cause. They are to part, and never to meet again. At the moment of their parting they are confronted by the *King* and the *Grand Inquisitor* of Spain. The *Queen* falls insensible, and *Carlos* is delivered into the hands of the monks, to be taken to his death, in the secret chambers of the Inquisition.

The tale is one of love and sorrow, presenting images of noble heroism and tender pathos, and these are enmeshed in a network of political intrigue, and, by art which is more poetical than dramatic, are relieved against a sombre background of superstition, baleful mystery and deadly danger. The stealthy, reptile, iron personality of the malignant, implacable Spanish King pervades the whole fabric with horror and broods over it like a pall. There is one, and but one, ray of light in the story, and that is very faint,—no more, in fact, than a momentary glint of something like humor, consequent on awkwardness of situation. That glimmer appears when the enamored *Princess Eboli* has sent her unsigned letter to *Carlos,* by one of the *Queen's* pages, inviting him to a secret meeting, and when *Carlos,* erroneously supposing the summons to have come from the *Queen,* has thereupon, in a kind of ecstasy, made haste to obey it. The *Princess Eboli,* much to his

consternation, receives him very kindly;—at first with coy surprise; then with delight; and then with undisguised ardor. The situation, of course, is one of cross purposes, while the dialogue, for a time, is one of equivoke: at the climax it becomes exceedingly serious; but while it lasts it affords a kind of wan amusement,—soon to be displaced by a grave perception of impending peril and anxious suspense.

The character of *Don Carlos,* as drawn by Schiller, has been thought to resemble that of Shakespeare's *Hamlet,*—probably for the reason that both characters implicate the attributes of morbid sensibility, filial affection, passionate resentment, vacillating weakness, and sombre melancholy, and because both are exhibited in the princely station. No two persons, however, could be more dissimilar, as well in temperament and mind as in circumstances and experience. In the character of *Hamlet* there is a pre-ordination to gloom, misery, and failure: he is even found to be contemplating suicide, before any cause has occurred to produce a mental condition probably precipitant to that effect,—for suicide is either an act of insanity or a cowardly crime. His mind, thus congenitally darkened, is presently unsettled by the shock of a preternatural visitation,—the appearance of a spirit from beyond the grave. Finally, he is a man who has once loved, but who loves no more. *Carlos* can be said

to resemble *Hamlet,* in being of a romantic disposition; in being an ideal friend; in being wayward; and in being a Prince who, with good reason, is suspicious of his environment, in an imperial court; but in the fibre of his being *Carlos* is completely a different man from *Hamlet.* Schiller was, essentially, a subjective poet, and he seems to have drawn his heroes mostly from the model of himself. *Carlos,* in the play, is an affectionate son; a devoted friend; an ardent disciple of human liberty; a sentimentalist; and, above all, a lover: in some particulars exactly such a being as the dramatist who invented him. A cruel fate has forced him into an abnormal and unspeakably distressing position; for he cannot stifle his honest love for the woman to whom he has been betrothed, and it is sinful that he should persist in loving the woman whom his father has wedded. He is not of the heroic strain. Yet, when brought to the test, he behaves well,—perceiving, and showing, that duty is nobler than love. The finer side of his character is illustrated by his fervid response to friendship: and, indeed, its exposition of friendship is, pre-eminently, the crowning excellence of the play. *Carlos* and *de Posa,* friends and comrades from boyhood, are loyal to each other under all circumstances and through all vicissitudes and trials, and, in a spirit of beautiful devotion, *de Posa* gives his life for his friend,—"cutting off,"

as he declares it, "two transient hours of evening, to secure a long, bright summer day." This truly is the valuable purport and enduring message of the tragedy. It would be difficult to find, in the whole wide range of dramatic literature, a more illuminative, pathetic, thrilling, and altogether splendid climax of noble passion than that which is reached when *Carlos,* after denouncing and defying the vast, tremendous, envenomed, and deadly power of the Spanish crown and the Romish Church, casts himself upon the corpse of his murdered comrade, crying, in the agony of despair: "Seek among strangers for a son! Here lies *my* kingdom!"

Mansfield's ample and diversified dramatic powers were only partially elicited by those characters of dramatic fiction that act from the motive of amatory impulse. He disclosed, indeed, when acting such of them as he chose to impersonate, an acute observer's knowledge of that distemperature; but he was never an ideal lover: the amatory characters, in which he succeeded, are persons who are not lovers only but something more. His portrayal of the idolatry of *Carlos* was interesting as a study; well sustained; picturesque; poetical; but it had not, for the unenthralled spectator, a decisive impartment of conviction. The *Romeo* personality and experience do not, never did, and never will, entirely consort with the essential

intellect. On the other hand, in every scene requiring authority, chivalry, manly feeling, defiant courage, and tragic power, Mansfield displayed himself as an actor for great parts, splendid moments, and largely exacting occasions; an actor possessed of the perception to discern a splendid opportunity, the imagination to grasp a massive and complex character, and the faculty so to impersonate as to create illusion. In the sarcastic colloquy that *Carlos* has with *Domingo;* in the belligerent encounter that *Carlos* has with *Alva;* in the final conference that *Carlos* has with *de Posa;* and, above all, in the tempestuous, volcanic, magnificent torrent of passionate avowal, apostrophe, denunciation, eulogy, lament, defiance, and despairing anguish through which *Carlos* pours forth his soul, before the collapse upon the dead body of his friend, he manifested a diversity of faculty, a dignity of mind, a subtlety of apprehension, a depth of feeling, and a power of sustained utterance, entirely adequate to a great theme.

XVII.

PEER GYNT.

It is possible that Ibsen's confused, formless fabric of "Peer Gynt" possesses some valuable meaning, and it is possible that Mansfield comprehended it: on the other hand, it is certain that its meaning does not lie upon the surface, and that the actor, if possessed of its secret, did not reveal it. Viewed as a work of executive art, Mansfield's impersonation of the preposterous vagabond whom he called *Peer Gynt* was found to possess the attributes of consistency, sustained energy, and abundant artificial emotion: it was an impersonation, because of what Mansfield put into the character, not because of what he found in it, that amply exhibited alike the resources of the actor and his expert facility in the use of them: but viewed either as an image of anything natural among mankind or as the presentment of a valuable conception of anything ideal in poetic imagination, it was a grotesque, and often an absurd, eccentricity. The actor's revelation of himself,—his moods, his vagaries, his unconventionality, his egotism, his cynicism, his

gentleness, his benevolence, his capricious sympathy with extreme views and mental delusions, combined with his common sense and his wide knowledge of human nature,—was exceedingly interesting: but the subject he undertook to illustrate proved about as suitable for treatment in dramatic form as the Binomial Theorem would be, or the Differential Calculus, or "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," or Ferne on "Contingent Remainders." "Peer Gynt" may please the seekers after freaks, whim-whams, and novations: "Were I in England, now," says *Trinculo,* "and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian": judgment and taste in dramatic art and literature, on the other hand, are only wearied by it.

Enthusiasts of the writings of Ibsen have intimated that "Peer Gynt" is not a play but a dramatic poem; that it is not intended as a picture of actual life, but as an allegory; that it is, first, a satire on the provincial character of the people of Norway, and, secondly, a homily on the paltry, contemptible littleness of human nature and on the egregious folly of individual egotism; that *Gynt* is an emblem of

Photograph by Sweet

MANSFIELD AS *PEER GYNT*

(*Act I.*)

concrete Man, considered as a thing that never was worthy of having been made or saved; and, accordingly, that everything is nothing and all is "gas and gaiters." That cynical opinion was long ago satirically expressed by Lockhart, in two lines, declaring

> That nothing's new, and nothing's true,
> And nothing signifies.

That view of the subject, however, being accepted, the fabric is found to appertain to the Symbolical order of fiction,—such as "The Pilgrim's Progress," or "The Tale of a Tub," to both of which it is vastly inferior,—a form that is useful in literature, but one that is foreign to all the sensible purposes of the stage. Upon the arid, misanthropical impartment itself,—the freight that is conveyed in the allegory,—it would be idle to waste a passing thought, for it does not even possess the slender value of being fresh. Goethe created his *Mephistopheles* in order to voice it, and to show its falsehood, long before Henrik Ibsen emerged; Shakespeare caused the haunted, despairing brain of *Hamlet* to formulate and utter it, in one sentence, long before Goethe was born; and Lucretius, in the desolate grandeur of his wonderful verse, said it, with incomparable cogency, ages before them all. There is, probably, no thinking man,—no man really capable

of the laborious process of thought,—to whom, at some time of profound self-disgust, it has not occurred that, in the colossal, interminable, inconceivable sum of things in the universe, he, as a unit, is an infinitely petty and unimportant object, and that the pother he makes about his personality, his salvation, and his immortal existence is, to the last degree, ridiculous. No person, however, whether thoughtful or heedless, has ever found comfort or help in an arraignment of creation or an indictment of human nature; and the author who would make the condition of despair authentic and the habit of surrender customary must possess a genius and a control of the literary art that are nothing less than magical. No such genius or control is perceptible in any of the writings of the dissatisfied Ibsen: least of all in his chaotic, crotchety, visionary "Peer Gynt." It was wisely said by that fine thinker and delicate poet, Henry Taylor (in his thoughtful preface to "Philip Van Artevelde"), that "the knowledge of human nature which is exclusive of what is good in it is, to say the least, as shallow and imperfect as that which is exclusive of what is evil: there is no such thing as philosophical misanthropy."

Upon the Symbolism of "Peer Gynt" there is no need to pause. It is as a play that "Peer Gynt"

was presented by Mansfield, who had cut and carved it so as to make it measurably serviceable for scenic pageantry, and to some slight extent practicable as a vehicle for dramatic action. *Gynt,* as impersonated by him, was, at first, a dissolute youth, and at last a wretched old man. In the interval between youth and old age, he acted in a selfish, foolish, vicious, reckless, weak, and wicked manner, indulging his mental caprices and physical appetites without restraint and passing through much experience,—some of it pleasant, some of it painful; some of it shown, some of it only mentioned. In the beginning he was a merry loafer and a mendacious braggart; not, however, destitute of attractive faculties, such as nimble fancy, a fawn-like sympathy with nature, and great physical strength. His first characteristic action was to place his loquacious mother, *Ase,* upon the top of her wood-shed, and leave her there, for having berated him because he had neglected a chance of getting married to rich farmer *Haegstad's* pretty daughter *Ingrid.* His next conspicuous proceeding was to intrude on a wedding festivity at *Haegstad's* abode where *Ingrid* was about to be forced into marriage with another peasant, and to carry off the bride to an inaccessible retreat in the neighboring hills. He then repudiated *Ingrid,*—having, apparently, meanwhile, in her

case, pursued the system of amorous potentiality prescribed by Professor Moody, in his celebrated *vade mecum* of "love" called "The Great Divide"—and plunged into a wild debauch with a *Green Wench,* the daughter of a *Troll King,* with whom and her tribe, for a while, he inhabited a mountain cavern. Soon he wearied of that association and contrived to be expelled from it; but he found himself hampered and impeded by something circumambient, pervasive, and slimy,—called *The Great Boyg,*—supposedly a *Troll* of stupendous dimensions; theoretically a symbol of conscience, physical exhaustion, or nervous prostration, according to the observer's whim and "the sisters three." He escaped, however, and presently he encountered a girl named *Solveig,* whom he had seen and fancied at the *Haegstad* festival, and who proved to be in love with him. He then built a hut in the woods and determined to dwell in it, with that virtuous and fascinating female; but his residential purpose was frustrated by the sudden advent of the *Green Wench,* bringing her hideous offspring, a baleful, elfish child, of which, it appeared, he was the father. He precipitately retreated from that encounter, deserted *Solveig,* and repaired to his original home, where he found his mother in a moribund condition, and where he edified her parting soul with a semi-

delirious description of a drive with her to the gates of Heaven. When next seen he was an elderly merchant, who had accumulated vast wealth, by all kinds of nefarious speculation, carried on in America,—shrewd, tricky dealing in Rum, Rice, Idols, Bibles, and Niggers,—and he was entertaining "friends," at a feast, in a palm grove on the shores of Morocco. Much of his wealth was understood to be stored in his steam yacht, at anchor, off shore. His "friends" took advantage of his momentary absence, stole his yacht and went to sea in her: but her boiler exploded and they were killed. He then penetrated into an adjacent desert, and soon he was heard of as a luxurious Arab chieftain, consorting with a houri, named *Anitra,*—who robbed and deserted him. Later he was a passenger aboard a ship, bound for Norway. The ship was wrecked on the Norwegian coast, but *Gynt* unfortunately escaped drowning and got ashore, where, presently, he met a mysterious person designated *The Button Maker*, who proved to be Death in disguise: he had already met him once, aboard the ship. That functionary apprised *Gynt* that he was a nonentity, and, as such, must die, and be commingled with other nonentities, in a melting pot. That thought, much more tersely expressed, is in Swift's "Day of Judgment." *Gynt* objected to that arrangement and appealed to *Sol-*

veig, now old, like himself, begging her to testify that, at least, he was possessed of the substantial individuality of having been a sturdy sinner: but *Solveig,*—receiving him with a holy love, of which he never had been worthy,—declared him to be a child of the eternal God, and, by reason of her celestial fidelity, saved him from death, or else (the alternative was dubious) from a doom of spiritual annihilation. The end, even in Mansfield's abridgment of the play, was long in coming, and when it did come it was a blue fog.

The play, as adapted by Mansfield,—who, while he mercifully shortened it, made no attempt to improve the wretched style of its translators, the Archer brethren,—is, technically, melodrama; for the reason that it is composed of episodical situations, which are illustrated by music—the music, long known and much admired, being that of Edward Grieg. There is no objection to melodrama. The objection to this specimen of it is that it is a coarse, irrational, fantastic, obscure, absurd patch-work of flatulent bombast and hysterical nonsense. Mansfield, however, accentuated in it the specious element of singularity,—an artistic masquerader that often successfully poses as genius,—and made the most that could be made of every situation. The whole prodigious burden of animat-

Photograph by Sweet

MANSFIELD AS *PEER GYNT*

(*Act V.*)

ing, sustaining, and impelling the deadly dulness and gelid inertia of the piece was borne by him, but his intrepid spirit and enterprising ingenuity were at times seen to be perplexed and lost among the *Boygs* and bogs of stogy symbolism. His vitality, however, was marvellous, and he expended it without stint. His expression of the buoyancy of youth, the luxuriance of health, and the joyous reckless indifference of a dare-devil spirit was extraordinary and delightful, in its seeming spontaneity and fluency. His airy, playful, sarcastic humor, when *Gynt* was in colloquy with the *Trolls,* provided a breezy exemplification of piquant drollery and was replete with comic character. His conduct in the death scene,—the best scene in the play,—expertly simulated wild passion and acute suffering, combined with self-pity and theatrical delirium; the whole showy, extravagant outburst, however, being suffused with that attentive, observant, obvious, self-consciousness which is inseparable from the endeavor, whether made in speaking, or writing, or anything else, to express something that is unreal or unfelt. The dominant quality of Mansfield's performance of *Peer Gynt,*—and that, indeed, was its supreme merit,—was its complete saturation with the airy complacence of indurated selfishness. At the close the actor, entirely out of his own nature, and because

he could not help it, struck a true note, expressing by pathetic suggestion the abject helplessness of humanity, which, when man is defeated, dazed, lost, and forlorn upon the dread confines of eternity, stretches forth its feeble hands toward the solace of human love. Gray has said it, in immortal words:

> On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
> E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
> E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

XVIII.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

ANDRÉ DE JADOT.

MANSFIELD'S play entitled "Monsieur" was one result of his early experience of hardship and privation in London. It is a domestic drama, tinged with romance. It was designated by its author "A Dramatic Sketch." It is, however, more pictorial than dramatic. It is languid in movement and it contains only a few incidents. It displays a specific type of character, environed with painful circumstances,—which end in happiness,—and it illustrates heroism and pathos; the heroism that meets misfortune bravely and without complaint, and the pathos that is incident to patient endurance of adversity. It is written in a fluent, flexible style, and, in copying phases of possible, actual life, it exalts what it copies.

The scene is laid in New York. There are three acts. *André de Jadot,* called *Monsieur,* is an impoverished French gentleman, who earns an inadequate subsistence by teaching music. His first appearance is made at an evening party,

in the luxurious home of a wealthy citizen, one of his patrons. He is to play, for the entertainment of that opulent person's guests. He is correctly attired,—all his capital consisting of a dress suit and musical talent. On this occasion he is faint with hunger, and presently he breaks down in his task of amusement. When next shown he is starving, in a garret, destitute but cheerful. He has wedded his rich patron's daughter, and his bride, disowned by her father, is helping him to endure privation and to continue his work as a musical composer. Youth and love are sustained by hope and are defiant of poverty. Troubles accumulate. An enemy to *André,* who has deprived him of his rightful inheritance, seeks to deprive him also of his wife, but at last is discomfited at every point, and *Monsieur* is acknowledged as a nobleman, rich, respected, triumphant, and happy.

Mansfield clearly and effectively impersonated *André de Jadot,* indicating a character that combines the attributes of honor, purity, cheerful patience, and exquisite refinement, and thus refreshing the public mind by a sympathetic portraiture, winning, instructive, and helpful, of an ideal human being. The marked characteristics of his art, in that delineation, were elegance of

demeanor, repose, passionate sincerity, and incessant variety of action. Qualities inherent in his own complex personality likewise asserted themselves in the performance,—impulsiveness, sentiment, boyish simplicity, and involuntary drollery. At one point he introduced various musical comicalities, in the use of which he was always remarkably expert, and with those auxiliaries he sensibly abated a certain insipidity, which always is likely to infuse itself into domestic drama, and which was obvious in this example of it. The play of "Monsieur" ranges itself with such plays as "Monsieur Mallet," "The First Night," and "The Old Guard," and Mansfield's assumption of *André de Jadot* merited remembrance with certain gem-like performances that were given, long ago, by such accomplished actors as James H. Hackett, Charles Wheatleigh, John Nickinson, and William Rufus Blake.

HUMPHREY LOGAN.

It once happened to Mansfield that he was constrained to perform in one of those singular concoctions which pretend to reflect "Nature" by depicting the slums. The incident is notable only as an example of the humiliating hardship that some-

times befalls a fine actor. That accomplished tragedian William Creswick (1818-1888) related to me, with a bitter resentment which had survived all the vicissitudes of many years, that once, in early life, he was compelled, when acting in "Richard III.," to appear and perform *on horseback!* "Master and Man" was the name of the slum drama in which Mansfield acted, and he appeared in it as a rascal named *Humphrey Logan.* The play was of London origin, made by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt (1848-1893), clever writers, who had written in a better vein.

There is in London, as there is in America, an ignorant audience, capable of credence that the life of the people is depicted and extolled by a play that assails the wealthy seducer and conducts the virtuous but persecuted workingman through many preposterous tribulations to the haven of domestic bliss. That audience, in the British capital, commonly repairs to the theatre fortified with tripe and onions, there to consume plenteous beer, and sometimes to smoke the pipe of peace, while it contemplates a theatrical "set-to" between Virtue and Villainy, and beholds Villainy "knocked-out," usually in four "rounds." For that audience "Master and Man" was concocted,—following in the wake of many theatrical "gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire." It could not well be a worse play than most of its

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MANSFIELD AS *NAPOLEON BONAPARTE*

predecessors of kindred character, and, perhaps, in some respects, it was a little better: the mechanical structure was, generally, compact; but, as remarked by *Grumio,* there is small choice in rotten apples. In the slum drama the persons who speak have little or no occasion for grammar, and the persons who act are independent of rational motive, natural conduct, and all such airy trifles as probability, common sense, and the laws of physical nature. Most of them, furthermore, appear to be ignorant of the use of soap. It is a drama that exhales the fragrance of boiled cabbage, and in that way it announces itself as true. No imagination, no poetry, no high art, no nonsense! All is real, literal, homely, the copy of life as life actually is, and life, of course, consists of a combat between rich, sensual aristocrats, and poor, virtuous mechanics; a combat inscrutably devised for the purpose of disseminating moral precepts. Old-fashioned observers, who think that human beings act in accordance with character and from a variety of motives, commingling impulse and principle, and, likewise, that they act under the restriction of complicated circumstances, are mistaken and should gaze on the Slum Drama and awaken from their delusions.

Mansfield, as *Humphrey Logan,* impersonated a coarse and common man who is half-crazed with

amatory passion, and whose instincts of self-indulgence and ferocity are stimulated to extravagant expression in a delirium of evil deeds. By means of expert treatment, expressive of that ideal, he tried to make the character credible. The task was hopeless,—*Logan* being a brutish blackguard, exaggerated out of all semblance to nature. There is, indeed, no more justification for bringing such a creature on the stage than there would be for bringing a moon-calf there, or any other lutarious product. In one scene, when *Logan* was in imminent danger of being hurled into a fiery furnace, Mansfield very potently expressed the abject, frenzied, yelling, whimpering terror of a wretched poltroon, frightened out of his senses,—thereby arousing memory of that rare comedian Harry Beckett, who created much the same effect, when acting *Harvey Duff,* in a kindred situation in Dion Boucicault's clever play of "The Shaughraun." In an earlier scene, Mansfield's delivery of *Logan's* avowal of love for *Hester Thornbury,* the heroine, was so fine, in its fervency and its complete simulation of sincerity, that it aroused expectation of important and admirable dramatic development; but the part of *Logan* soon straggles away into a tangle of incongruous extravagant, silly situations, and all pretence of anything but artificial stage-effect was seen to have been

abandoned. No actor, however able or famous, should be censured for appearing in a good melodrama. There is a wide difference, however, between such a play as "The Lyons Mail" and such a play as "The Lonely Man of the Ocean; or, The Night Before the Bridal, with the Terrors of the Yellow Admiral and the Perils of the Battle and the Breeze." Mansfield, in "Master and Man," was Pegasus harnessed to an ash cart—and Pegasus "came the cropper" he deserved for associating himself with that vehicle.

NERO.

THE Roman Emperor Nero is painted as a monster, and as such he was represented by Mansfield. An observer desirous to learn something of ancient Roman history could derive from his impersonation of *Nero* the benefit of trustworthy knowledge. Mansfield, whose humor inclined toward eccentricities and was continually craving something new, probably chose the character because it is one of power and variety. An opportunity for sudden transitions from sensuous, carnal rapacity to icy, infernal humor was naturally tempting to him. Brilliant dramatic points could be made by a deft use of that expedient. An evil creature who is endowed with a fastidious taste, an opulent sensual temperament, poetic sensibility and poetic faculty,

and who commits atrocities with the bland nonchalance of unconscious turpitude, becomes, in a certain grim, sardonic way, an image of drollery; and while he causes a shudder he can also cause an hysterical amusement. Mansfield impersonated *Nero* in that spirit, and he produced, alternately, the effect of horror and of uneasy mirth. He laid much emphasis upon the artistic properties of *Nero's* character, and in that way tried to palliate depravity by associating it with sentiment. The endeavor was useless. A villain is a villain, and equally so, whether arrayed in foul rags or festooned with roses. Mansfield's *Nero* was intrinsically inhuman; an æsthetic viper, but a viper all the same. The tragedy, planned (as other plays were) by Mansfield and written by Thomas Russell Sullivan, consists of a series of episodical theatrical pictures, illustrative of the last days of the cruel, ruthless, sentimental tyrant. Like all such narrow, insensate persons, *Nero* lived for sensual enjoyment. The tragedy shows him trying to elude a woman by whom he is loved (for it seems that every man, however base and wicked, is loved by some woman), and pursuing a woman by whom he is loathed: and it ends with a violent death for all of them. In each of the situations of luxury and horror Mansfield maintained an intensity of diabolical selfishness, combined with a bland uncon-

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MANSFIELD AS *NAPOLEON BONAPARTE*

(Death Scene)

sciousness of iniquity that was made singularly piquant by flashes of unexpected, preposterous humor. As an exhibition of depravity the embodiment was more than odious, it was terrible,—an image of infernal puissance and glittering malignity temporarily triumphant by reason of the indomitable individuality of genius. In action it did not liberate the tempest. Fineness of method impaired effect. The movement was slow. There was abundance of power but no passion,—other than what was named. Words relative to the conscious ecstasy of poetic rapture cannot be trusted to move the human heart. That rapture means much to those who know its meaning, but to most persons it has no significance. In the moment of the death of *Nero's* love Mansfield made the man impressive, and all the action that followed till the exit into the darkness was superb. There were many delicate beauties of impersonation in the performance, not the least of which was a sustained air of carnal vitality and sensual enjoyment, curiously blended with poetic charm. To a spectator of acting the value of the embodiment was the fidelity with which it conveyed a truthful ideal of an infamous historical person. De Quincey, it will be remembered, in his fine study of the Cæsars, reached the conclusion that Nero and other princes of the Julian house were tainted with insanity.

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.

THE once popular novel, by Samuel Warren, called "Ten Thousand a Year," is laborious, cumbersome, often dull, and some of it is written in a tedious vein of caricature. The dominant character is *Oily Gammon,* while *Titmouse,* as his name implies, is a fatuous nonentity. Mansfield did not allow himself to be fettered by the novel. His ideal of *Titmouse* exhibited exact appreciation of the original,—a puppet, in the hands of a rascal,—but that orginal was, in the acting, skilfully modified by an engraftment upon it of certain fine attributes, such as are vitally essential to a vehicle of dramatic or pathetic conduct. The actor deviated freely from the author, but his freedom was justified by its felicity. *Titmouse* is a cockney snob, and it was compulsory that he should be so represented; at first in comic situations, and then in one situation of forlorn perplexity, where he is moved by an impulse of rectitude. Mansfield's ingenuity and profound sincerity, combined with his felicity of impersonation and his piquant oddity of character, invested the part with artistic value, made it entertaining, and evoked compassion for a grotesque image of helpless humanity. Nothing more could have been done; for it was, and is, impossible to dignify a

shrimp. An actor's attitude toward his subject, however, should be particularly considered. A carver can show his technical skill as clearly in cutting a cherry-stone as in cutting a gem. Upon that principle Mansfield acted, treating a frail part in a spirit of artistic zeal, and creating a new figure in the realm of whimsicality. It was one of his minor studies, a cameo of fancy. His *Titmouse* was the reverse of his *Brummell.* In *Brummell* he exhibited a man who is a dandy by nature: in *Titmouse* he exhibited a man who is a dandy by affectation. In both characters the humor was, apparently, spontaneous. *Titmouse* was not a creation of permanent value, but Mansfield's performance of the part afforded decisive evidence that he was an actor of eccentric bias, wishful to walk outside of the beaten track. *Titmouse* is a radical absurdity, but, as remarked by Dr. Johnson, "the great need of delineating absurdities is that we may know how far human folly can go."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The longing to be considered a Napoleon has animated many bosoms in the theatrical world (and out of it), and it was natural that Mansfield, who always earnestly wished to be,—and

to be considered,—*executive,* should have desired to assume the resolute, dominant personality of that alert, intrepid, ruthless, meteoric, tremendous man. On the last night of one of his New York engagements, October 27, 1894, at the Herald Square Theatre, he produced a play relative to the great Corsican soldier and emperor, and acted in it, as *Napoleon.* That composition had been announced as "A Full Dress Rehearsal or Reading of 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' a Play in Five Acts, by Lorimer Stoddard, Esquire." In place of the usual play-bills, slips of paper were provided, for the audience, containing a synopsis of the scenes and a list of the parts. On occasion of later presentments of that piece, which were infrequent, it was designated "Scenes and Incidents from the Life of the Emperor Napoleon." The play,—if play it can be called, which is devoid alike of action and of any semblance of dramatic mechanism,—is a series of pictures, interspersed with explanatory soliloquies. It exhibits *Napoleon* at various places and under various circumstances;—at Tilsit; at Fontainebleau, after the disastrous retreat from Moscow; as victimized by treachery and forced to abdicate his throne; at Elba, in banishment, plotting that return to France which resulted in the variable

fortunes and fatal culminating disaster of "the Hundred Days"; as brooding over the chances of destiny, on the night before the battle of Waterloo; and, finally, at St. Helena, with the release of death. For the purposes of an actor, such a fabric could afford nothing more than opportunity to "make-up" so as to resemble the portraits of Napoleon, and, being thus "made-up," to animate tableaux. In a fine, genuine play, relative to some essentially dramatic passages in the wonderful career of the Corsican, Mansfield, undoubtedly, would have given a great performance and obtained a great success, as *Napoleon.* All that he could do in this piece was to improve the pictorial opportunities, and that he did. The only approach to a dramatic effect was obtained in the picture of the night before Waterloo, when, as said by Sir Walter Scott, in that weird poem of his called "The Dance of Death,"

> Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower
> Marked it a predestin'd hour:

that being, practically, a reminiscence of the scene in Shakespeare's tragedy of "Richard III.," in which the ill-fated king,—alone, conscious of treachery and incertitude all around him, and oppressed with ghastly presentiment,—muses before

his tent, and questions, in his soul, the decree of destiny and the arbitrament of battle. Mansfield was exceedingly effective in his make-up for *Napoleon,* and by his picturesque aspect, profound earnestness, prodigious vitality, and harsh, though expressive, vocalism, he invested the part with such impressive weight as appertains to a singular, grim, and potential personality. His performance,—as a denotement of his natural powers and his artistic resources,—was insignificant when compared with the really great achievements of his career, yet it elicited no inconsiderable quantity of the injudicious commendation which naturally exudes from thoughtless enthusiasm for that which is odd and strange. Mansfield's personal view of the part and of his performance of it was, generally, unfavorable. He sometimes spoke of them with ridicule and contempt. He was not, indeed, averse to praise, even for his *Napoleon;* but, in thoughtful moments, he resented the commendation that was bestowed on works that he deemed trivial, while it was withheld from those he knew to be superb.

CAPTAIN BLUNTSCHLI.

THE part of *Captain Bluntschli* is prominent in a play, by George Bernard Shaw, called "Arms

Courtesy of Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio

MANSFIELD AS *CAPTAIN BLUNTSCHLI*

(*"Arms and the Man," Act I.*)

and the Man," which Mansfield first produced on September 17, 1894, at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, and with which he opened the Garrick Theatre, on April 23, 1895. The obvious purpose of that play is cynical satire, used, primarily, to ridicule military matters, but, in a secondary sense, perhaps, to rebuke self-sufficiency and pretentious convention. That way of depicting the proceedings of mankind is sometimes salutary. Much that occurs in social life is trivial, and most persons habitually contemplate themselves with preposterous gravity. Such old humorists as Sterne and Swift noticed the fact and wrote amusing comments on it. W. S. Gilbert, in his brilliant play of "Engaged," applied caustic satire to convention, selfishness, and sham, in a keen dramatic style and with a drollery of sarcasm that are irresistible. The same course was pursued by the writer of "Arms and the Man," and the play is one that causes thought as well as mirth. The portrayal of circumstance displayed in it is intentionally ridiculous. *Captain Bluntschli,* flying from many martial enemies, intrudes into a lady's boudoir and insists that she must shelter him. The *Captain* is tired, the lady is romantic, each of them, for a while, is a humbug, and they are surrounded with humbugs. From those characters and from the complications in which they are involved a topsy-turvey

view of everything is cleverly derived, through which the observer is made to perceive the precious nature of truth and simplicity. Mansfield possessed, in abundance, the attributes required for a perfect impersonation of the weary warrior,—phlegmatic composure, sentimental temperament, elegance of bearing, coolness, bland effrontery, a telling delivery, and a clear cut style. His performance of *Captain Bluntschli* was a delicious piece of mystification, crisp in speech and diversified by airy nonchalance and whimsical humor.

RODION ROMANYTCH.

THE part of *Rodion Romanytch,* which Mansfield acted for the first time on December 3, 1895, at the Garrick Theatre, New York, and which almost immediately he discarded, occurs in a play called "The Story of Rodion, the Student," made by Mr. Charles Henry Metzler, on the basis of a Russian novel, by Feodor Dostoevski, entitled "Crime and Punishment," and of a French play by MM. Le Roux and Ginisty, which had been derived from the same source. *Rodion,* in that drama, is an intellectual young man, of fine sensibility and scholar-like taste, an enthusiast for freedom, who becomes a fanatic,

and, under circumstances which seem almost to compel the act, commits a murder. The theory of the character is that long continued contemplation of social wrong and outrage, combined with intent brooding on the consequences of oppression, has so affected *Rodion's* mind and inflamed his resentful feelings that he deems it right and necessary to kill a tyrant, or other public enemy, wherever encountered, and that his act of slaughter,—done upon a ruthless, loathsome brute,—is an act of justice. So Charlotte Corday reasoned, when she smote Marat. So Felton reasoned, when he smote the Duke of Buckingham.

The story is that *Isaak Ivanoff,* a villainous, libidinous old man, who prospers by usury and by oppression of the poor, has, among other atrocious actions, shamefully degraded a lovely girl, named *Sonia,* beloved by *Rodion.* The miscreant *Ivanoff* is found dead, under circumstances that show him to have been murdered. An astute police magistrate, named *Petrovitch,* who has read a printed essay by *Rodion,* called "Killing No Murder," and who, officially, is cognizant of the known circumstances of the murder of *Ivanoff,* suspects the student of having committed the crime, but is unable to obtain evidence that will sustain an arraignment and accusation of

him. Meanwhile the murderer, tormented by remorse, ravaged by fever and by conflicting emotions, suffers terribly, alike in body and mind. Delirium ensues, and, in a delirious condition, he enacts, before the audience, the literal doing of the deed of blood,—expressing his agony of shuddering horror of the murder that he is about to commit; his terror of the silent house; his convulsive start, at the sudden sound of a clock, striking the hour; his hysterical prayer to be delivered from temptation; his access of fury; his struggle with the wretched *Ivanoff*, when, waking from sleep, the villain strives for life; his killing of his victim, with an axe; his robbery of the corpse, and his loathing and dread of it; his cleansing of his person, bespattered with blood; and afterward, his agony of apprehension and fear. The delirium terminates with insensibility, upon the entrance of the girl *Sonia*. At the last *Sonia* persuades *Rodion* to confess his crime and atone for it.

Throughout the whole of Mansfield's career he was,—however reluctantly and resentfully,—more or less under the artistic influence of that great actor, Henry Irving, and emulative of his example. His performance of *Rodion* provided conclusive illustration of that truth. The only

important scene in the play is that of the delirious rehearsal of the murder, and that, obviously and indisputably, is an imitation of the mesmeric scene in Leopold Lewis's drama of "The Bells," —a play inspired, planned, vitalized, and sustained by Henry Irving, in which, as *Mathias,* he gave the most thrilling, heartrending revelation of the agonies of remorse ever shown on the stage of our time. Mansfield's impersonation of *Rodion,* while able and effective, characterized by ample force and by admirable mastery of detail, was, in essential respects, only a variant, or echo, of Irving's *Mathias,* and not, in any particular, commensurate with that incomparable, poetic presentment of mental and spiritual torture and anguish. On a few occasions, long ago, Irving spoke to me about the effect of his influence upon other actors,—an effect that he could not help seeing, for no man on the stage ever had more imitators. "Parts like *Mathias,*" he once said, "are easy enough, now, for any good actor to play—easy *now*—because I have shown them all how to do it. But it is not right for other actors to show the flower of *my* seed as original with themselves, nor, in the long run, will they get very far by doing it. Each must carve for himself." Those were, and are, true words.

Mansfield did no good by *Rodion.* His performance of the part exerted no magnetism and evoked no sympathy, and, after a few scattered repetitions of it had occurred, in New York and elsewhere, repetitions which failed to awaken any considerable public interest, it was consigned to that well-known capacious wallet into which Time puts alms for Oblivion.

SIR JOHN SOMBRAS.

In the play called "Castle Sombras," by H. G. Smith, Mansfield appeared as an eccentric, mysterious, formidable, forbidding, and yet interesting military nobleman, *Sir John Sombras,* supposed to be resident in England, in the time of Charles I. He dwelt in a grim, old fortified castle, upon a rocky cliff, and his reputation for ferocity had made him the terror of his neighborhood. He was in love with his relative, a woman named *Thyrza Sombras,* and he wished to marry her; but *Thyrza* was in love with another man, and she would not accept him, although an inmate of his castle, and more or less within his power. The other man, named *Hilary Dare,* was the commander of a royal force which had been sent by *King Charles* to besiege Castle Sombras, and to capture and subdue its dangerous,

troublesome chieftain; and so it happened that those rivals in love became also antagonists in war. The contention between them was continuous and fierce, and it was attended by various adventurous proceedings and singular and striking incidents. Like Wallace, in his warfare with Edward I., *Sir John,* disguised as a minstrel, penetrated into the camp of his enemy, but, less fortunate than the Scottish hero, he was seized as a spy and condemned to death. That was a dilemma for the "sweet cherub" who watches over adventurous knights, and the cherub was punctual; for *Dare* became possessed of *Sir John's* portrait of *Thyrza,* and learned of her presence in Castle Sombras, and *Sir John,* unrecognized, was permitted to buy his life, and to depart, upon revealing to *Dare* a talisman that would insure him admission to that fortress. Into the castle, and into the alluring presence of *Thyrza,* the bold *Dare* speedily made his way, and there he was soon confronted by *Sir John;* and then began a bitter strife between those martial lovers, and, simultaneously, in the mind of *Sombras,* a still more bitter strife between his passion for *Thyrza,*—involving a vengeful animosity against her favored suitor,—and his loftier and worthier impulse to be magnanimous and to promote her happiness. The physical incidents of *Sir John's* contest with *Dare,*

in which, of course, the latter was aided by *Thyrza's* ingenuity, were often irrational, but the spiritual experience attendant upon it was salutary, ennobling illuminative as to character, and worthy of considera- tion because of its intimations as to the cruel facts of life and as to wisdom in human conduct. *Sir John* might, at any moment, have swept *Dare* out of his path. He chose, rather, while maintaining the attitude of enmity, and often feeling its spirit, to test the sincerity of *Dare* and *Thyrza,* to watch the beating of their hearts, to sift their characters, and bitterly to vivisect the whole phenomena of love and when at length he had thwarted, one by one, all their schemes for escape, and shown a superiority of soul which neither of them was great enough to recognize, he ended by breaking their chains and sending them out of his castle, to be happy in their own way; and at the last he sat alone by his cheer- less fireside, and watched the dying embers, and faced his fate. It was not a new sequel to human love. Hearts are not gained by desert. Love gives itself. Woman is not won by intellect or character but through individual susceptibility to individual personal charm or other attraction. Mansfield's *Sir John Sombras* expressed his eccentricity and liberated his grim humor. The purpose of the per- formance was the portrayal of an agonizing conflic

between the impulses of good and evil in a passionate, turbulent nature, and in the accomplishment of that purpose, the actor's alternations of deep feeling with bitter sarcasm conveyed a profound impression of sensibility, singularity, and intellectual power. A sombre, reticent, morose man can, nevertheless, be noble, and the isolated, lonely, loveless condition of such a man,—a condition inevitably sequent on the influence of his personality,—is pathetic. Those propositions are tenable, but it could not reasonably be expected that they would animate a play, and they did not animate "Castle Sombras,"—notwithstanding the potent sincerity and ability of Mansfield, as the martial misanthrope, and notwithstanding an infusion of incidents and adventure calculated to awaken interest, and situations of peril devised to cause suspense.

DICK DUDGEON.

THE character of *Dick Dudgeon* occurs in one of G. B. Shaw's plays, called "The Devil's Disciple." Mansfield was at one time attracted by the eccentric style of that writer (concerning whom, later, he expressed to me a cordial disapprobation), and he produced two of his plays. In "The Devil's Disciple" a radical impatience of conventionality, always

favorable to originality in art, is conspicuous. The spirit of the play is protest. Goodness does not always appear in the conduct of persons who profess to be good. A wayward character, compounded of strength, self-will, caprice, recklessness, courage, and latent generosity, can, notwithstanding its perverse condition, suddenly reveal heroism, and show itself immeasurably superior to the average type of smug, vapid, complacent, commonplace virtue. Better a cynical scoffer who can act nobly for others than the cautious, time-serving, niggardly Pharisee who lives for himself alone. Such a man is *Dick Dudgeon,* and he readily gained Mansfield's sympathy. The first act of the play is only notable for the excellent drawing of the character of *Mrs. Dudgeon, Dick's* mother, a New England woman of the Revolutionary times, whose life has been spoiled and whose heart has been embittered by her sacrifice of love to a bigoted sense of Christian duty. The second act becomes animated with invention and incident, and is rich in piquant lines. The recklessness of *Dick,* in allowing himself to be arrested in place of the *Minister,* is dramatically and effectively shown, providing a situation that Mansfield made brilliant and touching by his impetuosity, incipient kindness, and winning seriocomic humor. The play is acrimonious toward the

MANSFIELD AS *DICK DUDGEON*

theology of Jonathan Edwards, the politics of George the Third, and the accomplishments of the British army, and no discerning auditor of it could fail to surmise that it was written by an agnostic and an Irishman; but, aside from its polemics, it is a good play, and Mansfield's impersonation of its hero, *Dick Dudgeon,* was, in a high degree, picturesque, sympathetic, and effective.

EUGENE COURVOISIER.

THE novel of "The First Violin," by Jessie Fothergill, upon the basis of which a play was made for Mansfield, by J. I. C. Clarke and *Meridan Phelps* (Richard Mansfield), contains the story of a brave and gentle person, a German nobleman, who took upon himself the consequences of a criminal misdemeanor committed by his frivolous wife, and who, thereupon, after her sudden death, patiently endured reproach, poverty, and grief, in order to shield the reputation of the dead. The essential fibre of that story is suffering, and, for the obvious reason that suffering is the reverse of action, the fable does not readily lend itself to exposition in dramatic form. Several pleasant and practicable scenes, however, were deduced from the novel, displaying the inception and vicissitudes of love,

between the self-sacrificing nobleman, in the character of an humble musician, and an unsophisticated, high-spirited, impetuous English girl, of whom he became enamored, and who, ultimately, crowned his warped and darkened life with domestic happiness. Condition rather than movement is the conspicuous attribute of the drama. The purpose was to present a noble ideal of character, and to suggest the beauty of patient, cheerful endurance, made charming by reticence, and by exquisite grace, and made piquant by playful humor. The movement of the play, in so far as it possesses movement, is stimulated by the activity of a passionate, unscrupulous woman, who secretly loves the musician, and who spitefully strives to make mischief between him and the English girl whom he loves. The chief merit of the play is its portrayal of an amatory affinity between two persons, combined with its inspiration of a wish that they may presently comprehend each other and become lovers, and that a cloud which unjustly obscures the reputation of an innocent man may be dissipated. The character of *Eugene Courvoisier* makes no draft upon the imagination and but little draft upon feelings, nor does it present any difficulty to an experienced actor. It may be designated as that of a pensive, sentimental, mournful, playful widower, with a strong paternal

MANSFIELD AS *EUGENE COURVOISIER*

(*Presentation Print to Mrs. Mansfield*)

instinct, a pleasant way with children, and a chivalrous demeanor toward women. In the principal situation that picturesque sufferer is publicly called a criminal, and he is obliged calmly to accept a stigma of disgrace. The character of the gentle *May Wedderburn,* whom *Courvoisier* loves, is possessed of the conventional virtues, while that of the odious *Anna Sartorius* seems a libel. There are evil women, but the woman who is evil is usually subtle. *Anna Sartorius* swings a bludgeon, and her conversion, at the last, is not less astounding than are the preliminary flow and unmitigated torrent of her malice. The plot of the novel was not closely followed, for the play contains no storm, no wreck, no raft, and no adventure; it abounds, however, with talk of love, children, faith, honor, and home such as usually wins public sympathy. Mansfield's personation of the hero, *Eugene Courvoisier, Count von Rothenfels,* was one of his minor achievements, upon which it is not needful particularly to dwell.

Another minor performance, *Don Pedro XIV.*, in "The King of Peru," merits a passing comment. The play, by Louis N. Parker, brought forth at the Garrick Theatre, on May 7, 1895, is neat and agreeable. *Don Pedro* has been deposed and he is in exile. His mother and her adherents wish that

he would assert his sovereignty and regain his sceptre, and they form a plan for the accomplishment of that result. But *Don Pedro* is in love, and,—the circumstances being such that he cannot win the girl without losing the throne,—he prefers his sweetheart, and the conspiracy to reinstate him as King of Peru is suffered to collapse. The character is chivalric, romantic, and sentimental. The performance was smooth, pretty, and ineffective.

SUMMARY.

The comments made in various British newspapers relative to Mansfield's acting and singing, in early life, when he was an itinerant actor in Great Britain, were generally favorable. His impersonations of *Sir Joseph Porter,* in "Pinafore," and the *Major-General,* in "The Pirates of Penzance," were particularly commended. The latter was extolled for "originality of conception, and dramatic talent" ("London World"), and his assumption of *Mr. John Wellington Wells,* in "The Sorcerer," was described as showing "an accurate perception and grasp of the comic points of the character," while his acting was praised as "the more effective that it was obviously unforced" ("Edinburgh Courant"). His musical perform-

Photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

MANSFIELD AS *ADMIRAL SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B.*

ances in American cities always gave pleasure and elicited cordial applause. His singing of the patter song, when he played the *Major-General,* was remarkable for its precision, every note and every syllable being crystal clear. The eminent musical critic, Dr. Henry E. Krehbiel, remembering his performance in Planquette's comic opera of "Rip Van Winkle," informs me that "he introduced an old German folk song, 'Vetter Michol,' and made it the most effective bit in the piece." His various musical monologues, satirical of hackneyed musical customs and of the foibles of musical performers, were clever and amusing. His skill in mimicry was extraordinary. One frolicsome impersonation,—which, however, he only gave in private,—was that of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and his reproduction of the method of that actress,—her purring, clinging, posturing, her sinuous movements, and her rattling loquacity,—was irresistibly comic.

Mansfield's first tour as a star began on December 6, 1884, with the part of *Chevrial,* and his professional career ended on Saturday, March 23, 1907, at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, with a performance of the same part. Within the period thus indicated, a period of twenty-two years and three months, he produced twenty-seven plays and,—counting *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* as two,—

he acted twenty-eight parts. Those parts and plays are specified in the following list:

Alceste	"The Misanthrope."
Arthur Dimmesdale	"The Scarlet Letter."
André de Jadot	"Monsieur."
Baron Chevrial	"A Parisian Romance."
Beau Brummell	"Beau Brummell."
Beaucaire	"Beaucaire."
Captain Bluntschli	"Arms and the Man."
Cyrano de Bergerac	"Cyrano de Bergerac."
Dick Dudgeon	"The Devil's Disciple."
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde	"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
Don Carlos	"Don Carlos."
Don Juan	"Don Juan."
Don Pedro XIV.	"The King of Peru."
Eugene Courvoisier	"The First Violin."
Glo'ster	"King Richard III."
Ivan	"Ivan the Terrible."
King Henry the Fifth	"King Henry V."
Marcus Brutus	"Julius Cæsar."
Nero	"Nero."
Napoleon	"Scenes and Incidents from the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte."

Prince Karl	"Prince Karl."
Prince Henry of Karlsburg	"Old Heidelberg."
Peer Gynt	"Peer Gynt."
Rodion Romanytch	"Rodion, the Student."
Shylock	"The Merchant of Venice."
Sir John Sombras	"Castle Sombras."
Tittlebat Titmouse	"Ten Thousand a Year."

Other parts that he played, in the early years of his professional life, in England and in America, are here specified:

Admiral Sir Joseph Porter	"H. M. S. Pinafore." (Op.)
Ashley Merton	"Meg's Diversions." (Once only.)
Baron de Marsac	"Victor Durand."
Baron von Wiener Schnitzel	"La Vie Parisienne."
Brigard	"Frou Frou."
Burgomaster	"Génevieve de Brabant."
Coquebert	"La Boulangère." (Op.)
Count von Dornfeldt	"Alpine Roses."
Dromez	"Les Manteaux Noirs." (Op.)
Herbert Colwyn	"Dust."
Herr Kraft	"In Spite of All."
Humphrey Logan	"Master and Man."
Innkeeper	"The Mascotte." (Op.)

Jan Vedder	"Rip Van Winkle." (Op.)
J. Wellington Wells	"The Sorcerer." (Op.)
King Louis XI.	"Gringoire." (Once only.)
Ko-Ko	"The Mikado." (Op.)
Lord Chancellor	"Iolanthe." (Op.)
Major-General	"The Pirates of Penzance." (Op.)
Monsieur Philippe	"Out of the Hunt."
Mousta	"Broken Hearts."
Nasoni	"Gasparoné." (Op.)
Nick Vedder	"Rip Van Winkle." (Op.)
Old Sherman	"The Fisherman's Daughter."
Rifflardini	"French Flats."
Theophilus Woolstone	"Not Registered."

Minute record of his amateur efforts, when a school-boy at Derby, or when in his "salad days" in Boston, is not essential, and is therefore omitted. During many years boys and girls have customarily joined theatrical clubs and participated in private theatrical performances. Mansfield, in boyhood, followed that custom. His most notable amateur performance, given in public, in early life, was that of *Beau Farintosh,* in T. W. Robertson's comedy

of "School," elsewhere recorded in this memoir. When the play of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was first produced, at the Museum, Boston, the stock company of that theatre coöperated with Mansfield, as it had done in acting "Prince Karl." *King Louis the Eleventh* was acted once only, at the Princess's Theatre, London. Mansfield mentioned the incident of that performance to me, and I had the impression that he gave it in association with the eminent English actor, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, but inquiry of Mr. Forbes-Robertson elicited the information that Mansfield acted *Louis the Eleventh,* not with him, but, on the occasion of a benefit, in company with his brother Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson, known on the stage as Norman Forbes, and pleasantly remembered as the able representative of such parts as *Claudio,* in Irving's cast of "Much Ado About Nothing," and *Lord Woodstock,* in Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's American revival of "Lady Clancarty." Mansfield's repertory, as far as ascertained and recorded, from the first to the last of his professional life, comprised fifty-three parts,—or fifty-four, counting *Jekyll* and *Hyde* as two. It is probable that he played several other parts, of which no record is, as yet, accessible, in the course of his novitiate, in England. One of his letters

mentions his having had an engagement in a company employed at Drury Lane Theatre.

Falstaff, in his incisive speech about "Honor," tersely remarks that "detraction will not suffer it." The man of genius,—such a man as Richard Mansfield was,—must expect to learn that truth, by an almost daily experience. If Mansfield had been a type of mediocrity he would have caused no disturbance of the complacency of conventional minds, and the voice of detraction would have remained silent. Being what he was, an exceptional person, he became,—like *Charles Surface,* in the play, though with a difference,—a cause of grave uneasiness to many worthy persons. Like every other great actor of whom there is record, he had striking characteristics, which were denotements of his distinctive personality, and those attributes were miscalled "mannerisms." A mannerism is a conscious affectation of artificial manner continuously sustained and preventive of all natural variety. Mansfield had no mannerisms, but he had ways that were peculiar, attributes of temperament, demeanor, and speech that were essential parts of his being. Throughout his career, nevertheless, his appearance in a new character commonly liberated a flood of comment on his "distressing mannerisms." The amount of "distress" seemed to

vary. Sometimes the "mannerisms" were "not so apparent"; sometimes they were deplored as "increasing with time and becoming confirmed." As Mansfield's peculiarities, except as to difference between those of youth and those of middle life, were quite as distinct at the beginning,—in *Chevrial, Prince Karl,* and *Jekyll* and *Hyde,* for example, as they were at the end, in *Henry of Monmouth, Ivan,* and *Alceste,*—the information provided about them was more perplexing than illuminative. But one fact was obvious: whenever his performances happened to be uncommonly fine, those "mannerisms" served a useful purpose, because they provided the grievance without which no well-constituted critic can preserve his mental balance. "Always remark," said Goldsmith, "that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains." The belief seems to be well-nigh universal that judicial criticism consists in finding flaws, and in a resolute, often acrimonious, insistence that perfection is impossible. Nothing is more significant to the observer of human nature than the resentment inspired, in a commonplace mind, by a dominant personality. "'E's a stranger: 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im!" perfectly expresses it. Mediocrity is never satisfied until it has dragged down to its own dull level everything that is intellectually superior. For

instance, no actor ever caused more disquietude, because of his personal peculiarities, than Henry Irving did. During his professional visits to America, although his wonderful genius compelled admiration, his acting was frequently mentioned with a pained reference to his "mannerisms." Yet, in fact, he had none. He was as simple as a child, —far more simple and direct than many children are. But his individuality was so strange, so fine, so unusual, so superior, that the mediocre mind, always distrustful of anything different from itself, resented his supremacy, and instinctively strove to console itself by disparagement. Irving once rebuked the talk of "mannerisms" by a playful comparison of contemporary detractors with the fox in the fable, that had lost its tail; because of their insistent desire that men and women of stronger individuality than themselves should discard or conceal that advantage.

If the standard of excellence in acting were the faculty of mere disguise, then, certainly, persons of strongly marked, puissant individuality cannot be great actors,—for they cannot conceal themselves. But that is not the true standard, never was, and never will be. Nobody, surely, would want a painting by Raphael, or Rembrandt, or Titian, or Turner, because the great artist had so veiled

Courtesy of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

MANSFIELD AS *BARON VON WEINER SCHNITZEL*
IN "LA VIE PARISIENNE"

his personality and obscured his style in it that his picture might be the work of any painter possessing technical facility. In endeavoring to maintain a conventional standard of excellence in the art of acting,—the outgrowth of the laborious, literal, photographic Continental method,—its principal exponents have made strange exhibitions of themselves. That eminent French actor, the late Constant Coquelin, one of the chief exponents, in print, of that standard (for, in practice, Coquelin had a personality and style so distinct that nobody could be thirty seconds in doubt as to his identity), once undertook, publicly, to set everybody right in this matter, and his abortive essay so well exemplified the deplorable folly of loose theorizing upon art that it began with 'Always merge your individuality,' and ended with 'Never set your individuality aside.'

As it was with Irving so it was with Mansfield. His peculiarities were conspicuous, but they were no more "mannerisms" than the shape of his nose and the color of his eyes were "mannerisms." They were entirely natural to him. They were more or less marked, at different times, according to the degree of excitement under which he happened to be laboring. Nothing more clearly reveals the actual being,—usually more or less obscured by

artificial surroundings and by reserve,—than such emotional excitement, be it ever so well controlled, as deeply stirs the heart. In early life, and before his style had matured, Edwin Booth, when acting *Hamlet,* was sometimes so overwrought with feeling that he became almost incoherent. At the words "though you may *fret* me, you cannot *play* upon me" I have seen him become, for a moment, so wildly agitated that he hurled the "recorder" up almost to the fly gallery. At times, as in the explanatory speech of *Bertuccio,* to *Fiordelisa,* in "The Fool's Revenge," his tones, at "Do not look so like thy mother, child!", would become nasal and seem artificial—which they never were. With Mansfield excitement operated to make his speech vehement and explosive; his voice, which was one of great power and compass, became deeper, and at moments, especially when acting *Richard,* harsh and penetrating; his presence also was then a "swelling port," his demeanor tumultuous and buoyant.

Personal appearance is a part of an actor's equipment. Mansfield's figure was below the middle height. His hair, not abundant at any time in mature life, was, originally, dark brown; it early became grizzled and thin, and, habitually, he wore it close cropped. He has been known to manifest

annoyance, on seeing other actors with long hair,—perhaps because his own was so short. His eyes were dark brown; the left eye was very slightly oblique in its setting, and when he was deeply moved by strong emotion his eyes would sometimes become crossed. His forehead was broad, and indicative of thought and refinement. His brows were heavy and expressive. His nose was not large and it was a little fleshy. His upper lip was uncommonly long. His mouth was moderately large. His lips were thin and closely set,—the lower lip being somewhat heavier than is usual, and at times it was slightly protruded. His teeth were regular. His jaws were heavy and resolute. His neck was massive. His shoulders were broad and strong. He resorted to the usual devices employed by actors or other persons who wish to increase their height,—high-heels, "lifters," etc. In playing young men he, customarily, carried his head high, keeping the chin slightly raised, the eyes wide open and alert, and the whole expression animated. In movement he could be rapid, but he was sometimes inert where he should have been expeditious. In youthful parts, while in repose, he kept his feet close together, the heels hardly touching the stage, while his arms were generally held close to his sides and at full length,

the palms forward and the fingers straight. His gestures were free and large, and in youthful parts they were, generally, made on the level of the shoulder. His torso was robust. His arms were not long. His hands were large, muscular, and hirsute. Mansfield, indeed, might correctly have been designated an athlete: in youth he was a swift runner, a good oarsman and horseman, and a superb swimmer. He gave much care to his hands, which were kept in order and, notwithstanding their strength, they were as soft and delicate as those of a woman. His tastes were fastidious.

In faculty of impersonation he was extraordinary, and in that respect he has seldom been equalled, in our time; but, because of the inevitable appearance of peculiarities in all his embodiments, the merit of versatility was often denied to him: yet he displayed the ability, and had the fortune, to distinguish himself in almost every branch of the dramatic art,—in comic opera, farce, and burlesque, light comedy, romantic drama, melodrama, and tragedy. The student, remembering Mansfield and musing upon the many vagaries of opinion that are or have been current about his acting, might advantageously consider the astonishing grasp of diversified character and the wide and easy command of expressive art that he exhibited, during the twenty-four years of

his industrious, laborious, and remarkable career. So considering, such a student would recall his cool, brittle, incisive acting of *Bluntschli,* and with it contrast the tragic remorse of *Richard,* when, in the spectral throne-room, after the murder of the princes, the ray of ruddy light fell upon the guilty King's hand, or with the awful frenzy of terror in which, after the dream, he mistook *Catesby* for yet another ghost: that expedient almost appears to be prescribed by the text, and yet it was never used before Mansfield's time. Such an observer might also contrast the lightness of his *Beaucaire* and the grace of his *Beau Brummell* with the haunted, insane, miserable aspect of his *Brutus,* when standing by the vacant throne, after the murder of *Cæsar.* The sweet, whimsical, charming impersonation of *Prince Karl,*—that crystal image of romantic, exuberant, chivalrous youth, so sympathetic and delightful, because of its fine blending of tenderness with mirth,—might be set against the awful scenes of the Prayer and the Death of *Ivan the Terrible.* It would not be amiss either, for the analyst to recall the shifting expressions of Mansfield's face, when he was acting *Jekyll,* at the moment when that fate-driven, doomed, wretched, desolate being is parting forever from his last friend, and to compare the effect then produced with the effect of horror created

by his acting of the death-scene of *Chevrial.* The dictionary says that versatility is aptness to change, and the popular understanding of the word seems to agree with the etymological definition. Mansfield's thrilling delivery of *Hyde's* apostrophe to *Lanyon, Shylock's* furious appeal to the law of vengeance, and *Carlos's* torrent of grief over the body of his murdered friend, were achievements in his acting which, once seen, could not be forgotten. *Chevrial's* death can never fade from the remembrance of those who saw it;—the body trembling with the premonitory pangs of paralysis, the exertion of tremendous will, the struggle to stand erect, the left hand clutching the table-edge, the right grasping the slender-stemmed glass of sparkling wine, the hideous toast—"Here's to material nature —the prolific mother of all we know, see, hear, or feel—the matter which sparkles in our glasses, and flows in our veins—" and then the thunder-stroke and convulsion of apoplexy. Only a great actor could have endured that terrific trial and moved triumphantly through that ordeal. The performance was as sustained and inevitable as the course of Nature. The spectacle was hideous yet fascinating,—with its dreadful expression of physical agony commingled with mental terror, the conscious approach of dissolution, and the despairing yet

resolute struggle to confront the worst that fate could do. If those things and others like to them do not prove versatility, then versatility is altogether elusive of evidence. "I pity those who have not seen him," wrote Hannah More, after seeing Garrick's farewell performances; "posterity will never be able to form the slightest idea of his perfection." Some such thought comes into the mind, as the beauties of Mansfield's interpretative art are recalled by an old observer, and as an effort is made to picture them in words. He was one of the most extraordinary, versatile, and, above all, interesting actors that have ever graced our stage.

CHRONOLOGY

CHRONOLOGY.

1854.

Birth of Richard Mansfield, at Berlin, Germany. While an infant he was taken to the island of Heligoland, and thence to London, England.

1859.

Death of his father, Maurice Mansfield, in London. Burial in Kensal Green Cemetery.

1859-1875.

Mansfield, while a boy, resided in London; Jena, with his grand-uncle, "the friend of poets"; Bourbourg; Yverdon; Berlin; Derby, England—receiving tuition at those places, sometimes at school, sometimes from private instructors; he studied for the Indian Civil Service; he was brought to America, 1872, and resided in Boston and at his mother's farm at Berlin, near Fitchburg, Mass.; he studied the arts of drawing and painting; he was employed as a clerk in the mercantile house of Eben D. Jordan; he joined an amateur theatrical society, called "The Buskin Club."

1876.

Jan. 14. He appeared as *Beau Farintosh,* in Robertson's "School," in a performance given by "The Buskin Club," at Beethoven Hall, Boston.

Feb. 9. That performance was repeated, at the Globe Theatre, Boston, for the benefit of the New England Hospital and St. Luke's Hospital.

June 1. He gave a miscellaneous entertainment, as *Mr. Vincent Crummles,* at the Young Men's Christian Union Hall, Boston.

1877-1880.

He returned to London; he studied and practiced painting; he endured poverty; he eked out a living by giving musical and mimetic entertainment in private houses and by writing for the press; he appeared at a music hall, giving a varied entertainment, under the designation of "The Ravishing Roach": he was engaged by German Reed to take the place of Corney Grain; he broke down, failed, and was discharged; he obtained an engagement in a fourth-rate provincial opera company, managed by D'Oyly Carte, and appeared as *Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.,* in "H. M. S. Pinafore": he was discharged for asking for an increase of salary; he endured much hardship; he was again engaged by Carte, in a more important company, taking the place of Mr. W. J. Penley, and he appeared, December 10, 1879, at Bristol, as *Sir Joseph Porter.* On December 30, 1879, he appeared, at Paignton, as the *Major-General,* in "The Pirates of Penzance": first performance (copyright) of that opera: he appeared, 1880, as *J. Wellington Wells,* in "The Sorcerer."

1881.

April 16. He appeared at the Globe Theatre, London, as *Coquebert,* in "La Boulangère."

Oct. 8. Appeared as *Monsieur Philippe,* in "Out of the Hunt," at the Royalty Theatre, London.

Nov. 12. Appeared, at the Royalty, as *Herbert Colwyn,* in "Dust."

Dec. 26. Acted *Old Sherman,* in "The Fisherman's Daughter," at the Royalty.

1882.

Feb. 22. Death of his mother, Erminia Rudersdorff, at the Hotel La Grange, Boston, in her 60th year.

April 10. He appeared, at the Royalty, London, as *Theophilus Woolstone,* in "Not Registered."

He appeared at the Comedy Theatre, London, as the *Innkeeper,* in "The Mascotte."

He returned to America.

Sept. 27. He appeared at the Standard Theatre, afterward the Manhattan, New York, as *Dromez,* in "Les Manteaux Noirs" (Op.): first professional appearance in America.

CAST OF "LES MANTEAUX NOIRS."

Don Luis de Rosamonte	W. T. Carleton
Don José	A. Wilkinson
Dromez	Richard Mansfield
Nicolas	W. Gillow
Manuel	William White
Palomez	J. Furey
Don Philip	J. H. Ryley
Queen Isabel	Fanny Edwards
Clorinda	Joan Rivers
Gomez	"Billie" Barlow
Lazaretto	Minna Rowley
Girola	Selina Delaro

Oct. 28. He appeared as *Nick Vedder* and as *Jan Vedder,* in Planquette's "Rip Van Winkle" (Op.).

CAST OF "RIP VAN WINKLE."

Rip Van Winkle	W. T. Carleton
Nick Vedder	Richard Mansfield
Knickerbocker	W. H. Seymour
Derrick Von Slaus	Arthur Rousbey
Captain Rowley	A. Wilkinson
Tom Tit	"Billie" Barlow
Peter Van Dunk	J. H. Ryley
Gretchen	Sallie Reber
Little Alice	Theodora Linda da Costa

Little Hans.....Maggie Gonzales
Katrina.....Selina Dolaro
Hendrik Hudson.....Arthur Rousbey
His First Lieutenant.....L. Cadwallader

Additional Characters in the Third Act

Alice Van Winkle.....Sallie Reber
Lieutenant Von Slaus.....L. Cadwallader
Jan Vedder.....Richard Mansfield

Dec. 18. He appeared at Baltimore as the *Lord High Chancellor,* in "Iolanthe" (Op.).

20. He returned to New York and joined the Union Square Theatre Stock Company, to play *Tirandel,* in "A Parisian Romance."

1883.

Jan. 11. At the Union Square Theatre, New York, then managed by Albert M. Palmer, he acted, for the first time, *Baron Chevrial,* in "A Parisian Romance," then first produced in America, making a brilliant hit.

CAST OF "A PARISIAN ROMANCE."

Henri de Targy.....Frederick de Belleville
Signor Juliani.....Joseph E. Whiting
Dr. Chesnel.....John Parselle
Baron Chevrial.....Richard Mansfield
Tirandel.....Walden Ramsey
Laubanière.....G. S. Paxton
Vaumartin.....Owen Fawcett
Trevy.....A. Kaufman
Falaise.....A. Becks
Duchalet.....W. Morse
Ambroise.....Charles Collins
Pierre.....W. S. Quigley
Marcelle de Targy.....Sarah Jewett
Madame de Targy.....Ida Vernon
Rosa Guerin.....Maude Harrison
Baroness Chevrial.....Eleanor Carey
Mme. De Luce.....Nettie Guion
Mme. De Valmery.....Eloise Willis

Marie.....Nellie Wetherill
Gillette, the First.....Florence Levain
Bertholdi .....Annie Wakeman
Gillette, the Second.....Nellie Gordon
Lombardi .....Flora Lee
Bochsa .....Jennie Stuart
Adela .....Estelle Clinton

April 7. The run of "A Parisian Romance" at the Union Square Theatre was ended.

May 14. At the Park Theatre, Boston, he acted *Chevrial,* making his first regular professional appearance in that city.

26. End of season of the Union Square Stock Company, in Boston.

Sept. 10. Acted for the first time in San Francisco, appearing as *Chevrial.* He acted with the Union Square Company, on tour eastward, leaving that company, in Brooklyn, in November.

Dec. 6. Began first starring tour at the Park Theatre, Newark, acting *Chevrial.*

1884.

Jan. —. Disbanded his company at Cincinnati and returned to New York.

30. Appeared at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, acting *Count von Dornfeldt,* in "Alpine Roses," by H. Hjalmar Boyesen.

CAST OF "ALPINE ROSES."

Ilka .....Georgia Cayvan
Irma .....Marie Burroughs
Uberta .....Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Hansel .....George Clarke
Count Gerhard von Dornfeldt.....Richard Mansfield
Countess von Dornfeldt.....Liska von Stamwitz
Herr von Steinegg.....Thomas Whiffen
Julius Hahn.....William J. LeMoyne
Whimple .....W. H. Pope
Rondel .....Harry Hogan

Mar. 18. Appeared at the Bijou Theatre, New York, as *Baron von Wiener Schnitzel,* in "La Vie Parisienne," (Op.).

1885.

Jan. 15. Mansfield was engaged to succeed the late Lewis Morrison, in the stock company at Wallack's Theatre.

19. Appeared at Wallack's Theatre, as *Baron de Mersac,* in "Victor Durand," by Henry Guy Carleton.

Feb. 14. End of the run of "Victor Durand" and termination of Mansfield's employment at Wallack's Theatre.

21. Appeared at the Standard Theatre, as *Nasoni,* in "Gasperone" (Op.).

CAST OF "GASPERONE."

Nasoni	Richard Mansfield
Sindulfo	W. H. Fitzgerald
Count Ermino	Henry S. Hilliard
Luigi	John E. Nash
Benozzo	Alfred Klein
Messiccio	Charles Stanley
Carlotta	Emma Seebold
Lora	Mae St. John
Zenoila	Hattie Nefflin
Marietta	Alice Vincent

April 4. Close of run of "Gasperone."

June 22. Acted *King Louis XI.,* in private performance of "Gringoire," at Princess's Theatre, London.

Sept. 15. Appeared at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, as *Herr Kraft,* in the play of "In Spite of All," Miss Minnie Maddern acting the principal part.

CAST OF "IN SPITE OF ALL."

Alice Claudenning	Minnie Maddern
Stella	Selina Delaro
Bessie	Joan Goodrich
Louise	Marie Hartley

Carol Claudenning.....Eben Plympton
Herr Antonius Kraft.....Richard Mansfield
Mr. Hartmann.....John A. Lane
Jack Knickerbocker.....Joseph Frankau
Call Boy.....William Payson

1886.

Jan. —. Appeared at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, as *Ko-Ko,* in "The Mikado."

Mar. 29. Repeated *Chevrial* at the Museum, in Boston.

April 5. At the Museum he acted *Prince Karl,* in a play, originally by A. C. Gunter, bearing that name, then first produced.

CAST OF "PRINCE KARL."

Prince Karl von Ahrmien.....Richard Mansfield
Spartan Spotts.....Charles Kent
J. Cool Dragon.....William Seymour
Marky Davis.....James Nolan
Mrs. Daphne Dabury Lowell.....Mrs. J. R. Vincent
Mrs. Florence Lowell.....Maida Craigen
Miss Alicia Euclid Lowell.....Helen Dayne

May 3. Appeared at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, as *Prince Karl.* The same cast appeared as at the Boston Museum.

17. New cast appeared with him in "Prince Karl"—the members of the Museum company returning to Boston.

Aug. 14. Closed New York engagement at the Madison Square, where "Prince Karl" had been acted continuously,—117 performances having been given.

30. Began at the Park Theatre, Boston, a tour of the country, in "Prince Karl." Visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Chicago, Louisville, Detroit, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Washington (return), Philadelphia, New York (return, Union Square Theatre), etc., and closed his season, April 25, 1887.

1887.

May 9. Acted, at the Boston Museum, for the first time, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a play made, at Mansfield's suggestion, by Thomas Russell Sullivan, on the basis of R. L. Stevenson's novel of the same name.

CAST OF THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

General Sir Danvers Carew.....Boyd Putnam
Dr. Lanyon.....Alfred Hudson
Gabriel Utterson.....Frazier Coulter
Poole.....James Burrows
Inspector Newcome.....Arthur Falkland
Jarvis.....J. K. Applebee, Jr.
Dr. Henry Jekyll / Mr. Edward Hyde.....Richard Mansfield
Mrs. Lanyon.....Kate Ryan
Agnes Carew.....Isabelle Evesson
Rebecca Moore.....Emma V. Sheridan

14. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was withdrawn, for revision.

30. Appeared at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, as *Prince Karl.*

July 11. At the Madison Square Theatre acted, for the first time, *André de Jadot,* in "Monsieur"—a play by himself, which depicted some of the hardships of his youth.

CAST OF THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF "MONSIEUR."

André Rossini Mario de Jadot.....Richard Mansfield
Alice Golden.....Beatrice Cameron
Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Golden.....Josephine Laurens
Mrs. Mary Pettigrew.....Annie O'Neill
Mrs. Morton.....Helen Glidden
Sally.....Johnstone Bennett
Tom Vanderhuysen.....John T. Sullivan
Edgar J. Golden.....Daniel H. Harkins
Morton Saunders.....Joseph Frankau
Popples.....Harry Gwynette
Hon. Charles Mt. Vernon.....John Parry

Sept. 10. "Monsieur" was withdrawn.

12. At the Madison Square Theatre he made the first New York production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

CAST OF "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE," FIRST PRODUCTION IN NEW YORK.

General Sir Danvers Carew	E. B. Bradley
Dr. Lanyon	D. H. Harkins
Gabriel Utterson	John T. Sullivan
Poole	Harry Gwynette
Inspector Newcome	C. E. Eldridge
Jarvis	Thomas Goodwin
Dr. Jekyll / Mr. Hyde	Richard Mansfield
Mrs. Lanyon	Katherine Rogers
Agnes Carew	Beatrice Cameron
Rebecca Moore	Helen Glidden

Oct. 1. Ended his engagement at the Madison Square, which had lasted more than twenty-six weeks.

3. Began, at Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia (October 3-8), a tour of the country, presenting *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde, Chevrial, André de Jadot,* and *Prince Karl:* the dual impersonation was received with much favor, especially in Chicago.—Tour: October 10-21, Chicago; 24-30, Cleveland; 31-November 2, Buffalo; 3-6, Toronto; 7-13, Pittsburg; 14-19, Baltimore; 21-26, Washington; 28-December 4, Cincinnati; 5-11, Louisville; 12-18, St. Louis.

Dec. 9. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York (having come to the capital on a special through train), he began an engagement, in "Monsieur."

1888.

Jan. 12. Acted at the Fifth Avenue, as *Chevrial.*

14. Ended New York engagement.

16. Appeared at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

30. Acted in Brooklyn.

Feb. 14. Leased the London Lyceum Theatre, for an engagement to begin in September.

Made another tour of the country.

Mar. 13. At Niblo's Garden, New York, the German-American actor, Daniel E. Bandmann, presented a version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," imitating the idea and plan of Mansfield: Stevenson's novel was found to be not protected in America by copyright.

June 4. Mansfield began an engagement at the Madison Square Theatre, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

11. Revived "Prince Karl."

18. Revived "A Parisian Romance."

30. Closed engagement at the Madison Square Theatre.

July 11. Mansfield and his theatrical company sailed, under assumed names, on board the *City of Rome,* for England.

He arrived in London.

He visited Henry Irving, at Patterdale, Cumberland.

LONDON ENGAGEMENT.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

Aug. 4. At the London Lyceum Theatre he appeared as *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde,* for the first time in England.

CAST OF FIRST LONDON PERFORMANCE.

Sir Danvers Carew.....—— Holland
Dr. Lanyon.....Daniel H. Harkins
Gabriel Utterson.....John T. Sullivan
Poole.....J. C. Burrows
Inspector Newcome.....W. H. Compton
Jarvis.....F. Vivian
Dr. Jekyll } .....Richard Mansfield
Mr. Hyde }
Mrs. Lanyon.....Mrs. Daniel H. Harkins
Agnes Carew.....Beatrice Cameron
Rebecca Moore.....Emma V. Sheridan

Sept. 17. A short play called "Lesbia" was acted, before "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with this cast:

Lesbia ..... Beatrice Cameron
Catullus ..... John T. Sullivan
Sibilla ..... Mrs. Sol Smith
Affra ..... Johnstone Bennett
Claudia ..... Maude White

29. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was withdrawn.

Oct. 1. He acted *Chevrial,* for the first time, in London.

10. A performance of "Prince Karl" was given for a charitable benefit.

13. "Prince Karl" was made the regular play at the Lyceum; with "Always Intended," as a prelude.

Dec. 1. End of Mansfield's engagement at the London Lyceum Theatre.

Began an engagement, of one week, in Liverpool, acting in repertory.

10. Acted twice, at Derby, once each, in "Prince Karl" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," for the benefit of the school he had attended in boyhood.

GLOBE THEATRE.

22. Began engagement at the Globe Theatre, London, with "Prince Karl."

Broke down and was obliged to cease acting. Went to Bournemouth, for rest.

1889.

Mar. 16. At the Globe Theatre, London, for the first time on any stage, he appeared as *Glo'ster,* in "King Richard III."

CAST OF MANSFIELD'S "RICHARD III." AT THE GLOBE, LONDON.

King Henry VI. ..... Allan Beaumont
Prince of Wales ..... Bessie Hatton
Duke of York ..... Isa Bowman
Richard, Duke of Glo'ster, afterward King Richard III. Richard Mansfield

Duke of Buckingham.....James Fernandez
Duke of Norfolk.....W. R. Stavely
Earl of Richmond.....Luigi Lablache
Lord Stanley.....Daniel H. Harkins
Sir Richard Ratcliff.....Reginald Stockton
Earl of Oxford.....J. Burrows
Lord Mayor of London.....Joseph Frankau
Sir James Blunt.....Leonard Calvert
Sir William Catesby.....Norman Forbes
Earl of Surrey.....J. Parry
Sir Robert Brakenbury.....Mervyn Dallas
Berkeley.....J. G. Slee
Lord Hastings.....W. H. Compton
Captain of the Guard.....H. Wyatt
Tressel.....Arthur Gilmore
Sir James Tyrrel.....C. Stewart
Sir Thomas Vaughan.....Edgar Norton
Sir Walter Herbert.....T. F. Smiles
Sir William Brandon.....Sidney Price
Earl of Pembroke.....H. Druce
Marquis of Dorset.....M. Buist
Lord Lovel.....L. Du Barri
Bishop of Ely.....A. Sims
Garter King-at-Arms.....F. Tipping
Wyndham.....F. Vivian
Court Jester.....F. W. Knight
Standard Bearer.....E. Broughton
Queen Elizabeth.....Mary Rorke
Ladies, Attendant on the Queen..... Miss Burton, Miss Langdon, Miss Oliffe
Duchess of York.....Carlotta Leclercq
Lady, Attendant on the Duchess.....Mrs. Whittier Chandos
Margaret Plantagenet.....Miss E. Orford
Edward Plantagenet.....Miss N. Bowman
Lady Anne.....Beatrice Cameron

June 1. Ended run of "Richard III." at the Globe Theatre, and closed London engagement.
Sailed for New York.

Oct. 21. At the Globe Theatre, Boston, he presented, for the first time, in America, "Richard III."

CAST OF MANSFIELD'S "RICHARD III.," FIRST TIME IN AMERICA.

King Henry VI.	E. Evans
Prince of Wales	May Haines
Duke of York	Isa Bowman
Duke of Glo'ster, afterward King Richard III.	Richard Mansfield
Duke of Buckingham	D. H. Harkins
Duke of Norfolk	Charles Roberts
Earl of Richmond	Atkins Lawrence
Lord Stanley	Mr. Dade
Sir Richard Ratcliff	T. F. Smiles
Earl of Oxford	William Stuart
Lord Mayor of London	W. J. Hurley
Sir James Blunt	M. Buist
Sir William Catesby	Mr. Baynton
Earl of Surrey	Edgar Norton
Sir Robert Brakenbury	Mervyn Dallas
Berkeley	F. Gray
Lord Hastings	H. Druce
Captain of the Guard	Mr. Johns
Tressel	M. Lipman
Sir James Tyrrel	Mr. Turner
Sir Thomas Vaughan	Joseph Wheelock, Jr.
Sir Walter Herbert	C. W. MacDonald
Sir William Brandon	Mr. Daley
Earl of Pembroke	Mr. Slee
Marquis of Dorset	F. L. Power
Lord Lovel	F. King
Bishop of Ely	J. J. Conniers
Garter King-at-Arms	J. Shuberth
Wyndham	A. Ward
Court Jester	R. Butler
Standard Bearer	Mr. Heath
Queen Elizabeth	Ada Dyas
Ladies, attendant on the Queen	Miss Blair Miss Muire Miss Bourne
Duchess of York	Mme. Ponisi
Lady, attendant on the Duchess	Mrs. Syeril
Margaret Plantagenet	Constance Neville
Edward Plantagenet	Miss N. Bowman
Lady Anne	Beatrice Cameron

Oct. 30. Produced Henrik Ibsen's play "A Doll's House" (afternoon performance), Miss Beatrice Cameron acting *Nora*.

Dec. 16. At Palmer's Theatre he made his first New York presentation of "Richard III."

CAST OF MANSFIELD'S "RICHARD III.," FIRST TIME IN NEW YORK.

King Henry VI. ..... E. Evans
Prince of Wales ..... May Haines
Duke of York ..... Isa Bowman
Duke of Glo'ster, afterward King Richard III. ..... Richard Mansfield
Duke of Buckingham ..... Daniel H. Harkins
Duke of Norfolk ..... Charles Dade
Earl of Richmond ..... Atkins Lawrence
Lord Stanley ..... B. W. Turner
Sir Richard Ratcliff ..... T. F. Smiles
Earl of Oxford ..... J. G. Slee
Lord Mayor of London ..... W. J. Hurley
Sir James Blunt ..... M. Buist
Sir William Catesby ..... Herbert Druce
Earl of Surrey ..... Edgar Norton
Sir Robert Brakenbury ..... Mervyn Dallas
Berkeley ..... F. Gray
Lord Hastings ..... Francklyn Roberts
Captain of the Guard ..... H. Baynton
Tressel ..... M. Lipman
Sir James Tyrrel ..... William Stuart
Sir Thomas Vaughan ..... Joseph Wheelock, Jr.
Sir Walter Herbert ..... C. W. MacDonald
Sir William Brandon ..... R. M. Heath
Earl of Pembroke ..... A. Bosworth
Marquis of Dorset ..... F. L. Power
Lord Lovel ..... F. King
Bishop of Ely ..... J. J. Conniers
Garter King-at-Arms ..... J. Shuberth
Wyndham ..... A. Ward
Court Jester ..... R. Butler
Standard Bearer ..... F. Daly
Queen Elizabeth ..... Ada Dyas
Ladies, attendant on the Queen ..... Miss Blair, Miss Muire, Miss Bourne

Duchess of York.....Madame Ponisi
Lady, attendant on the Duchess.....Mrs. Syeril
Margaret Plantagenet.....Constance Neville
Edward Plantagenet.....Miss N. Bowman
Lady Anne.....Beatrice Cameron

Dec. 21. Afternoon performance of "A Doll's House," by Miss Cameron and Mansfield's company.

1890.

Jan. 18. "Richard III." was withdrawn, at Palmer's.
20. He revived "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
27. He revived "A Parisian Romance."
Feb. 5. At Palmer's Theatre he acted, for the first time, *Humphrey Logan,* in "Master and Man."

CAST OF "MASTER AND MAN."

Jack Walton.....J. H. Gilmour
Robert Carlton.....E. B. Norman
Humphrey Logan.....Richard Mansfield
Tom Honeywood.....Russell Bassett
Jim Burleigh.....L. Eddinger
Crispin St. Johns.....W. J. Ferguson
Levano.....Herbert Druce
Jim.....T. F. Smiles
Ned Barton.....Franklyn Roberts
John Willett.....Daniel H. Harkins
Joe Robins.....M. Buist
Old Ben.....A. Butler
Landlord.....Edgar Norton
Postman.....F. Daley
Hester Thornbury.....Isabelle Evesson
Little Johnnie.....Wallace Eddinger
Kesiah Honeywood.....Katharine Rogers
Katey.....Nellie Bowman
Janey.....Emmie Bowman
Letty Lightfoot.....Beatrice Cameron

15. "Master and Man" was withdrawn at Palmer's.
Tour.

May 5. Mansfield began a "return" engagement in New York, at the Madison Square Theatre, acting in "A Parisian Romance."

19. At the Madison Square Theatre he acted, for the first time, *Beau Brummell* in a play of that name.

CAST OF "BEAU BRUMMELL."

Prince of Wales	Daniel H. Harkins
Lord Manly	John C. Buckstone
Richard Brinsley Sheridan	A. G. Andrews
Mr. Brummell	Richard Mansfield
Reginald Courtney	F. W. Lander
Mortimer	W. J. Ferguson
Abrahams	W. H. Compton
Bailiffs	B. W. Turner, Edgar Norton
Prince's Footman	Thomas F. Graham
Oliver Vincent	Mr. Everham
Mariana Vincent	Agnes Miller
Kathleen	Johnstone Bennett
Duchess of Leamington	Mrs. Julia Bouton
Lady Farthingale	Beverly Sitgraves
Lodging House Keeper	Miss Leigh
Mrs. St. Aubyan	Adela Measor

Oct. 25. 150th consecutive performance of "Beau Brummell" and close of Mansfield's engagement at the Madison Square Theatre.

27. Began tour of the country.

1891.

Jan. 5. Began an engagement at the Garden Theatre, New York, acting *Brummell.*

7. Presented "Prince Karl," in amended form; afternoon performance, at the Garden Theatre.

31. End of his engagement at the Garden.

Feb. 2. Began a tour.

Feb. 13. As an incident of his engagement in Washington Mansfield gave a concert:

PROGRAMME.

National Anthem.....“Hail to the Flag.”
Words and Music by Richard Mansfield.

(Dedicated, by Permission of the President, to the President and the People of the United States.)

Choir and Orchestra.

“In the Twilight”.....Words and Music by Richard Mansfield.
Mr. John Boltze.

“Lament, a Fragment”..Words and Music by Richard Mansfield.
Miss Alice M’Pherson.

Violoncello.

Mr. Paul Miersch.

“I Miss Thee Each Lone Hour”..Music by Richard Mansfield.
Mr. J. H. M’Kinley.

“A Good Little Girl”..... { Music by Richard Mansfield. / Written by Lord Houghton.
Miss Margaret Elliott.

An English Opera—“Rudolpho and Clarissa”
Written and Composed by Richard Mansfield.

Solos by Miss Margaret Elliott, Mr. J. H. M’Kinley, and Mr. John Boltze.

“The Sea Hath Its Pearls”... { Words by Heine. / Music by Richard Mansfield.
Mr. W. Webster.

“Love Me Still”.....Music by Richard Mansfield.
Miss Alice M’Pherson.

“Children’s Waltz”.....Composed by Richard Mansfield.
Orchestra.

Recitation of Two Rhymes, written by Richard Mansfield.
“The Premature Fly” and “The Marmoset Monkey.”
Miss Beatrice Cameron.

“Asleep”..... { The Poem by William Winter. / Music by Richard Mansfield.
Mr. J. H. M’Kinley.

"I Doubt It"..... { Music by Richard Mansfield. Words anonymous.

Miss Margaret Elliott.

"The Broken Harp"..... { Poem by William Winter. Music by Mr. Mansfield.

Miss Alice J. M'Pherson.

"How I Came to Be a King"

Words and Music by Mr. Mansfield.

Solo and Chorus.

Solo by Mr. W. Webster.

Mar. 2. Acted in Pittsburg, in repertory.

26. He acted "Prince Karl," at the German Club, Stapleton, Staten Island, for the benefit of the Arthur Winter Memorial Library, in the Staten Island Academy. The gross receipts were $543.50 and the profits $363.55.

April 27. He began an engagement in Baltimore, of one week.

May 4. He began an engagement at the Garden Theatre, New York, acting in "Beau Brummell."

18. For the first time he acted, at the Garden Theatre, *Don Juan* in his play of that name.

CAST OF "DON JUAN."

Don Alonzo, Duke de Navarro.....Daniel H. Harkins
Don Luis, Count de Marana.....W. H. Compton
Don Juan.....Richard Mansfield
Guzman.....A. G. Andrews
Leperello.....W. J. Ferguson
Sebastien.....Vincent Sternroyd
Innkeeper.....Harry Gwynette
An Attendant.....Ivan Perronet
Second Attendant.....T. F. Smiles
Donna Julia, Duchess de Navarro.....Ada Dwyer
Donna Emilia, Countess de Marana.....Hazel Selden
Donna Elvira.....Maggie Holloway
Zerlina.....Minnie Dupree
Geralda.....Maud Monroe
Anna.....Rolinda Bainbridge
Lucia.....Beatrice Cameron

June 28. "Don Juan" was withdrawn.

He ceased acting, for a much needed rest.

July 27. He resumed acting, at the Garden, presenting "Prince Karl": repertory.

Sept. 21. At the Garden Theatre he appeared, for the first time, as *Nero,* in a play of that name, made, under his direction, by Thomas Russell Sullivan.

CAST OF "NERO."

Nero	Richard Mansfield
Menacrates	Daniel H. Harkins
Phaon	Frank Lander
Babilus	W. J. Ferguson
Lysias	William Haworth
Sylvanus	W. H. Compton
Novalis	A. G. Andrews
Messala	T. F. Smiles
Grembo	Henry Gwynette
Dutus	Thomas F. Graham
Charis	Emma Sheridan
Acte	Beatrice Cameron

Oct. 10. He ended his engagement at the Garden Theatre, (afternoon) *Brummell,* (night) *Nero.*

November. His play of "Don Juan" was published, for the author, by J. W. Bouton. It was printed by DeVinne, and is a gem of typographical beauty.

Dec. 21. He began a brief engagement at the Grand Opera House, New York, acting in "Beau Brummell."

1892.

Jan. 18. In Chicago he presented "Don Juan" and was received with extraordinary favor.

Feb. 15. He reappeared in New York, at the Garden Theatre, acting in "Beau Brummell": he also acted, in succession, *Prince Karl, Don Juan, Baron Chevrial,* and *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde,* "Don Juan" being given as "'The Weathervane,' a new version of 'Don Juan.'"

Feb. 23. Mansfield, for the first time, appeared as *Tittlebat Titmouse,* in a theatrical synopsis of Samuel Warren's novel, "Ten Thousand a Year" made, under his direction, by Miss Emma V. Sheridan.

CAST OF "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."

Earl of Dreadlingcourt.....William N. Griffith
Lord Yazoo.....Cecil Butler
Mr. Oily Gammon.....Daniel H. Harkins
Mr. Tagrag.....W. J. Ferguson
Mr. Brew.....Henry Gwynette
Tittlebat Titmouse.....Richard Mansfield
Huckaback.....A. G. Andrews
Tweedles.....T. F. Smiles
Hair-Dresser.....T. F. Graham
Footman.....Henry de Vere
Dowager Lady Holdard.....Annie Allison
Lady Arabella.....Rolinda Bainbridge
Lady Cecilia Dreadlingcourt.....Adela Measor
Lady Maud.....Marie Stewart
Miss Brew.....Eleanor Markillie
Miss Aubrey.....Perdita Hudspeth
Mrs. Squallop.....Hazel Sheldon
Tessy Tagrag.....Beatrice Cameron

Mar. 15. "Ten Thousand a Year" was withdrawn.
17. Repeated "Beau Brummell."
21. Repeated "Prince Karl."
28. Repeated "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

April 4. Revived "Nero" (play altered and improved), at the Garden.
8. Acted *Tittlebat Titmouse,* and repeated that performance the next afternoon.
9. Closed his New York engagement at the Garden Theatre, acting: Act III. of "Prince Karl," with his satirical musical sketch; the Mall Scene from "Beau Brummell"; the Supper Scene, Act IV., from "A Parisian Romance"; the Drunken Scene from "Ten Thousand a Year"; and Act II of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Apr. 10. Started, in his private car, "The Mansfield," for San Francisco, to begin his second engagement in that city.

18. Began engagement in San Francisco, at the Baldwin Theatre, acting *Beau Brummell.* During his engagement there he acted in "Prince Karl," "A Parisian Romance," "Ten Thousand a Year," "Nero," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Don Juan."

Mansfield subsequently acted in Fresno, Los Angeles, Stockton, Sacramento, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Denver, Lincoln, and Sioux City, and he ended the tour at Omaha, July 2.

Sept. 12. At Daly's Theatre, New York, for the first time, he acted *Arthur Dimmesdale* in "The Scarlet Letter," a play made by Joseph Hatton, based on Hawthorne's novel, and rewritten by Mansfield.

CAST OF "THE SCARLET LETTER."

Governor Bellingham.....A. G. Andrews
Rev. John Wilson.....Daniel H. Harkins
Roger Chillingworth.....W. J. Ferguson
Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale.....Richard Mansfield
Captain Hiram Weeks.....Chas. J. Burbidge
Master Brackett.....William N. Griffith
Hester Prynne.....Beatrice Cameron
Dame Hartley.....Mrs. Julia Brutone
Mistress Barlow.....Helen Glidden
Mary Willis.....Eleanor Markillie
Little Pearl.....Miss de Grigea

15. Marriage of Richard Mansfield and Beatrice Cameron (Susan Hegeman), at the Church of the Redeemer, Eighty-second Street, New York, Rev. Dr. Johnson officiating.

Oct. 1. End of his engagement at Daly's Theatre, where he presented only "The Scarlet Letter."

Tour.

1893.

May 18. He visited Mentone, Calif.: was greatly attracted by the mountain scenery of that place, and purchased an orange ranch.

Oct. 9. Began an engagement at Hermann's Theatre, New York (afterward Sam T. Jack's and then the Princess, demolished in 1906), as *Brummell.* He acted, in succession, *Chevrial, Dimmesdale,* and *Jekyll* and *Hyde.*

23. At that theatre, for the first time, he acted *Shylock,* in "The Merchant of Venice." (There is, among his papers, a mention of his having assumed that part, in a performance by school-boys, at Derby, England.)

CAST OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Duke of Venice	William N. Griffith
Prince of Morocco	David Torrence
Prince of Aragon	Lorimer Stoddard
Antonio	Daniel H. Harkins
Bassanio	Arthur Forrest
Gratiano	Norman Forbes
Salanio	William Bonney
Salarino	J. W. Weaver
Lorenzo	Aubrey Boucicault
Shylock	Richard Mansfield
Tubal	Mr. Butler
Launcelot Gobbo	A. G. Andrews
Old Gobbo	W. N. Griffith
Balthazar	Rolinda Bainbridge
Stephano	Maud Venner
Jessica	Sidney Worth
Nerissa	Alberta Gallatin
Portia	Beatrice Cameron

Nov. 6. Closed his New York engagement, acting *Shylock.*

8. At Chicago he began another tour.

1894.

Jan. 15. He acted in Brooklyn, appearing first as *Brummell,* then in a round of parts, including *Shylock.*

Tour.

Sept. 17. At the Herald Square Theatre, New York, for the first time, he acted *Captain Bluntschli,* in "Arms and the Man," by George Bernard Shaw: first performance in America of a play by that writer.

CAST OF "ARMS AND THE MAN."

Major Paul Petkoff.....Henry Pitt
Nicola.....Walden Ramsey
Major Sergius Saranoff.....Henry Jewett
Captain Bluntschli.....Richard Mansfield
Catherine Petkoff.....Mrs. McKee Rankin
Louka.....Amy Busby
Raina.....Beatrice Mansfield

Oct. 27. He closed his New York engagement at the Herald Square Theatre, acting, for the first time, *Napoleon Bonaparte,* in "Scenes and Incidents from the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by Lorimer Stoddard.

1895.

Tour.

March. He leased Harrigan's Theatre, Thirty-fifth Street, near Sixth Avenue, New York: renovated and redecorated it.

April 23. Mansfield opened that house, renamed by him The Garrick Theatre, acting *Captain Bluntschli,* in "Arms and the Man."

CAST OF "ARMS AND THE MAN," OPENING OF GARRICK THEATRE.

Major Paul Petkoff.....A. G. Andrews
Nicola.....W. N. Griffith
Major Sergius Saranoff.....Henry Jewett

Captain Bluntschli.....Richard Mansfield
Catherine Petkog.....Mrs. McKee Rankin
Louka.....Katherine Grey
Raina.....Beatrice Cameron

He revived "Napoleon."

Apr. 27. Revived "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

29. Revived "A Parisian Romance."

30. Revived "The Scarlet Letter."

May 1. Revived "Prince Karl."

3. Revived "Beau Brummell."

4. Repeated "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

7. Produced "The King of Peru" ("The Peruvians"), by Louis N. Parker, and, for the first time, acted *Don Pedro XIV*. This was the "First Public Dress Rehearsal of 'The King of Peru.'"

CAST OF "THE KING OF PERU."

Don Pedro XIV.....Richard Mansfield
Pandolfo.....A. G. Andrews
Don Miguel.....Daniel H. Harkins
Marchese di Castelverano.....Edmund Damon Lyons
Chevalier Moffat.....Henry Jewett
One-Eyed Sammy.....William N. Griffith
Benito.....Joseph W. Weaver
Footman.....Mr. Chandler
Donna Pia.....Jeannie A. Eustace
Clara Desmond.....Beatrice Cameron
Princess Zea.....Katherine Grey
Mrs. Wallis.....Mrs. McKee Rankin
Mary.....Miss Lamison

9. "First time" of "The King of Peru"—meaning first regular public representation.

11. Withdrew "The King of Peru": never again acted in it.

13. Revived and continued to act in repertory until June 1, when he closed his first season at the Garrick Theatre, repeating *Chevrial*.

June 3. "Thrilby" a burlesque of "Trilby," made by Mr. Joseph Herbert and Mr. Charles Puerner, was produced, under Mansfield's direction, at the Garrick Theatre. Failure.

July 13. The Garrick Theatre was closed.

Mansfield was attacked by typhoid fever: his illness was protracted and severe; at one time his death was expected.

Sept. 2. The Garrick Theatre was opened, Mansfield "presenting" Messrs. E. M. and Joseph Holland, in "The Man with a Past," by Messrs. Henry and Edward Paulton.

24. Those actors appeared at the Garrick in "A Social Highwayman."

Oct. 5. "A Social Highwayman" was withdrawn.

Nov. 25. Mansfield acted at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, as *Brummell:* first appearance after his dangerous illness.

Dec. 2. Reappeared at Garrick, New York, as *Brummell.*

3. At the Garrick, he produced, for the first time, a play by Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer called "The Story of Rodion, the Student," and acted *Rodion Romanytch.*

CAST OF "THE STORY OF RODION, THE STUDENT."

Pophymus Petrovitch.....Daniel H. Harkins
Rodion Romanytch.....Richard Mansfield
Vladimir Warschawsky.....Edmund Damon Lyons
Isaak Ivanoff.....Kenneth Lee
Paul Poloff.....Louis Dutton
Serge Seroff.....A. G. Andrews
Ivan Rimsky.....Herbert Passmore
Demitry.....J. W. Weaver
Sonia.....Beatrice Cameron
Pulcheria Alexandrovna.....Eleanor Carey
Catherine Michaelovna.....Jeannie A. Eustace
Vera.....May Lavine
Boy.....Consuelo Muire
Hostess.....Annie Alliston
Nastasia.....Johnstone Bennett

Dec. 4. Revived "Napoleon Bonaparte."

7. Close of his engagement at the Garrick Theatre, and termination of his period of management of that house, which passed into the control of Mr. Charles Frohman.

1896.

Nov. 13. At the Grand Opera House, Chicago, he began his season, producing, for the first time, "Castle Sombras," being a theatrical synopsis, by Greenough Smith, of his book of that name—Mansfield acting *Sir John Sombras.*

CAST OF "CASTLE SOMBRAS."

Sir John Sombras.....Richard Mansfield
Hilary Dare.....Henry Jewett
Philip Vane.....Francis Kingdon
Father Florian.....Joseph W. Weaver
Munroe.....Wilkes Steward
Host.....Henry Allen
Matilda.....Alice Butler
Lady Thyrza.....Beatrice Cameron

24. Reappeared in New York, at the Garden Theatre, acting *Glo'ster* in "Richard III."

25. Acted *Shylock.*

26. Afternoon and evening acted in "Beau Brummell," William Redmund then appearing as the *Prince of Wales.*

Revivals were effected of "A Parisian Romance," "The Scarlet Letter," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Arms and the Man."

Dec. 16. Produced "Castle Sombras" for the first time in New York.

1897.

Jan. 2. Ended his New York engagement, acting (afternoon) *Dimmesdale,* (night) scenes from "Beau Brummell,"

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Prince Karl," "Richard III.," and "A Parisian Romance."

Mar. 1. Began a week's engagement at the Harlem Opera House, acting in repertory.

29. He appeared in Chicago.

Oct. 1. At Hermanus Bleecker Hall, Albany, N. Y., he produced, for the first time, "The Devil's Disciple," by G. B. Shaw, and acted *Dick Dudgeon.*

CAST OF "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE."

Anthony Anderson	"Ben" Johnson
Judith Anderson	Beatrice Cameron
Mrs. Anne Dudgeon	Minna Monk
Richard Dudgeon	Richard Mansfield
Christopher Dudgeon	A. G. Andrews
Uncle William Dudgeon	William H. Griffith
Uncle Titus Dudgeon	——— LeFevre
Essie	Lottie Briscoe
Lawyer Hawkins	——— Hunter
General Burgoyne	Arthur Forrest
Major Swinton	Joseph W. Weaver
Rev. Mr. Brudenell	William Courtenay
Sergeant	Francis Kingdon

4. He produced "The Devil's Disciple," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, for the first time in New York.

Nov. 22. He acted *Glo'ster,* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

23. "Prince Karl."

24. "The Merchant of Venice."

25. (Afternoon) "The Devil's Disciple," (evening) "Beau Brummell."

26. "A Parisian Romance."

27. He closed his New York engagement, acting (afternoon) *Beau Brummell,* (night) *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde.*

His book called "Blown Away" was published.

1898.

Feb. 19. At the Grand Opera House, Beatrice Cameron, Mrs. Mansfield, retired from the stage.

During the season of 1897-1898 he acted in "The Devil's Disciple," "Beau Brummell," "A Parisian Romance," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

April 18. At the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, he produced, for the first time, "The First Violin," a play, on the basis of Jessie Fothergill's novel of that name, made by himself, under the name of "Meridan Phelps," and Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, and he acted *Eugene Courvoisier.*

CAST OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

The Grand Duke.....Francis Kingdon
Count von Rothenfels.....Ben" Johnson
Countess Hildegarde.....Helen Glidden
Herr von Francius.....Joseph W. Weaver
Eugene Courvoisier.....Richard Mansfield
Sigmund.....——— Morrison
Friedhelm Helfen.....Arthur Forrest
Karl Linders.....A. G. Andrews
Herr von Papenheim.....W. Courtenay
Jager zu Rothenfels.....Mr. Hunter
Professor Sebastian.....William H. Griffith
Railway Official.....Thomas F. Graham
Herr Boudelweiss.....Cecil Butler
Herr Singfest.....Mr. Dwyer
Herr Krausgrieg.....Mr. Bonchard
Miss Hallam.....Annie Alliston
Merrick.....Ellen Cummins
Fräulein Anna Sartorius.....Olive Oliver
May Wedderburn.....Lettice Fairfax
Fräulein Schultz.....Miss Marsh
Frau Schmidt.....Miss Clarke
Clara.....Bertha Blanchard

25. He produced "The First Violin" at the Garden Theatre, for the first time in New York.

June 14. Close of Mansfield's season, at the Garden Theatre.

July 12. He sailed for England, to witness a performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

He returned to America.

Aug. 3. Birth, at Rye, New York, of his son and only child, christened George Gibbs Mansfield.

Oct. 3. He began his season at the Garden Theatre, New York, producing "Cyrano de Bergerac," in English, adapted by Mr. Howard Thayer Kinsbury, and, for the first time, acted *Cyrano*. Another version of the play was produced at Philadelphia, the same night, by Augustin Daly—Ada Rehan acting *Roxane* and Charles Richman *Cyrano*.

CAST OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

Comte de Guiche	Arthur Forrest
Comte de Valvert	F. A. Thomson
Christian	William Courtenay
Cyrano de Bergerac	Richard Mansfield
Le Bret	Joseph W. Weaver
Captain Carbon de Castel-Jeloux	Francis Kingdon
Ragueneau	A. G. Andrews
Ligniere	Frederick Backus
First Marquis	Damon Lyons
Second Marquis	Edward Belden
Third Marquis	Clement Toole
Montfleury	William H. Griffith
Belrose	Douglas Stanfield
Jodelet	Gage Bennett
Cuigy	Woodward Barrett
Brissaillie	Douglas Jeffreys Wood
Busybody	Mr. Kingdon
Light Guardsman	Charles Quinn
Door Keeper	Dwight Smith
Tradesman	Cecil Butler
His Son	Edgar J. Hart
Pickpocket	Augustin McHugh
Musketeer	A. Striker
First Guardsman	"Harry" Lewis
Second Guardsman	William Sorelle
Capuchin Monk	W. H. Griffith

First Poet.....Mr. Hart
Second Poet.....Mr. Lewis
Third Poet.....Mr. E. Ordway
Fourth Poet.....Robert Schable
Fifth Poet.....Mr. Smith
First Pastry Cook.....Maxwell Blake
Second Pastry Cook.....Mr. Nevil
Third Pastry Cook.....Mr. Claggett
Fourth Pastry Cook.....Robert Milton
Fifth Pastry Cook.....J. F. Hussey
First Gambler.....R. de Cordova
Second Gambler.....Joseph Maylon
Drunkard.....J. Westly
First Cadet.....Mr. Butler
Second Cadet.....Mr. Thompson
Third Cadet.....Mr. Lyon
Fourth Cadet.....Mr. Sorelle
Fifth Cadet.....Mr. Stryker
Sixth Cadet.....C. Short
Roxane.....Margaret Anglin
Duenna.....Ellen Cummens
Lise.....Helen Glidden
Orange Girl.....Bertha Blanchard
Flanquin.....Miss Van Arold
Champagne.....Miss Methot
Mother Margert de Jésus.....Blanche E. Weaver
Sister Martha.....Helen Ford
Sister Claire.....Mary Emerson
First Actress.....Mabel Howard
Second Actress.....Claire Kulp
Third Actress.....Miss Hollingsworth
Fourth Actress.....Alice Chandler
Soubrette.....Nora Dunblane
First Page.....Angela McCaull
Second Page.....Mazie Blythe
Third Page.....Clara Emory
Fourth Page.....Fernanda Eliscu
Flower Girl.....Grace Heyer

Nov. 26. He closed his Garden Theatre engagement.

28. Began a week's engagement at the Harlem Opera House, as *Cyrano.*

Dec. 5. At Chicago he began a tour.

1899.

June 10. He closed his season at Fort Wayne, Ind. He had acted no other part than *Cyrano* during the season of 1898-'99.

Oct. 2. He began his season at Boston, acting *Cyrano*.

Nov. 20. He began an engagement at the Garden Theatre, New York, acting *Cyrano*.

Dec. 11. Revived "Beau Brummell."

18. Revived "The Devil's Disciple."

21. Revived "Prince Karl"—in which he never again appeared.

22. Revived "A Parisian Romance."

23. Revived "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

25. Revived "The First Violin."

1900.

Jan. 8. Revived "Arms and the Man." Mrs. Mansfield, Beatrice Cameron, returned to the stage, for this occasion, and acted *Raina*. Mansfield's last appearance in that play.

13. Closed his engagement at the Garden Theatre.

15. Began a week's engagement at the Harlem Opera House.

22. Acted for one week in Brooklyn.

Feb. 22. Resumed tour at Philadelphia.

Mar. 30. With great difficulty acted at Macaulay's Theatre, Louisville.

31. Access of throat trouble prevented his appearance.

April 2. Began week's engagement in Cincinnati and, though ill and suffering, filled it.

9. Was to have begun engagement in Cleveland, but continued illness prevented. Went, with his company, to Buffalo, N. Y., meaning to appear there April 16. Illness became so severe that he was unable to act

and the company was disbanded for the season. His last performance in the season of 1899-1900 occurred April 7, in Cincinnati.

Oct. 3. At the Garden Theatre, New York, he produced Shakespeare's "Henry V." and, for the first time, acted *King Henry* (*Henry of Monmouth*).

CAST OF "HENRY V."

King Henry V.....Richard Mansfield
The Duke of Gloster.....Ernest C. Warde
The Duke of Bedford.....Malcolm Duncan
The Duke of Clarence.....B. W. Winter
The Duke of Exeter.....John Malone
The Duke of York.....Arthur Stanford
The Earl of Westmoreland.....C. C. Quimby
The Earl of Suffolk.....E. H. Sheilds
The Earl of Warwick.....William Sorelle
The Earl of Salisbury.....G. H. Davis
The Earl of March.....J. H. Lee
The Earl of Cambridge.....C. H. Geldart
Lord Scroop of Masham.....Woodward Barrett
Sir Thomas Grey.....F. C. Butler
Archbishop of Canterbury.....John C. Dixon
Bishop of Ely.....Salesbury Cash
Lord Fanhope.....J. F. Hussey
Sir John Blount.....W. J. Green
Sir John Asheton.....M. Hutchinson
Sir John Mowbray.....William Robbins
Stanley.....W. E. Peters
Sir Thomas Erpingham.....James L. Carhart
Gower.....J. Palmer Collins
Fluellen.....A. G. Andrews
Macmorris.....Charles J. Edmonds
Jamy.....Augustine Duncan
Williams.....Joseph Whiting
Bates.....J. A. Wilkes
Pistol.....W. N. Griffith
Nym.....Wallace Jackson
Bardolph.....B. W. Turner
Boy.....Dorothy Chester
English Herald.....P. J. Rollow

Charles VI., King of France.....Sheridan Block
Lewis, the Dauphin of France.....A. Berthelet
The Duke of Burgundy.....Mervyn Dallas
The Duke of Orleans.....Richard Sterling
The Duke of Bourbon.....Clement Toole
The Constable of France.....Prince Lloyd
The Duke of Alençon.....P. W. Thompson
Lord Rambures.....E. H. Vincent
Lord Granpré.....W. H. Brown
Archbishop of Sens.....J. E. Gordon
Bishop of Bourges.....Bouic Clark
Governor of Harfleur.....Stanley Jessup
Montjoy, French Herald.....Edwin Brewster
French Soldier.....F. Gaillard
French Messenger.....Edwin L. Belden
Chorus.....Florence Kahn
Isabel, Queen of France.....Georgine Brandon
Princess Katherine.....Ida Brassey
Alice.....Susanne Santjé
Dame Quickly.....Estelle Mortimer

Nov. 24. Ended his New York engagement, acting *King Henry.*

26. Acted that part at the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn.

Dec. 3. Acted it at the Harlem Opera House.

1901.

Jan. 14. Acted *King Henry* in Chicago.

June 8. Closed his season at Portland, Me.

Oct. 7. At the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia, which was then inaugurated, Mansfield produced "Beaucaire,"—a play, made by Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Mr. Booth Tarkington, on the basis of the latter's story, "Monsieur Beaucaire,"—and acted *Beaucaire.*

CAST OF "BEAUCAIRE."

Duke of Winterset.....Joseph W. Weaver
Marquis de Mirepois.....Charles James
Lord Townbrake.....Arthur Berthelet
Sir Hugh Guilford.....R. A. Geldart

Beau Nash.....Alexander Frank
Monsieur Beaucaire.....Richard Mansfield
Mr. Molyneux.....A. G. Andrews
Mr. Bantison.....M. A. Kennedy
Mr. Rakell.....Ernest C. Warde
Mr. Bicksett.....James L. Carhart
Captain Badger.....Joseph W. Whiting
Joliffe.....J. P. Collins
François.....Henri Laurent
Footman.....Milano Tilden
Lady Mary Carlisle.....Lettice Fairfax
Countess of Greenbury.....Sydney Cowell
Mrs. Mabsley.....Ethel Knight Mollison
Lucy Rellerton.....Dorothy Chester
Mrs. Lewellyn.....Myra Brooks
Lady Betsy Carmichael.....Irene Prahar
Miss Markham.....Kathleen Chambers
Hon. Ida Fairleigh.....Chalis Winter
Mrs. Purlit.....Margaret Dills
Miss Paitelot.....Margaret Kenmore
Miss Presby.....Adele Clair
Old Lady.....Mrs. Preston

Oct. 19. Acted in Boston, as *Beaucaire.*

Dec. 2. At the Herald Square Theatre he acted *Beaucaire,* for the first time in New York.

1902.

Jan. 25. Closed his New York engagement, in "Beaucaire."

July 4. Closed his season at Montreal; last performance as *Beaucaire.*

"Beaucaire" was the only play presented by him in 1901-1902.

Oct. 14. At the Grand Opera House, Chicago, he produced Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," for the first time, and acted *Marcus Brutus.*

CAST OF "JULIUS CÆSAR."

Julius Cæsar.....Arthur Greenaway
Octavius Cæsar.....Alfred Mansfield

Marcus Antonius.....Arthur Forrest
Caius Cassius.....Barry Johnstone
Marcus Brutus.....Richard Mansfield
Casca.....W. H. Denny
Trebonius.....A. G. Andrews
Metellus Cimber.....Henry Wenman
Decius Brutus.....Ernest C. Warde
Ligarius.....Edwin Fitzgerald
Popilius Lena.....Edwin Holland
Publius.....W. T. Simpson
Cinna.....W. J. Sorelle
Cicero.....Grant Mitchell
Artemidorus.....Henri Laurent
Servius.....B. L. Clark
Lucilius.....M. C. Tilden
Titinius.....A. G. Ansen
Messala.....Clarence Cochran
Volumnius.....Hamilton Coleman
Lucius.....Miss Mona Harrison
Varro.....Phillip Stokes
Clitus.....S. M. Hendricks
Claudius.....J. E. Delmar
Strato.....Octave Lozon
Dardanius.....Frazer Smith
Pindarus.....Clarence White
First Citizen.....Paul Wiggins
Second Citizen.....Carl Ahrendt
Third Citizen.....Frank Mason
Fourth Citizen.....F. X. Baron
Calphurnia.....Maude Hoffman
Portia.....Dorothy Hammond

Dec. 1. At the Herald Square Theatre he acted *Brutus,* for the first time in New York.

CAST OF "JULIUS CÆSAR," MANSFIELD'S FIRST NEW YORK PRODUCTION.

Julius Cæsar.....Arthur Greenaway
Octavius Cæsar.....Hamilton Coleman
Marcus Antonius.....Arthur Forest
Caius Cassius.....Joseph Haworth
Marcus Brutus.....Richard Mansfield
Casca.....W. H. Denny

Trebonius.....A. G. Andrews
Metellus Cimber.....Leslie Kenyon
Decius Brutus.....Ernest C. Warde
Ligarius.....Edwin Fitzgerald
Popilius Lena.....M. C. Tilden
Publius.....W. T. Simpson
Cinna.....William J. Sorelle
Cicero.....Grant Mitchell
Artemidorus.....Henri Laurent
Servius.....B. L. Clark
Lucilius.....M. C. Tilden
Titinius.....A. G. Ansen
Messala.....Clarence Cochran
Volumnius.....Alfred James
Lucius.....Mona Harrison
Varro.....Philip Stokes
Clitus.....S. M. Hendricks
Claudius.....J. E. Delmar
Strato.....Octave Lozon
Dardanius.....Frazer Smith
Pindarus.....Clarence White
First Citizen.....Henry Wenman
Second Citizen.....Carl Arendt
Third Citizen.....Frank Mason
Fourth Citizen.....F. X. Baron
Calphurnia.....Maude Hoffman
Portia.....Dorothy Hammond

1903.

Jan. 17. Close of his New York engagement.
Tour.

June 6. He ended his season at Allentown, Pa.

July 5. Sailed for England, accompanied by his wife and their child, and went to Weybridge.

Aug. —. Arrived in New York.
Went to New London, Conn., and purchased property afterward called "The Grange."

Oct. 12. He began his season at the Lyric Theatre (which was then inaugurated), New York, acting *Prince Karl Henry,* in "Old Heidelberg."

CAST OF "OLD HEIDELBERG."

Prince Karl Heinrich (Henry)	Richard Mansfield
Staatsminister von Haugk	A. E. Greenaway
Hofmarschall von Passarge	Henry Wenman
Kammerherr Baron von Metzing	Ernest C. Warde
Dr. Juttner	A. G. Andrews
Chaplain	H. S. Hadfield
Lutz	Leslie Kenyon
Graf von Arterberg	Francis McGinn
Von Wedell	H. Coleman
Kellerman	Edward Fitzgerald
Ruder	W. J. Constantine
Frau Ruder	Annie Woods
Frau Dorffel	Vivian Bernard
Kathie	Grace Elliston
Karl Blitz	H. Neuman
Kurt Engelbrecht	Clement Toole
Von Bauzin	F. W. Thompson
Von Reinecke	Wendell Thompson
Steiner	Charles Quinn
Naumann	J. Hafey
Eckardt	P. A. McCarthy
Scholermann	Henri Laurent
Glanz	A. McHugh
Reuter	M. C. Tilden
Conductor of Band	Charles Cassidy

Nov. 7. End of his New York engagement.

Tour, during which he acted *Prince Henry* only, excepting three performances of *Jekyll* and *Hyde*.

1904.

Mar. 1. At the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York (his first engagement at that house, which had been opened on October 23, 1903, with a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mr. N. C. Goodwin appearing as *Bottom*), Mansfield produced an English version of "Ivan the Terrible," by Count Alexis Tolstoi, and, for the first time, acted *Ivan Vassilyevich*, Tzar of Russia.

CAST OF "IVAN THE TERRIBLE."

Ivan Vassilyevich, Tzar of Russia	Richard Mansfield
Tzaritza Marie Feodorovna	Ida Conquest
Tzarevna Irina	Mona Harrison
Marie Grigorevna	Olive Oliver
Prince Msteslavsky	William Sorelle
Prince Nikita	Ernest C. Warde
Prince Shuisky	Henry Wenman
Prince Belsky	Francis McGinn
Prince Galitzin	Francis Kingdon
Prince Troubetskoy	Leslie Kenyon
Prince Tatistcheff	Edward Fitzgerald
Prince Saltikoff	W. T. Patron
Michael Nagoy	Henry Laurent
Boris Fyodorvitch Godunoff	Arthur Forrest
Gregory Nagoy	Hamilton Coleman
Pan Garabourda	Leslie Kenyon
Proskof Keekin	H. S. Hadfield
Michael Bitagofsky	A. G. Andrews
First Magician	Mr. Laurent
Second Magician	M. C. Tilden
Dr. Yakoby	Mr. Kingdon
Jester	Marcel Scrace
Flour Dealer	Mr. McGinn
Attendant on Prince Shuisky	Ludwig Brinswick
Nurse	Vivian Bernard
Ladies in Attendance	Alma Hathaway Laura Eyre

Mar. 14. Revived "Old Heidelberg."

17. Revived "Beau Brummell."

21. Acted *Chevrial*—first time in New York that season.

25. Together with William Winter, Colonel Elliott, Morton MacMichael, J. I. C. Clarke, Bram Stoker, and others Mansfield took supper with Henry Irving, at the old Plaza Hotel, New York. That was Irving's last social gathering in America; he sailed for England next morning, never to return.

28. Mansfield appeared at the Harlem Opera House.

April 2. He began tour, acting in Cincinnati.

July 2. Closed his season at Montreal.
Passed the Summer at New London.

Oct. 31. Mansfield began his season at Buffalo, acting in "Ivan the Terrible."

Nov. 2. At Buffalo, he acted *Shylock* for the first time since 1897.

14. At the Colonial Theatre, Boston, he began a two weeks' engagement, devoted to *Ivan, Rodion, Shylock, Glo'ster, Chevrial,* and *Jekyll* and *Hyde.*
Tour.

1905.

Jan. 9-Feb. 11. Chicago.

Mar. 20. He came to the New Amsterdam Theatre and began his annual engagement in New York, acting *Brummell:* he presented in succession *Glo'ster, Ivan, Jekyll* and *Hyde, Shylock,* and *Baron Chevrial.*

April 10. For the first time, at the New Amsterdam Theatre, he acted *Alceste,* in Molière's "The Misanthrope," then first presented in English—the adaptation being based on Miss Wormeley's translation.

CAST OF "THE MISANTHROPE."

Alceste	Richard Mansfield
Philinte	A. G. Andrews
Oronte	Leslie Kenyon
Celimene	Eleanor Barry
Eliante	Irene Prahar
Arsinoë	Gertrude Gheen
Acaste	Morton Selten
Clitandre	——— Berthelet
Basque	——— Coleman
Marshal's Guard	Francis McGinn
Dubois	Henry Wenman
Maid	Miss Morris

15. End of his New Amsterdam Theatre engagement.

17. He began a week's engagement at the Harlem

Opera House: on April 23 he presented "Richard III." to signalize the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth.

Tour.

June 7. He closed his season at Detroit.

Oct. 27. Began his season at the Valentine Opera House, Toledo, Ohio, producing, for the first time, a version made by himself, of Schiller's "Don Carlos" and acted *Carlos.*

CAST OF "DON CARLOS."

Philip II., King of Spain	Fuller Mellish
Don Carlos	Richard Mansfield
Alexander Farnese	Thomas Mills
Marquis de Posa	A. G. Andrews
Duke of Alva	Leslie Kenyon
Count Lerma	Sheridan Block
Duke of Feria	Henry Wenman
Duke of Medina Sidonia	Sidney Mather
Don Raymond de Taxis	E. C. Warde
Domingo	Clarence Handyside
Grand Inquisitor	Walter Howe
Page	Margaret Kilroy
Elizabeth de Valois	Florence Rockwell
Duchess de Olivarez	Vivian Bernard
Marchioness de Mondecai	Alma Hathaway
Prince Efoli	Eleanor Barry
Countess Fuentes	Adelaide Nowak

30. He appeared at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, as *Don Carlos.*

Tour.

Nov. 20-Dec. 2. He filled an engagement at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, playing to the largest gross receipts of his career.

1906.

Mar. 19. At the New Amsterdam Theatre he presented "Don Carlos" for the first time in New York.

20. He acted *Brummell.*

Mar. 21. *Jekyll* and *Hyde.*
23. *Shylock.*
24. *Dimmesdale.*
30. *Glo'ster.*
April 3. *Alceste.*
5. *Ivan.*
14. Ended his engagement at the New Amsterdam Theatre, acting in scenes from "The Misanthrope," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Beau Brummell," "Richard III.," and "A Parisian Romance."

Tour.

May 25. Closed his season, at Grand Rapids, Mich., and went to his summer home, at New London.

Oct. 29. He began his season at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, producing Ibsen's "Peer Gynt"—being the first production of that play in this country. Mansfield acted *Peer Gynt.* His production and performance were received with favor by the Chicago press. "Peer Gynt" was acted four weeks, and one week was given to repertory.

Tour.

1907.

Feb. 16. Because of extreme weariness closed his season at Philadelphia, and rested.
25. Began an engagement at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, presenting "Peer Gynt."

CAST OF "PEER GYNT."

Peer Gynt.....Richard Mansfield
Ase Gynt.....Emma Dunn
Aslak.....Damon Lyon
Mads Moen.....Cecil Magnus
Father Moen.....Edwin Caldwell
Mother Moen.....Miss Sydney Cowell
Solveig.....Adelaide Nowak
Helga.....Ory Diamond
Their Father.....James L. Carhart

Their Mother.....Myra Brooke
Hegstad Farmer.....Walter Howe
Ingrid.....Adelaide Alexander
First Peasant Lad.....Gordon Mendelssohn
Second Peasant Lad.....Lawrence C. Toole
Third Peasant Lad.....Louis Thomas
Master Cook.....Allan Fawcett
First Peasant Girl.....Evelyn Loomis
Second Peasant Girl.....Marguerite Lindsay
Third Peasant Girl.....Isabel Howell
Fourth Peasant Girl.....Ruby Craven
Fifth Peasant Girl.....Olive Temple
First Elderly Peasant.....J. S. Hafey
Second Elderly Peasant.....David T. Arrel
An Elderly Woman.....Alice Warren
Another Elderly Woman.....Lettie Ford
The Green Wench.....Gertrude Gheen
The Dovre King.....Henry Wenman
First Troll.....Mr. Thomas
Second Troll.....J. B. Prescott
Third Troll.....Arthur Rowe
The Ugly Brat.....George MacDonald
Kari.....Miss Cowell
Mr. Cotton.....Francis Kingdon
Monsieur Ballon.....Marc McDermott
Herr von Eberkof.....Mr. Mendelssohn
Herr Trumpeterstrale.....Mr. Magnus
Anitra.....Irene Prahar
Captain of the Ship.....Mr. Caldwell
The Lookout.....Mr. Thomas
The Mate.....Mr. Toole
The Boatswain.....Mr. Reynolds
Ship's Cook.....Mr. McDermott
Cabin Boy.....Mr. MacDonald
The Strange Passenger, The Button Moulder.....Arthur Forrest
The Lean Person.....Mr. Kingdon

Mar. 7. Mansfield was warned by his physician that he was greatly overtasking his strength, and advised to give up acting *Peer Gynt,* because the strain of trying to animate that part was too great.

Mar. 18. Revived "The Scarlet Letter" and acted *Dimmesdale* —giving a performance of extraordinary beauty.

19 and 22. He acted *Brummell.*

20. Acted *Chevrial.*

21. Acted *Jekyll* and *Hyde.*

23. At the afternoon performance Mansfield acted *Peer Gynt.* At night he acted *Chevrial,* closing his New York engagement. He was never again seen on the stage.

The actor came before the curtain and expressed his thanks for kindness shown to him by the audience, and also his regret that many persons were willing to speak evil of him, without ground, and many others willing to believe evil of him only because it was spoken. The actor was seen to be extremely weak, and hardly able to stand, as he made his speech.

24. He went to Scranton, Pa., in his private car. He was taken ill during the night.

25. His condition had become so perilous that the physician would not allow him to act.

27. Announcement was made that one week of his tour had been cancelled. He was brought to New York, and taken to his home, 316 Riverside Drive.

It became evident that he could not again appear during the current season, and the remainder of his tour was cancelled and his company was disbanded.

28. Announcement was made that Mansfield's condition was greatly improved.

He slowly gained a little strength, but he was unable to sail for England on May 4, as had been arranged.

May 12. He sailed on board the *Minneapolis* for England.

He landed and went to Brighton. From there he went to "Moonhill," Cuckfield, Sussex. His condition grew worse.

July —. He sailed from London, on board the *Virginia.*

26. He landed at Montreal.

July 28. He arrived at Ampersand, Saranac Lake, N. Y., and was lodged in a cottage.

Aug. 22. He arrived, by special train, at New London, Conn., and was taken to his newly-furnished home, "Seven Acres."

30. Richard Mansfield died, at 6.40 A.M.

Sept. 2. Funeral and burial of Richard Mansfield, in the Gardner Cemetery at New London.

NOTES

NOTE ON

"BEAU BRUMMELL."

MANSFIELD'S successful presentment of the play of "Beau Brummell" laid the foundation of his professional fortune. "Without it," he said to me, "I should have been lost." It was presented 150 consecutive times, when first produced. The story of the origin and making of that play has been fully and exactly told in this memoir. The purpose of this note is to assemble the documents corroborative of that story.

The published play (John Lane Company, New York, 1908), a book first seen by me on October 8, 1909, bears, on its title-page, the words: "Written for Richard Mansfield By Clyde Fitch," and, by way of Preface, it contains this statement (page 2):

"*The idea of this play was* Richard Mansfield's *and the author gratefully acknowledges his debt to the actor for innumerable suggestions.*"

Comment on that statement is supplied by the following remark, from the same pen:

"*The idea of the play* ("*Beau Brummell*") *is, I believe,* Mr. Winter's."—Clyde Fitch, in letter to "The New York Tribune," April 13, 1891.

"Mr. Clyde Fitch admits that the idea of a play on Beau Brummell was not his idea. He says he believes it was mine.

What he *believes* is not material. What he *knows* is that the idea did not originate with him."—Letter by William Winter published in "The Spirit of the Times," April, 1891.

After I had suggested to Mansfield a revival of *Douglas* Jerrold's comedy of "Beau Nash" (see Vol. I., p. 128), and, subsequently, had suggested the making of a comedy on the subject of Beau Brummell, I conversed with him several times on this subject, declaring to him my conviction of the facile practicability of utilizing it on the stage, and subsequently I wrote and sent to him the following letter, which he received, acknowledged, and used. This letter, it will be observed, was written about *two years* before Mr. Fitch was employed by Mansfield, before he met Mansfield, before he ever heard of the idea of a play about Beau Brummell, and before he ever knew that such a person as Beau Brummell had existed.

Home, November 26, *1887*.

My Dear Mansfield:—

I wish that you would read and consider the following plays:

Captain Bland, by G. H. Lewes, 1864.

Henry Dunbar.

The Nervous Man.

The Captain of the Watch.

Belphégor.

The Wife's Secret.

Perhaps there may be something for your use in some

one of these.—*Please do not speak of my suggestions to any other person.*

I have been thinking of "Beau Brummell." The First Act should be a Ball Room at Oatlands. (The old Mansion of the Duke of York is still there.) The Second should be a lovely rural exterior, in the region of Richmond. The Third, the interior of the Club (Watier's), in London. The Fourth, a Glade in Richmond Park. The Fifth, the Room in the Bon Sauveur, at Caen, where he died. This will give a brilliant opening and a tragic close, and will insure variety all the way through. I haven't yet straightened out the story, but—the Beau must be shown as a lover who sacrifices himself, bestows the girl on the youth whom she loves, saves the youth from loss and trouble in a gambling scene, fights a duel for the lovers; offends the Prince for *her* sake; &c., &c., &c., and dies at last with all the honors. I will map this out in detail. It *may* be that I can write this piece myself. Anyway, we will put the affair into some form. But—keep this a *secret.*

I am reading the books, carefully, to dig out the materials. I begin to think favorably of a journey to England. But—I am so very tired that work is difficult and resolution often flags. Take care of your health.

Ever truly yours,

R. M. WILLIAM WINTER.

Letters of mine on this subject, when it became a matter of controversy, were published in "The New York Tribune,"

April 11, 1891, and in "The New York Spirit of the Times," April-May, 1891. For the present use of the above letter to Mansfield I am indebted to the courtesy of Mrs. Mansfield.

Many other letters of mine would have been included in this biography (Mansfield, when promising the use of them, mentioned to me that he had preserved 400), but, unfortunately, as Mrs. Mansfield informs me, a box containing those and many other papers, has by accident been destroyed. My letter of November 26, 1887, to Mansfield, was succeeded by further conference as to the projected play, and various modifications were made, by me, in my plan, so that, at last, the actor became possessed of a comprehensive and particular scheme for a comedy—which, later, he modified, and sacrificed to haste and the incompetency of his assistant.

Mr. Paul Wilstach, in a book about Mansfield, has provided the information that "*Blanchard* Jerrold's two-act comedy on this same subject was examined, but wholly rejected," and that Mansfield, "in addition to the printed material which was at any one's disposal, placed his own suggestions in the hands of an ambitious but then unknown young writer, Clyde Fitch, whose only relation to the stage at the time was a one-act play on the subject of and entitled 'Frederick Lemaitre' "; and Mr. Wilstach sapiently remarks that "The choice was not more complimentary to the obscure author than the result was flattering to Mansfield's intuitions of men."!!

Mr. Wilstach's statement is false, in every particular. Mansfield never saw *Blanchard* Jerrold's play about Brum-

mell, either on the stage or off. The play read by Mansfield was written by *Douglas* Jerrold, the father of Blanchard Jerrold, and it is called "Beau Nash." Neither Mansfield nor I had ever heard of *Blanchard* Jerrold's play, nor did we hear of it, till long after "Beau Brummell" was acted. Certain "printed material" *was* "at any one's disposal" for historical authority,—after it had been designated—as it was by me. On page 79, Vol. I., will be found a letter from Mansfield, asking me to obtain for him, and "forward C.O.D.," books about Brummell for him to study. I did so. Among them was a copy of Captain Jesse's Memoir, in two volumes which, subsequently, Mansfield presented to me, and which I possess; and those volumes still bear the pencil marks which I made, on various passages for Mansfield's consideration. The play about "Frederick Lemaitre" was not heard of until long after "Beau Brummell" had been produced: see Mr. Fitch's "Tribune" letter, in which he claims "Beau Brummell" as his "*first* play." There was no "choice" about Mr. Fitch's employment. He was employed because of a recommendation by Mr. Edward A. Dithmar, a friend whom Mansfield highly esteemed. As to Mansfield's "intuitions of men," they were generally correct; they were correct as to Mr. Fitch—and they are explicitly stated by Mansfield in a letter contained in this biography.

On December 7, 1887, Mansfield wrote to me:

". . . I think, as regards plays, I shall have my hands full. 'Nero' comes first and then, I hope, 'Beau Brummell.' . . . You know how glad I should be if you will write

'Beau Brummell' yourself. I think you *should* do it. Dramatic literature in this country requires such a fillip. . . ."
[For letter in full see Vol. I. p. 81.]

On November 18, 1889, Mansfield wrote to me:

". . . I am extending—and that at once—my repertory. *Your old idea* of 'Beau Brummell' is being worked out now *by me,* with *the assistance* of a young man named Fitch. . . ."
[For letter in full see Vol. I. p. 117.]

Mr. Fitch, according to his signed statement, was employed by Mansfield on November 11, 1889, to work upon *my* idea and my plan of a play about Beau Brummell. Mr. Fitch admitted this fact, in admitting that he had seen, in 1889, "a letter" of mine—namely, the letter above quoted.

Mansfield, as he well knew, was entirely welcome to the idea and the suggestions which I had supplied to him, and to every legitimate aid that I could give, in his endeavor to do *anything* worthy. My invariable custom has been, while opposing what I believe to be wrong, to help and to encourage, to the best of my ability, all that is right.

The executive work, proposed to me and by me declined, was performed by Mansfield, and therefore I was earnestly desirous that, in the event of fortunate results, all the credit as well as the profit should accrue to him. I was not pleased, and I said so, that he should have associated a novice with the fulfilment of our design. This sentence is from his reply, December 5, 1889:

"What is the matter? I hope you are not offended with me about 'Beau Brummell.' I won't do it at all, if you say so. And certainly I shall not do it without your approval."

[See Vol. I. p. 118.]

The play was produced on May 19, 1890, and from that time till the end of his career Mansfield retained it in his repertory,—acting *Brummell* for the last time March 22, 1907. On May 31, 1890, Mansfield wrote to me:

"You are quite right—only too right, in what you say about Fitch, and he has not even the grace to thank. If he *is* capable —fortune is now within his grasp. But he has acknowledged to no one his indebtedness to me or to you. Of course I can say nothing. . . ."

There was no reason known to me why silence should be maintained, and presently, because of a mendacious and insolent newspaper attack on Mansfield, I made known essential facts in the case, whereupon Mr. Fitch published a letter stating that he claimed the "execution" of "Beau Brummell," and appending the following "Contract":

Broad Street Theatre,
Philadelphia, November 11, 1889.

My Dear Sir:—

I will engage you, for a period not exceeding one year, to write plays for me, at a salary of $30.00 per week (I to pay your expenses if you are summoned from New York for consultation), and, in the event of my acceptance and production of any play by you, to pay you a royalty of $7.50 for each evening or matinée performance, until the sum of $1,500 in royalties shall have been paid to you, when the play shall become my sole property. This agreement is to apply to

"Beau Brummell" or any other play that may be written by you and accepted and produced by me during the period above named. It is further understood and agreed that I shall have the option of cancelling this engagement, if your work shall not prove suitable to my requirements.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD MANSFIELD,
By E. D. Price, Manager.

That contract, it will be observed, was not signed by Richard Mansfield, but by his business representative, Mr. Edward D. Price.

Adverting to my letter in "The Tribune," April 11, 1891, Mansfield wrote to me, April 14, 1891:

"Your letter is, of course, *capital*—but it does not give the young man [Fitch] all the punishment he deserves—for I find, on every side, *evidences of his malice, his boastings, and his treachery, and he seems to have been born without any truth in his composition.* But he is hardly worth anybody's powder. I have written to 'The Tribune' and my letter should settle the matter . . ."

The essential points in Mansfield's letter to "The Tribune," published April 15, 1891, follow:

Boston, April 13, 1891.

. . . I owe it, perhaps, to Mr. William Winter, in the face of Mr. C. Fitch's letter to "The Boston Evening Transcript," so say that Mr. Winter's statements are *absolutely correct.*

Mr. Fitch's letter to "The Transcript" is a disfiguration of facts. Mr. Fitch was engaged by me to write the play of "Beau Brummell," and I promised to use his name as author. He would still *be figuring as such* but for his own folly and ingratitude.

Mr. Fitch did NOT *write "Beau Brummell" except with his pen.*

. . . Mr. Fitch has only to be asked these questions: Did you invent the plot? Did you invent any single situation? Did you invent or create any one character? Did you have any single original idea for any one of the characters? Did you even give names to the characters? Did you invent the climax of any act or scene? Did you invent any bit of business? How many of the speeches now spoken are yours?

Mr. Fitch's position has been a preposterous one. His ingratitude has been amazing. One sample alone suffices: Mr. Fitch carried *my* play and *my* property with him to London, and read it to Mr. Beerbohm-Tree—who, thereupon, produced "Beau Austin."

Your obedient servant,

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

I thought, from the first, that it was as unwise and wrong for Mansfield to ascribe the authorship of "Beau Brummell" to Mr. Fitch as it was for Mr. Fitch to assume it. A wrong is done to authorship and to honest dealing, when any man pretending to be an author is, in reality, only an amanuensis. I held that belief at the time, as I hold it now, and I then publicly stated it, and it is impossible to make this memoir complete without repeating it. If Mr. Mansfield, instead of employing Mr. Fitch, had employed a shorthand writer, to take his words exactly as he spoke them, his play would have had continual, piquant wit, character, and intellectual force. His "assistant," writing from memory and exercising his juvenile discretion, saturated the fabric with crudity.

The sum of the matter is this: the idea of a play about Beau Brummell was mine: the sources of historical information were designated by me: the play originally planned was a romantic drama, in five acts: the play that was acted and is known to the public, is, in all essential particulars of *execution*, the work of Richard Mansfield. The play as published, includes several things that were inserted in later years,—notably the song "She wore a wreath of roses," which was introduced only in the latter part of Mansfield's life; and the principal devices contained in the play were originated by me; notably, the self-sacrifice of *Brummell*, for the sake of the heroine; his bestowal of her hand upon his nephew; his offence to the Prince of Wales, and the use of the authentic fact of his insane reception of imaginary guests.

As to the verbal contents of the play as it stands, *not* originated by me; the affectations of *Mortimer* and the attempt of that valet to borrow money from *Mr. Isaacs* are merely a paraphrase of *Trip* and *Moses*, in that great repository of theatrical ingenuity, "The School for Scandal": the dialogue and "business" with the letters in Act One, were invented and used by Mansfield, in "French Flats," years before "Beau Brummell" was planned. The resemblance of *Mr. Vincent* of "the City," and his daughter *Mariana*, to *Mr. Ingot*, of "the East India Company, City," and his daughter *Ada*, in "David Garrick," hardly requires to be specified, while some of the business is also taken from that play. Many of the speeches are either "conveyed" or paraphrased from books and plays, as the following will indicate:

"Beau Brummell."

Beau. "*I left my carriage on the way to the Pavilion* last night and the wretch *of a landlord put me into the same room with a damp stranger.*"—Act I., Sc. 1.

Reginald. "If you mean, is she a gentlewoman, she is, and besides, young and beautiful—"

Beau. "Yes, of course, she would be."—Act I., Sc. 1.

Beau. "Ah, yes,—like a thunderbolt; very unpleasant thing, thunderbolts. Mortimer, have I ever seen a thunderbolt?"

Mortimer. "Once, sir."

Beau. "Yes; I once saw a thunderbolt."—Act I., Sc. 1.

Beau. "I will give you social distinction and prominence much more easily. Come for me in a little while and I'll walk along the Mall with you to White's. Yes, and be seen with you at the Club window for a few moments."—Act I., Sc. 1.

". . . Why, do you know, *I left my carriage yesterday evening, on my way to* town from *the Pavilion,* and the infidel *of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger.*"—Captain Jesse's "Life": Vol. I. p. 112.

King Louis. "And this lover? What of him?"

"Noble and most unhappy? yes,—they always are!"—"King Louis XI."

Mr. Listless. "You astonish me. I have been much on the seashore, in the season, but do not think I ever saw a mermaid." (He rang, and summoned *Fatout*): "Fatout! did I ever see a mermaid?" *Fatout:* "Mermaid? mer-r-m-maid! Ah! merry maid! Oui, monsieur! Yes, sir!"—"Nightmare Abbey," p. 66.

"Really, I did my best for the young man: I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's."

"Paid me, when?" "When?" re-echoed Brummell, with assumed indignation, "why, when I was standing at the window at White's and said as you passed —Ah, how do you do, Jemmy?"—Jesse's "Life," Vol. I. pp. 96 and 304.

Beau. "Sherry, *who's your fat friend?*"—Act II., Sc. 1.	"Alvanley, *who's your fat friend?*" — Captain Jesse's "Life," Vol. I. p. 258.
Beau. "It returns to us, every year, like spring and influenza." *Sheridan.* "Yes, but it won't be played as it used to be!" *Beau.* "No, I hope not!"—Act I., Sc. 2.	*Charles.* "Look about—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest." *Sir Oliver.* "Ah, we shall never see such figures of men again!" *Charles.* "No, I hope not!"—"The School for Scandal," Act III., Sc. 2.

The reception of imaginary guests, is described in Vol. II., pp. 293-294, Jesse's Biography. Mr. Fitch particularly claimed the "business" of the return of the snuff-box by the Prince of Wales, and the previous pouring of the snuff into a paper, as his. The first bit of "business" was *not* devised by Mr. Fitch but by Mansfield, and it was suggested by the fact that Brummell had left a scrap of writing in a snuff-box, saying, "This snuff-box was intended for the Prince Regent, if he had conducted himself with more propriety towards me."—Jesse's "Life," Vol. I. p. 327. The "business" of saving the snuff had been used, before Mr. Fitch was born, and had been seen by Mansfield, in the play of "Caste,"—when *Eccles* saves the particles of tobacco. Citations such as these can be liberally extended by any person familiar with theatrical and associated literature.

NOTE ON

THE GENTLE ART OF PLAGIARISM.

"'*Convey,' the wise it call!*"

—Shakespeare.

In 1905 I began to write "The Life of Richard Mansfield." I have already specified that Mansfield asked me to write his Life and that he gladly received the information that I had begun that work. In 1906 he began to sicken; in 1907 he died, and, shortly after his death, the announcement was made that his Life would be written by Mr. Paul Wilstach, formerly his theatrical newspaper-press agent and one of his business representatives.

Commemoration of a public career is,—within lawful limits,—open to all writers; but, in the case of Mansfield, I had supposed that his earnestly expressed and well-known wish would be respected. It was not; and, on inquiry, I ascertained that the announcement was authentic. Since, however, I had promised my old friend that I would write a memoir of him, I continued my work; and, remembering how my writings on theatrical subjects had been, on various occasions, pillaged by various persons, and entertaining a surmise (justified by the event) as to Mr. Wilstach's probable design, I notified him that he was not at liberty to make use of *any* writings of mine, whether in verse or prose. Mr.

Wilstach replied: "My book will be the poorer,"—thus, by clear implication, intimating that he had intended to reinforce his account of Mansfield's career with the results of *my* thought and *my* labor.

I know not on what ground persons who appropriate the literary property of others,—property created by toil and protected by copyright,—justify, even to themselves, that wrong and injurious proceeding, but I believe their theory is that whatever writing appears in a newspaper becomes the property of anybody who chooses to take it. I do not subscribe to that theory: on the contrary, I protest against it, as both iniquitous and absurd: the legal right is as clear as is the moral. Writers for the press who, in particular, contribute not only labor but thought and style, and thus help to make the press essentially powerful, receive, as a rule, scarcely more than a pittance for what they produce, and it would be grossly unjust to deprive them of whatever little advantage they might gain, whether in reputation or profit, from the use of their newspaper writings after first publication.

It happens that I had, in the daily and other press and in several books, thoughtfully analyzed Mansfield's impersonations, and I could not view, without disapprobation, the probability that my analytical studies would be utilized by an amateur biographer, to make his pages substantial while saving himself the trouble of thought,—even supposing him to possess the rare faculty of thinking. After finishing my Life of Mansfield I looked into the book called "Richard Mansfield: The Man and the Actor,"

(Charles Scribner's Sons, 1908), and I found that Mr. Wilstach had disregarded my claim to my property and also his written promise to abstain from using it, and had practiced the gentle art of plagiarism, "indirectly and directly, too"; and therefore, in my Preface, I have alluded to him as

> "a person who has industriously explored my published writings, appropriated various thoughts of mine, sometimes used my words and sometimes paraphrased them."

That allusion is explained by this Note, and it is here illustrated by a few compared passages from my writings and Mr. Wilstach's book. The form of "conveyance" which seizes thoughts and tries to express them in different terms is not easy to define and exemplify. There is, however, something easily recognized by thoughtful readers,—namely, internal evidence: and the thoughtful reader can decide how likely it is that a person who appropriates words, phrases, and sentences, and weaves them into a fabric to be published as original with himself, will refrain from the less demonstrable injustice.

THE ORIGINAL.

"Beau Brummell": There he was *to endure poverty* and the pangs of want; *there, at a*

THE APPROPRIATION.

All of the following sentences are taken from "Richard Mansfield: The Man and the Actor," by Paul Wilstach:

"Beau Brummell":— . . . His mind, *weakened under adversity,* imagined again, in spite of

phantom feast, he was to welcome the phantom shapes of noble lords and ladies, the companions of his better days, and there, finally, he was to expire, after having been found by his old friends. . . . His impersonation of the Beau (W. W., in "The Saturday Evening Post," August 11, 1906), *the actor's creation, for creation it was* ("Tribune," March 21, 1905), *carried the* play *to success* and has enabled him to keep it in his repertory ever since. (W. W., in "The Sat. Ev. Post," August 11, 1906.)—"Ten Thousand a Year": Mansfield's embodiment of *Titmouse was the exact reversal of his Beau Brummell. In Brummell he showed a man who is a dandy by nature. In Titmouse he depicted a dandy by affectation.* (W. W., in "Shadows of the Stage," V. III. p. 1227—1894).—"Julius Cæsar": *The ghost of Cæsar* is not made visible, but *appears as a drifting shadow, or vapor, in a lurid light, out of which the voice seems to float.* (W. W., in "The Tribune," December 2, 1902).—"The Misanthrope": The misanthropy of *Alceste,* it will be observed, is tempera- *every evidence of his poverty,* the gay companies in which he had reigned as king. *In spite of the dim light of his single candle he greeted phantom princes and duchesses and seated them at a phantom banquet. A graceful touch was given at the last moment by the arrival of the Regent—now King—and his suite, which included all Mr. Brummell's old friends. . . . Mansfield's creation of the Beau . . . carried the* enterprise *to* unqualified *success.* . . . (p. 205).—"Ten Thousand a Year": *Tittlebat Titmouse* fascinated him *because though a dandy, he was the antithesis, in all points, to Beau Brummell. Titmouse was a dandy by affectation, Brummell by nature.* . . . (p. 226).—"Julius Cæsar": How poetically imagined was *the ghost of Cæsar!* It was *suggested by a vaporous shadow in a lurid light, out of which the voice floated.* (p. 399).—"The Misanthrope": The character of *Alceste* had made a profound appeal to Mansfield's sense of humor and of life. . . . The misapprehension of the world *made both men cynical. Both drove their relentless way* re-

mental. . . . He is *an honest* and virtuous man . . . he could not inspire sympathy nor allure affection, except of those few discerning friends who . . . are able *to make due allowance for his eccentricity.* . . . *He is always right, always accurate, always explicit.* . . . *Mansfield, who so discovered him,* chose with uncommon wisdom when he chose *Alceste, for his nature is radically earnest, his temperament is intense, his sensibility is extreme, his mind is original,* and his experience has thoroughly acquainted him with the nature, the operation, and the rationality (such as it is), *of cynicism.* . . . *His presentment of Alceste is remarkable for truth of nature* and of poetry of ideal, and the method of his presentment is *remarkable* for *delicacy, precision, and ease.* He shows a handsome, haughty, aristocratic gentleman. . . . He has added *a new charm* to the contemporary stage. . . . In *Mr. Mansfield's performance* there are many beauties . . . the *grace of finished executive art.* . . . (W. W., in "The Tribune," April 11 and April 18, 1905).—"Don gardless of cost, *believing in their own point of view so implicitly that they could not conceive of any other. Alceste* was *a man of radical temperament, extreme earnestness, delicate sensibility,* rugged *honesty,* and *a mental focus so direct* as to bring him under the indictment of *eccentricity. Mansfield was all these.* Unconsciously, perhaps, this analogy begot a sympathy which *gave remarkable verisimilitude to Mansfield's characterization, and* he added *grace, distinction, courtliness, a piquant charm* and an appealing humanity in his performance of the rôle. . . . (p. 431).—"Don Car-

Carlos": Mr. *Mansfield's ample and much diversified powers are only partially elicited* by those characters. . . . In the sarcastic colloquy that *Carlos* has with *Domingo;* in the belligerent encounter that *Carlos* has with *Alva;* in the final conference that *Carlos* has with *De Posa;* and, above all, in the tempestuous, volcanic, magnificent *torrent of passionate avowal, apostrophe,* denunciation, *eulogy, lament, defiance, and despairing anguish through which Carlos pours forth his soul, before the collapse on the dead body of his friend, he manifested a diversity of faculty, a dignity of mind, a subtlety of apprehension, a depth of feeling,* and a power of sustained utterance, entirely adequate to a great theme and worthy of a great actor. (W. W., in "The Tribune," March 20, 1906.)

los": . . . It is a play that invites respect without enthusiasm, except in *Carlos's torrent of "passionate avowal, apostrophe, eulogy, lament, defiance, and despairing anguish" over the body of his* murdered *friend, Posa. Mansfield's ample and diversified* dramatic *powers were only partially elicited* up to this point, for until then the character is presented in moments of restraint. At the moment of tragic crisis, his youthful features were illumined, "the choler of the eternal cosmic passions" swept through his voice, and *he manifested dignity, depth, power, and diversity of feeling* which never failed to stir the deepest emotions and highest enthusiasms of an audience. Here he exemplified the saying of the French philosopher: "Genius is a question of a quarter of an hour." . . . (p. 437).

ANECDOTE.

Anecdote sometimes sheds a bright light on character. This one exemplifies Mansfield's propensity to associate almost every occurrence with his immediate condition or mood.

. . . Once, *on a Staten Island ferryboat,* Mansfield was sitting near to *a boy who wore a cap with three feathers in it.* Soon the child *carelessly took off his cap,* and, in *swinging it, knocked the feathers out. The actor immediately picked them up and gave them back to the lad, saying,* very kindly: *"When you are a little older, my boy, you will be more careful of the feathers in your cap."* The feathers in his own cap were in some peril at that time, for he had leased the Garrick Theatre, in New York (which he renovated, named, and managed), and his task was a hard one.—W. W., in "The Saturday Evening Post," August 11, 1906.

A young man, then a mere child, recalls playing on the deck of *a Staten Island ferryboat,* and noticing a sad, pale man who stood by the forward gates. His father told him it was Mansfield. *The lad had a cap with three feathers* which he was *swinging carelessly. The feathers* fell *out* and the wind caught them, but the gentleman by the gate *gathered them, and returned them to the youngster. "When you are a little older, my boy,"* he said, *"you will be more careful of the feathers in your cap."* May it not have been this same long afternoon on the water? . . .—"Richard Mansfield: The Man and the Actor," p. 274.

The "young man, then a mere lad" to whom Mr. Wilstach refers, never mentioned this incident to that person, nor does Mr. Wilstach even know who the "mere lad" was, nor did the incident occur "by the forward gates" or in any such manner as Mr. Wilstach describes. He has only taken the anecdote from an article of mine and mangled it in the telling, so as to make it seem his own. Mansfield was by no means "a pale, sad man," on that occasion, but, on the contrary, was in a jocular humor, frequent with him: a little while before he had very nearly

caused his own arrest, for "disturbing the peace," by admonishing, with an assumption of portentous solemnity, a police-officer, for smoking cigars, when, as the actor assured the astonished officer, a pipe would have cost so much less. Mansfield never came to Staten Island except to visit me, and, on one occasion, to act there, for a benefit (see Vol. I. p. 151). No objection is made to the use of an anecdote, and no objection is made to any writer's recourse to authentic sources of information, for matters of fact. The objection is to the use of records, without credit to the persons who make them. Mr. Wilstach has appropriated the thoughts, and sometimes the exact words, of other writers, and it seems not to have occurred to him that, in doing so, he was doing wrong. Here is another example of that wrong-doing.

"THE STORY OF RODION, THE STUDENT."

. . . *In one scene* . . . the finest dramatic power New York has ever seen . . . *Rodion has killed a filthy usurer and procurer deliberately, because he thought he believed that by thus suppressing evil one does good.* That is a foolish idea, but *Rodion* was *crazed by hard study,* sorrow, *and starvation.* . . . A crafty police spy, who has read his article, in a review, called "Killing No Murder," suspects

In one scene it offered the artist an opportunity to reach any height. It occurred in the fourth scene—of acts there were none in the play, of scenes there were six. . . . *Crazed by hard study and starvation Rodion Romanytch,* a young anarchist, *deliberately kills a filthy usurer and procurer, because,* in his philosophy, *one does good by the suppression of evil. He is suspected of the murder and he knows his safety*

him of the crime but has no proof to convict him. *After the crime he is the victim of remorse . . . Rodion* comprehends the danger he is in. *He knows his safety depends entirely on his own wit. But his fright brings on delirium. . . . Then, still in a delirium, he is impelled to act over again the incidents of the murder.* He held his audience in breathless suspense. No wonder that after the drop fell *he was called to the front again and again. But the drop fell in silence. There was no stir of applause for a few seconds. The spectators sat spellbound. . . .*—Edward A. Dithmar, in "The New York Times," December 4, 1895.

depends on his own wit. Avenging conscience—in the denotement of which Mansfield rose to his highest—pursues *Rodion;* he becomes the *embodiment of fear* and dread, and *is driven to a delirium in which he seeks his victim's house. It was a painful silent moment after the curtain fell before the audience was released from the hypnotic spell of the artist's magnetism and broke into bravos.* No such applause had been heard before in the Garrick, and seldom anywhere else had Mansfield been so heartily acclaimed. . . .—Mr. Wilstach's "Mansfield," pp. 275-276.—1906.

In his introduction to his book Mr. Wilstach says:

"His [Mansfield's] letters, which would add to an acquaintance with him, were not many, except to his wife and son. To others he wrote in the main only brief notes of courtesy, for he had an aversion to telling any one what he was going to do or what he had done. As he has said, his acting was his essay on his art."

If Mr. Wilstach really knows anything about Mansfield he must know of his voluminous correspondence with me, and also that he was remarkable, rather than otherwise, for the number and variety of letters that he wrote, to

various persons. I possess several hundred letters that he wrote to me, and readers of this biography can judge whether he wrote "only brief notes of courtesy," and whether he wrote letters "which would add to an acquaintance with him." As a matter of fact, he was a diligent letter-writer, and he had not the slightest "aversion to telling any one what he was going to do, or what he had done." Indeed, those were his favorite subjects of conversation, for he was absorbed in his professional pursuits; he was in deadly earnest about his ambitions; and he delighted to talk about them.

Mr. Wilstach remarks, of Mansfield's father:

". . . It has been said that he played the violin. This is true, but *he was an amateur, and, when he played, it was generally to the distress of his family.* . . ."

The one and only place in which, at the time Mr. Wilstach wrote those words, "it had been said" that Mansfield's father "played the violin," was in the obituary article written, about Mansfield, by me, and published, with my name appended to it, in "The New York Tribune," August 31, 1907.

On June 21, 1906, in a written sketch, one of several supplied to me by him, Mansfield said:

". . . My father was a very fine critic, *and a wonderful performer on the violin.* . . ." [See Vol. I. p. 34.]

Mansfield, as an authority about his father, is, certainly, better than Mr. Wilstach.

To some readers, possibly, this subject will seem unimportant: others will readily understand that, with a view to the prevention of calumnious charges in future, it sometimes becomes necessary to notice matters of seemingly trivial import and persons of no intrinsic significance.

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